Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.

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HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND
IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH
BY J. A. FROUDE · INTRODUC-
TION BY W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS
B.C.L. · IN 5 VOLS. · VOL. 2

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THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH

VOLUME TWO

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

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REIGN OF ELIZABETH

CHAPTER IX

STATE OF PARTIES IN SCOTLAND

THE two queens were again standing in the same relative positions which had led to the crisis of 1560. Mary Stuart was once more stretching out her hand to grasp Elizabeth's crown. From her recognition as heir presumptive the step to a Catholic revolution was immediate and certain; and Elizabeth's affectation of Catholic practices would avail little to save her. Again as before the stability of the English government appeared to depend on the maintenance of the Protestants in Scotland; and again the Protestants were too weak to protect themselves without help from abroad. The house of Hamilton was in danger from the restitution of Lennox and the approaching elevation of Darnley; the Earl of Lennox claimed the second place in the Scotch succession in opposition to the Duke of Chatelherault; and the Queen of Scots had avowed her intention of entailing her crown in the line of the Stuarts. Thus there were the same parties and the same divisions. But the Protestants were split among themselves among the counter influences of hereditary alliance and passion. The cession of her claims on the Earldom of Angus by Lady Margaret had won to Darnley's side the powerful and dangerous Earl of Morton, and had alienated from Murray the kindred houses of Ruthven and Lindsay. There was no longer an Arran marriage to cajole the patriotism of the many noblemen to whom the glory of Scotland was dearer than their creed; and all those whose hearts were set on winning for a Scotch prince or princess the English succession were now devoted to their queen. Thus the Duke of Chatelherault with the original group who had formed the nucleus of the congregation—Murray, Argyle, Glencairn, Boyd, and Ochiltree — found themselves alone against the whole power of their country.

Secure on the side of France, Elizabeth would have been less uneasy at the weakness of the Protestants had the loyalty of her own subjects been open to no suspicion; but the state of

England was hardly more satisfactory than that of Scotland. In 1560 the recent loss of Calais and the danger of foreign invasion had united the nation in defence of its independence. Two-thirds of the peers were opposed at heart to Cecil's policy; but the menaces of France had roused the patriotism of the nation. Spain was then perplexed and neutral; and the Catholics had for a time been paralysed by the recent memories of the Marian persecution.

Now, although the dangers were the same, Elizabeth's embarrassments were incomparably greater. The studied trifling with which she had disregarded the general anxiety for her marriage had created a party for the Queen of Scots amidst the most influential classes of the people. The settlement of the succession was a passion among them which amounted to a disease; while the union of the crowns was an object of rational desire to every thoughtful English statesman. The Protestants were disheartened; they had gained no wisdom by suffering; the most sincere among them were as wild and intolerant as those who had made the reign of Edward a byword of mismanagement; the queen was as unreasonable with them on her side as they were extravagant on theirs; while Catholicism recovering from its temporary paralysis was reasserting the superiority which the matured creed of centuries had a right to claim over the half-shaped theories of revolution. Had Mary Stuart followed the advice which Alva gave to her messenger at Bayonne, had she been prudent and forbearing and trusted her cause to time till Philip had disposed of the Turks and was at leisure to give her his avowed support, the game was in her hands. Her choice of Darnley sanctioned as it was by Spain, had united in her favour the Conservative strength of England; and either Elizabeth must have allowed the marriage and accepted the Queen of Scots as her successor, or she must have herself yielded to pressure, fulfilled her promises at last, and married the Archduke Charles.

This possibility and this alone created Mary's difficulties. She knew what Philip's engagements meant; she knew that Spain desired as little as France to see England and Scotland a united and powerful kingdom; and that if Elizabeth could be recalled out of her evil ways by a Catholic alliance, the cabinet of Madrid would think no more of Darnley or herself. She would have to exchange an immediate and splendid triumph for the doubtful prospect of the eventual succession should her rival die without a child.

Nor did Elizabeth herself misunderstand the necessity to which she would be driven unless Mary Stuart saved her by some false move. She had played so often with the archduke's name that her words had ceased to command belief; but at last she was thinking of him seriously—the more seriously perhaps because many Englishmen who had before been most eager to provide her with a husband were now as well or better satisfied with the prospect of the succession of the Queen of Scots.

"The queen," de Silva wrote on the 8th of June to Philip, "has taken alarm at the divisions among her subjects. A great many of them she is well aware are in favour of Lord Darnley and Mary Stuart. Several of the most powerful noblemen in England have long withdrawn from the court and are looking to this marriage for the union of the two crowns. The queen must now come to a resolution about the Archduke Charles. She understands fully that a marriage with him is the sole means left to her of preserving her alliance with your majesty, of resisting her enemies, and of preventing a rebellion. She detests the thought of it; and yet so strange is her position that she dares not encounter Parliament for fear her excuses may be accepted. The people have ceased to care whether she marries or remains single; they are ready to entail the crown on the King and Queen of Scotland.

"Her hope at present is to throw Scotland into confusion with the help of the Duke of Chatelherault, who cannot endure that the house of Lennox should be preferred to the Hamiltons. She is frightening the Huguenots in France by telling them that if the Queen of Scots obtains the English crown she will avenge her uncle's death and assist the Catholics to extirpate them. She will temporise till she see how her tricks succeed. If she can save herself by any other means she will not marry." [1]

The two players were not ill-matched, though for the present the Queen of Scots had the advantage. "The matter," said Sir Thomas Smith, "was not so suddenly done as suddenly it did break out; the practice was of an elder time. It was finely handled to make the queen's majesty a labourer for the restitution of the father and a sender in of the son." [2] Elizabeth had been outmanœuvred and had placed herself in a perilous dilemma. Half the council had advised her to demand the extradition of Darnley and Lennox and declare war if it was refused. She had rejected the bolder part of the advice; but she had allowed

[1] "Por las Cartas de Londres, de viii. Junio, 1565."—*MS. Simancas.*
[2] Smith to Cecil, July 3: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

Throgmorton to promise Murray and his friends that if they interfered by force to prevent the marriage they should be supported by England; and if they rose in arms and failed, and if they called upon her to fulfil her engagements, she would have to comply and run all hazards, or she would justify the worst suspicious which the Scotch Protestants already entertained of her sincerity, and convert into enemies the only friends that she possessed among Mary Stuart's subjects.

In the first outburst of her anger she seemed prepared to dare everything. After the departure of Throgmorton from Scotland the Queen of Scots sent Hay of Balmerinoch with a letter in which she protested with the most innocent simplicity that in all which she had done she had been actuated only by the purest desire to meet her dear sister's wishes; that she was alike astonished and grieved to hear that she had done wrong; but that as Elizabeth was dissatisfied she would refer the question once more to a commission; and on her own side she proposed the unsuspicious names of Murray, Maitland, Morton, and Glencairn.[1]

Had Elizabeth complied with this suggestion she would have committed herself to an admission that a question existed, and that the Darnley marriage was not wholly intolerable. She had no intention of admitting anything of the kind. She replied with requiring Lennox and Darnley on their allegiance to return immediately to England; and the Queen of Scots' letter she answered only with a request that they might be sent home without delay.

Neither Lennox nor Mary expected such peremptory dealing. The order of return was short of a declaration of war, and some of those who knew Elizabeth best did not believe that war was coming;[2] but Mary Stuart knew too well her own intentions to escape misgivings that the Queen of England might be as resolute as herself. When Randolph presented the letter with the message which accompanied it, she burst into tears; Lennox was silent with dismay; Darnley alone, too foolish to comprehend the danger, remained careless and defiant,[3] and said shortly

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Queen of England, June 14: KEITH.

[2] Paul de Foix to Catherine de Medici, June 18: TEULET, vol. ii.

[3] A sad and singular horoscope had already been cast for Darnley. "His behaviour," Randolph wrote to Cecil, "is such that he is come in open contempt of all men that were his chief friends. What shall become of him I know not; but it is greatly to be feared he can have no long life amongst this people. The queen, being of better understanding, seeketh to frame and fashion him to the nature of her subjects; but no persuasion can alter that which custom hath made in him. He is counted proud,

"he had no mind to return." Mary Stuart as soon as she could collect herself said she trusted that her good sister did not mean what she had written. Randolph replied that she most certainly did mean it; and speaking plainly as his habit was, he added "that if they refused to return and her grace comforted them in so doing, the queen his mistress had both power and will to be revenged on them, being her subjects."

From the court Randolph went to Argyle and Murray, who had ascertained meanwhile that there was no time to lose; the Bishop of Dunblane had been sent to the pope; Mary Stuart had obtained money from Flanders; she had again sent for Bothwell, and she meant immediate mischief. The two earls expressed their belief that "the time was come to put to a remedy." "They saw their sovereign determined to overthrow religion received, and sore bent against those that desired the amity with England to be continued, which two points they were bound in conscience to maintain and defend." They had resolved therefore "to withstand such attempts with all their power, and to provide for their sovereign's estate better than she could at that time consider for herself." They intended to do nothing which was not for their mistress's real advantage; Sir Nicholas Throgmorton had assured them of the Queen of England's "godly and friendly offer to concur with and assist them;" the Queen of England's interest was as much concerned as their own; and they "humbly desire the performance of her majesty's promises:" they did not ask for an English army; if her majesty would give them three thousand pounds they could hold their followers together, and would undertake the rest for themselves; Lennox and Darnley could be seized and "delivered into Berwick," if her majesty would receive them.

To these communications Randolph replied with renewed assurances that Elizabeth would send them whatever assistance they required. He gave them the warmest encouragement to persevere; and as to the father and son whom they proposed to kidnap, the English government, he said, "could not and would not refuse their own in what sort soever they came." [1]

The Queen of Scots was not long in receiving intelligence of what the lords intended against her. She sent a message to her brother requesting that he would meet her at Perth. As he was

disdainful, and suspicious, which kind of men this soil of any other can least bear."—Randolph to Cecil, July 2: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10. *Printed in* Keith.

[1] Randolph to Cecil, July 2 and July 4: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10. *Printed in* Keith.

mounting his horse a hint was given him that if he went he would not return alive, and that Darnley and Ritzio had formed a plan to kill him. He withdrew to his mother's castle at Lochleven and published the occasion of his disobedience. Mary Stuart replied with a countercharge that the Earl of Murray had purposed to take her prisoner and carry off Darnley to England. Both stories were probably true: Murray's offer to Randolph is sufficient evidence against himself. Lord Darnley's conspiracy against the earl was no more than legitimate retaliation. Civil war was fast approaching; and it is impossible to acquit Elizabeth of having done her best to foster it. Afraid to take an open part lest she should have an insurrection on her own hands at home, she was ready to employ to the uttermost the assistance of the Queen of Scots' own subjects, and she trusted to diplomacy or accident to extricate herself from the consequences.

On receiving Randolph's letter, which explained with sufficient clearness the intentions of the Protestant noblemen, she not only did not find fault with the engagements to which he had committed her, but she directed him under her own hand to assure them of her perfect satisfaction with the course which they were preparing to pursue. She could have entertained no sort of doubt that they would use violence; yet she did not even conceal her approbation under ambiguous or uncertain phrases. She said that they should find her "in all their just and honourable causes regard their state and continuance;" "if by malice or practice they were forced to any inconveniency they should find no lack in her;" she desired merely that in carrying out their enterprise they would "spend no more money than their security made necessary, nor less which might bring danger."[1]

As the collision drew near both parties prepared for it by endeavouring to put themselves right with the country. No sooner was it generally known in Scotland that the queen intended to marry a Catholic than the General Assembly rushed together at Edinburgh. The extreme Protestants were able to appeal to the fulfilment of their predictions of evil when Mary Stuart was permitted the free exercise of her own religion. Like the children of Israel on their entrance into Canaan, they had made terms with wickedness: they had sown the wind of a carnal policy and were now reaping the whirlwind. A resolution was passed—to which Murray, though he was present, no longer

[1] Elizabeth to Randolph, July 10: *Printed in* Keith.

raised his voice in opposition—that the sovereign was not exempt from obedience to the law of the land, that the mass should be put utterly away, and the reformed service take the place of it in the royal chapel.

Mary Stuart had been described by Randolph as so much changed that those who had known her when she was under Murray's and Maitland's tutelage were astonished at the alteration; manner, words, features, all were different; in mind and body she was said to be swollen and disfigured by the tumultuous working of her passions.

So perhaps she may have appeared in Randolph's eyes; and yet the change may have been more in Randolph's power of insight than in the object at which he looked. Never certainly did she show herself cooler or more adroit than in her present emergency. She replied to the Assembly with returning from Perth to Edinburgh; and as a first step towards recovering their confidence she attended a Protestant sermon. To the resolution of the General Assembly she delayed her answer, but she issued circulars protesting that neither then nor at any past time had she entertained a thought of interfering with her subjects' religion; the toleration which she had requested for herself she desired only to extend to others; her utmost wish had been that her subjects might worship God freely in the form which each most approved.[1]

A Catholic sovereign sincerely pleading to a Protestant assembly for liberty of conscience might have been a lesson to the bigotry of mankind; but Mary Stuart was not sincere; and could the Assembly have believed her they would have thought her French teaching was bearing fruits more deadly than popery itself. The Protestant respected the Catholic as an honest worshipper of something, though that something might be the devil. "Liberty of conscience" was the crime of the Laodiceans, which hell and heaven alike rejected.

The attendance of Mary Stuart at sermon produced as little effect on the congregation as Elizabeth's candles and crucifixes on the hatred of the English Papists. The elders of the Church dispersed; Argyle, Murray, and their friends withdrew to Stirling; and on the 18th of July they despatched a messenger to Elizabeth with a bond in which they pledged themselves to resist all attempts either to restore the Catholic ritual or to dissolve the English alliance. From their own sovereign they professed to hope for nothing but evil. They looked to the

[1] Circular by the Queen, July 17.

Queen of England "as under God protectress most special of the professors of religion;" and they thanked her warmly for the promises of help on which it was evident that they entirely relied.[1]

They relied on those promises; and to have doubted them would have been nothing less than a studied insult. The English ambassador was ordered a second time, and more imperiously, to command Lennox and Darnley to go back to England; while avowedly by the direct instructions of his mistress he laid her thanks and wishes before the lords in a formal and written address.[2]

RANDOLPH TO THE LORDS OF SCOTLAND[3]

July, 1565.

"Right honourable and my very good lords,—It is not out of your remembrance that Sir Nicholas Throgmorton being at Stirling ambassador for the queen's majesty my mistress to the queen's majesty your sovereign, it was declared at good length both to her grace's self and also to you of her honourable council, what misliking the queen my mistress hath that the Lord Darnley should join marriage with the queen your sovereign, for divers and weighty reasons; of which some were there presently rehearsed, others for great and weighty respects left unspoken until occasion better serve to utter her majesty's griefs for the strange manner of dealing that hath been used towards her divers ways and by divers persons contrary to that expectation she had. The queen your sovereign having answered that she would in no wise alter her determination, the queen my mistress commanded this resolution and answer to be propounded in council, and to be considered according to the weight thereof, being touched thereby as well in honour as that it was against the repose and tranquillity of her majesty's realm. And her majesty's council remaining in that mind that before they were of—which is that divers ways it must needs be prejudicial to the amity of the two countries, that it tendeth greatly to the subversion of Christ's true religion received and established in them

[1] "Understanding by your highness's ambassador, Sir N. Throgmorton, and also by the information of your majesty's servant Master Randolph, the good and gracious mind which your majesty with continuance beareth to the maintenance of the Gospel and us that profess the same," etc.—The Lords in Stirling to the Queen of England, July 18: KEITH, vol. ii. p. 329.

[2] It is necessary, at the risk of being tedious, to dwell on these particulars of Elizabeth's conduct. Each separate promise was as a nail which left a rent in her reputation when she endeavoured to free herself.

[3] *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.

both, they have not only received that with content which your lordships have subscribed with your hands, but also have become suitors to your majesty that she will provide for her own surety and the surety of the realm against all practices and devices, from wheresoever they be intended.

"And forasmuch as nothing is more needful for both the realms than the continuance of a good and perfect amity between them and those whose hearts God hath united in one true and perfect doctrine, they have also desired that it will please her majesty that she will have consideration of the Protestants and true professors of religion in this realm of Scotland, that Christ's holy word may be continued amongst them, and the amity remain betwixt both the countries. And because of all the apparent troubles that may ensue, as well for the subversion of Christ's word in both the countries as also for the breach of amity, the Earl of Lennox and his son the Lord Darnley are known to be the authors, and many of their practices, as well in England, Scotland, and further parts, to that end discovered, it pleased the queen my mistress to begin at the root and ground of all these mischiefs, and thereof hath presently sent her express commandment to them both, charging them to leave the realm of Scotland and repair unto her presence as they will avoid her majesty's indignation; in refusing of which they shall give further occasion for her to proceed against them and their assisters than willingly she would.

"And to the intent it may be further known what the queen's my mistress's purpose is if they do contrary to this charge of her majesty, I am commanded to assure all persons here that the queen my mistress meaneth to let the queen your sovereign well understand by her deeds how she can measure this dishonourable kind of dealing and manner of proceeding; and according to the effect of such answers as shall be given unto me, as well from the queen's majesty your sovereign as from the Earl of Lennox and his son, and what thereof shall follow, her majesty meaneth to let it manifestly appear unto the world how to use her towards such as so far forget themselves.

"To give also declaration of the tender care and good consideration the queen my sovereign has over all those of this nation that mind to keep the realm without alteration of the religion received and will not neglect her majesty's friendship, I am commanded to assure all such as persist therein that it is fully resolved and determined to concur with them and assist them as either need or occasion shall press them.

"This, my lords, being the effect of that which I know to be my mistress's will and express commandment given unto me to communicate unto your lordships as I saw cause, and knowing now the time most fit for that purpose, I thought good to send this same to your in writing."

In strict conformity with these promises the Earl of Bedford returned to his charge on the border; the earl himself was under the impression that if the lords were in extremity he was to enter Scotland; and so satisfied and so confident was Murray that he wrote to Bedford on the 22nd of July "as to one to whom God had granted to know the subtle devices of Satan," telling him that the force on which the Queen of Scots most relied lay among the Maxwells, the Humes, and the Kers of the border, and begging him, as if he was already an auxiliary in the field, "to stay off their power." [1]

Randolph presented his second demand for the return of the two noblemen to England. He spoke first to Mary Stuart, who half frightened, half defiant, found herself on the edge of a conflict to which her own resources were manifestly inadequate, while she could not but feel some uncertainty after all, how far she could rely on the secret promises of her English friends. She complained passionately that she had been trifled with; she spoke of Henry VIII.'s will which she dared Elizabeth to produce, in obvious ignorance that had Elizabeth consented, her hopes of a peaceable succession would be gone for ever. Randolph told her she was "abused." She threatened that if the English Parliament meddled with the rights either of herself or of Darnley she would "seek friends elsewhere," and would not fail to find them.

Randolph knew Mary well and knew her manner. He saw that she was hesitating and he once more attempted expostulation. "The Queen of England," he truly said, "had been her kindest friend. She might have compelled her to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh; but she had passed it over; she had defended her claims when the Scotch succession had not another supporter; unless she had taken the crown from off her own head and given it to her, she could have done no more than she had done."

Mary appeared to be moved. She asked if nothing could induce Elizabeth to allow her marriage with Lord Darnley. Randolph replied that after the attitude which she had assumed the conditions would be stringent. A declaration would have

[1] Murray to Bedford, July 22: Keith.

to be made by herself and the Scotch Parliament that she made no pretensions to the English crown during the life of Elizabeth or her children; she must restore to her council the Protestant noblemen with whom she had quarrelled; and she must conform [1] to the religion established by law in Scotland.[2]

It was to ask Mary Stuart to sacrifice ambition, pride, revenge —every object for which she was mating herself with the paltry boy who was the cause of the disturbance. She said "she would make no merchandise of her conscience." Randolph requested in Elizabeth's name that she would do no injury to the Protestant lords who were her "good subjects." She replied that Elizabeth might call them "good subjects;" she had found them bad subjects, and as such she meant to treat them.

The turn of Lennox and Darnley came next. The ambassador communicated Elizabeth's commands to them, and demanded a distinct answer whether they would obey or not. Lennox, to whom age had taught some lessons of moderation, replied that he was sorry to offend; but that he might not and durst not go. He with some justice might plead a right to remain; for he was a born Scot and was living under his first allegiance. Darnley, like a child who has drifted from the shore in a tiny pleasure boat, his sails puffed out with vanity, and little dreaming how soon he would be gazing back on England with passionate and despairing eyes, replied "that he acknowledged no duty or obedience save to the Queen of Scots" whom he served and honoured; "and seeing," he continued, "that the other your mistress is so envious of my good fortune, I doubt not but she may also have need of me, as you shall know within few days; wherefore to return I intend not; I find myself very well where I am, and so I purpose to keep me; and this shall be for your answer."

"You have much forgotten your duty, sir, in such despiteful words," Randolph answered; "it is neither discreetly spoken of you nor otherwise to be answered by me than that I trust to see the wreck and overthrow of as many as are of the same mind."

So saying the stout servant of Elizabeth turned on his heel "without reverence or farewell." [3]

[1] It is interesting to observe how the current of the Reformation had swept Elizabeth forward in spite of herself.

[2] "Qu'elle entretienne la religion qui est aujourdhuy au Royaulme, et en ce faysant recoyve, en sa bonne grace, et en leur premier estat ceulx qu'elle a aliené d'elle; et qu'elle luy face declaration, autorisée par son Parlement qu'elle ne pretend rien au Royaulme d'elle, ne de sa posterité." —Analyse d'une depêche de M. de Foix au Roy, August 12: TEULET, vol. ii.

[3] Randolph to Cecil, July 21: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10.

Elizabeth's attitude and Randolph's language were as menacing as possible. But experience had taught Mary Stuart that between the threats and the actions of the Queen of England there was always a period of irresolution; and that with prompt celerity she might crush the disaffection of Scotland while her more dangerous enemy was making up her mind. She filled Edinburgh with the retainers of Lennox and Huntly; she summoned Murray to appear and prove his accusations against Darnley under pain of being declared a traitor; she sent a message through de Silva to Philip that her subjects had risen in insurrection against her with the support of the Queen of England to force her to change her religion;[1] and interpreting the promise of three months' delay which she had made to Throgmorton as meaning a delay into the third month, she resolved to close one element of the controversy and place the marriage itself beyond debate. On the evening of the 28th of July Edinburgh was informed by trumpet and proclamation that the Queen of Scots having determined to take to herself as her husband Henry Earl of Ross and Albany, the said Henry was thenceforth to be designated King of Scotland, and in all acts and deeds his name would be associated with her own.[2] The crowd listened in silence. A single voice cried "God save his grace!" but the speaker was Lennox.

The next day July the 29th being Sunday, while the drowsy citizens of Edinburgh were still in their morning sleep, Mary Stuart became the wife of Darnley. The ceremony took place in the royal chapel just after sunrise. It was performed by a Catholic priest, and with the usual Catholic rites; the queen for some strange reason appearing at the altar in a mourning dress of black velvet, "such as she wore the doleful day of the burial of her husband." Whether it was an accident—whether the doom of the house of Stuart haunted her at that hour with its fatal foreshadowings—or whether simply for a great political purpose she was doing an act which in itself she loathed, it is impossible to tell; but that black drapery struck the spectators with a cold uneasy awe.

But such dreamy vanities were soon forgotten. The deed was done which Elizabeth had forbidden. It remained to be

[1] De Silva to Philip, July 28: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] The title was a mere sound. The crown matrimonial could be conferred only by Act of Parliament; nor would Mary Stuart share the reality of her power with a raw boy whose character she imperfectly knew. But Darnley was impatient for the name of king; "He would in no case have it deferred a day," and the queen was contented to humour him.

seen to what extremity Elizabeth in her resentment would be provoked. The lords had been long waiting at Stirling for a sign from Berwick; but no sign came, and when the moment of extremity arrived Bedford had no definite orders. They remembered 1559, when they had been encouraged by similar promises to rebel, and when Elizabeth had trifled with her engagements so long and so dangerously. Elizabeth had given her word; but it was an imperfect security; and the uncertainty produced its inevitable effect in disheartening and dividing them. "Though your intent be never so good to us," Randolph wrote to Leicester on the 31st of July, "yet we fear your delay that our ruin shall prevent your support; when council is once taken nothing is so needful as speedy execution: upon this we wholly depend; in her majesty's hands it standeth to save our lives or suffer us to perish; greater honour her majesty cannot have than that which lieth in her power to do for us." [1]

While the congregation were thus held in suspense, Mary Stuart was all fire, energy, and resolution. She understood at once that Elizabeth was hesitating; she knew that she had little to fear from Argyle and Murray until they were supported in force from England; and leaving no time for faction to disintegrate her own supporters or for the Queen of England to make up her mind, she sent letters to the noblemen on whom she could rely, desiring them to meet her in arms at Edinburgh on the 9th of August.

Elizabeth as post after post came in from Scotland lost her breath at the rapidity of the Queen of Scots' movements; and resolution became more impossible as the need of it became more pressing. On receiving the news that the marriage was actually completed she despatched Tamworth, a gentleman of the bedchamber, to assure the Queen of Scots that whatever might be pretended to the contrary she had throughout been sincerely anxious to support her interests. The Queen of Scots had not given her the credit which she deserved, and was now "imagining something else in England to content her fancy, as vain persons sometimes would." Leaving much to Tamworth's discretion, she bade him nevertheless let the Queen of Scots see that her present intentions were thoroughly understood. "She was following the advice of those who were labouring to extirpate out of Scotland the religion received there;" the Protestants among her own subjects were to be destroyed "to gain the favour of the Papists in England;" "so as with the aid

[1] WRIGHT'S *Elizabeth*, vol. i.

that they would hope to have of some prince abroad and from Rome also upon pretence of reformation in religion, she might when she should see time attempt the same that she did when she was married to France." It was not for Elizabeth to say what might happen in Scotland; "but for any other device that the Queen of Scots might be fed withal, she might be assured before God she would find all designs, consultations, intelligences, and advices, from wherever they might come to her, far or near, to be vain and deceitful." Let her relinquish these idle imaginings, let her restore Murray to the council and undertake to enter into no foreign alliance prejudicial to English interests, and she might yet regain the confidence of her true friends.

Had Tamworth's instructions gone no further they would have been useless without being mischievous; but a further message betrayed the fatal irresolution to which Elizabeth was yielding. A fortnight previously she had required the Queen of Scots to abandon her own creed; she now condescended to entreat that if her other requests were rejected the Scotch Protestants might at least be permitted to use their own religion without molestation.[1] She might have frightened Mary by a demonstration of force as prompt as her own. To show that she saw through her schemes, yet at the same time that she dared not venture beyond a feeble and hesitating protest, could but make the Queen of Scots desperate of further concealment, and encourage her to go forward more fearlessly than ever.

"Mary Stuart," when Tamworth came into her presence, "gave him words that bit to the quick." To the Queen of England's suspicions she said she would reply with her "own lawful demands." "The Queen of England spoke of imaginations and fancies;" "she was sorry her good sister thought so disdainfully of her as she would meddle with simple devices. If things went so that she was driven to extremities and practices, she would make it appear to the world that her devices were not to be set at so small a price." Playing on Elizabeth's words with a straightforward but irritating irony, she said "that by God's grace it should appear to the world that her designs, consultations, and intelligences would prove as substantial and no more vain and deceitful than such as her neighbours themselves had at any time taken in hand;" while as to Murray's restoration she had never yet meddled between the Queen of England and her subjects; but now "induced by her good sister's

[1] Instructions to Tamworth, August 1: *MS. Rolls House.*

example," "she would request most earnestly for the release and restoration to favour" of her mother-in-law, the Lady Margaret, Countess of Lennox.[1]

Had Philip of Spain been at Mary's shoulder he would have advised her to spare her sarcasms till an armada was in the Channel or till Elizabeth was a prisoner at her feet. As soon as she had made sure of Darnley he would have recommended her to omit no efforts for conciliation. She need not have relinquished one emotion of hatred or one aspiration for revenge; but she would have been taught to wait upon time to soothe down the irritation which she had roused, to cajole with promises, and to compel Elizabeth by the steady if slow pressure of circumstances to give way step by step.

But Mary Stuart was young and was a woman. Her tongue was ready and her passions strong. Philip cared sincerely for Romanism, Elizabeth cared for English liberty, the Earl of Murray cared for the doctrines of the Reformation; Mary Stuart was chiefly interested in herself and she was without the strength of self-command which is taught only by devotion to a cause. So confident was she that in imagination she had already seated herself on Elizabeth's throne. To the conditions of friendship offered by Tamworth she replied in language which could scarcely have been more peremptory had she entered London at the head of a victorious army. Not condescending to notice what was demanded of herself, she required Elizabeth immediately to declare her by Act of Parliament next in the succession; and failing herself and her children, to entail the crown on Lady Margaret Lennox and her children "as the persons by the law of God and nature next inheritable." The Queen of England should bind herself "neither to do nor suffer to be done either by law or otherwise" anything prejudicial to the Scottish title; to abstain in future from all practices with subjects of the Scottish crown; to enter no league and contract no alliance which could affect the Queen of Scots' fortunes unfavourably. On these terms, but on these alone, she would consent to leave Elizabeth in undisturbed possession during her own or her children's lifetime; she would abstain from encouraging the English Catholics to rise in rebellion in her behalf, and from inviting an invasion from Spain or France;[2] and she condescended to promise—to throw dust in the eyes of the

[1] Answer of the Queen of Scots to Tamworth: *Printed in* KEITH.
[2] Offer of the King and Queen of Scotland, by Mr. Tamworth, August, 1565: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Protestants in both countries—although she was receiving the support of the pope and seeking the support of the King of Spain in the sole interests of Romanism—that in the event of herself and her husband succeeding to the throne of England, the religion established there by law should not be interfered with.

An answer every sentence of which must have stung Elizabeth like a whip-lash, might have for the moment satisfied Mary Stuart's passion; but her hatred of her sister of England was passing into contempt, and she believed she might trample upon her with impunity.

Tamworth having received his message desired to return with it to England. He applied for a passport, which was given him signed by Darnley as King of Scotland; and Elizabeth had forbidden him to recognise Darnley in any capacity but that of the queen's husband. He desired that the wording might be changed: his request was refused. He requested that a guard might escort him to the border: it could not be granted. He set out without attendance and without a safe-conduct: he was arrested and carried prisoner to Hume Castle.

The lords at Stirling had been already so perplexed by Elizabeth's timidity that they had broken up and dispersed. Argyle and Murray retired to the western Highlands, and sent an earnest message that unless they could be immediately relieved they would be overthrown.[1] The arrest of Tamworth added to their dismay. Yet in spite of past experience they could not believe Elizabeth capable of breaking promises so emphatically and so repeatedly made to them. They wrote through Randolph that they were still at the Queen of England's devotion. They would hold out as long as their strength lasted; but it was already tasked to the uttermost, and if left to themselves they would have to yield to superior force.

The catastrophe came quicker than they anticipated. The friends of the congregation were invited by circulars to meet at Ayr on the 24th of August. On the 25th the Queen of Scots —after a tempestuous interview with Randolph, who had demanded Tamworth's release—mounted her horse and rode out of Edinburgh at the head of 5000 men to meet her enemies in the field. Darnley, in gilt armour, was at her side. She herself carried pistols in hand and pistols at her saddlebow. Her one peculiar hope was to encounter and destroy her brother,

[1] Tamworth to Cecil and Leicester, August 10: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

against whom, above and beyond his political opposition, she bore an especial and unexplained animosity.[1]

With the money sent her from abroad she had contrived to raise six hundred "harquebussmen," whom the half-armed retainers of the lords could not hope to engage successfully. Passing Linlithgow and Stirling she swept swiftly round to Glasgow, and cut off the retreat of the Protestants into the western hills. A fight was looked for at Hamilton, where "a hundred gentlemen of her party determined to set on Murray in the battle, and either slay him or tarry behind lifeless."[2]

Outnumbered—for they had in all but 1300 horse—and outmanœuvred by the rapid movements of the queen, the Protestants fell back on Edinburgh, where they expected the citizens to declare for them. On the last of August, six days after Mary Stuart had left Holyrood, Chatelherault, Murray, Glencairn, Rothes, Boyd, Kirkaldy, and a few more gentlemen, rode with their servants into the West Port, and sending a courier to Berwick with a pressing entreaty for help, they prepared to

[1] "I never heard more outrageous words than she spoke against my Lord of Murray. She said she would rather lose her crown than not be revenged upon him. She has some further cause of quarrel with him than she cares to avow."—Randolph to Cecil, August 27: *MS. Rolls House*. Shortly after, Randolph imagined that he had discovered the "further cause." "The hatred conceived against my Lord of Murray is neither for his religion nor yet for that she now speaketh—that he would take the crown from her, as she said lately to myself—but that she knoweth that he knoweth some such secret fact, not to be named for reverence sake, that standeth not with her honour, which he so much detesteth, being her brother, that neither can he show himself as he hath done, nor she think of him but as of one whom she mortally hateth. Here is the mischief, this is the grief; and how this may be solved and repaired it passeth man's wit to consider. This reverence, for all that he hath to his sovereign, that I am sure there are very few that know this grief; and to have this obloquy and reproach of her removed, I believe he would quit his country for all the days of his life."—Randolph to Cecil, October 13: *MS.* Ibid.

The mystery alluded to was apparently the intimacy of Mary Stuart with Ritzio, which was already so close and confidential as to provoke calumny. In the face of Randolph's language it is difficult to say for certain that Mary Stuart had never transgressed the permitted limits of propriety; yet it is more likely that a person so careless of the opinions of others, and so warm and true in her friendships, should have laid herself open to remark through some indiscretion, than that she should have seriously compromised her character. It seems certain that Murray intended to have hanged Ritzio. Paul de Foix asked Elizabeth for an explanation of the Queen of Scots' animosity against her brother:—

"Elle s'estant ung peu teue, et secoué sa teste, me respondit que c'estoit pour ce que la Royne d'Escosse avoit esté informée que le Comte de Murray avoit voullu pendre ung Italien nommé David qu'elle aymoit et favorisoit, luy donnant plus de credit que ses affaires et honneur ne devoient."—Paul de Foix au Roy: TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, September 4: *MS. Rolls House.*

defend themselves. But the Calvinist shopkeepers who could be so brave against a miserable priest had no stomach for a fight with armed men. The queen was coming fast behind them like an avenging fury; and Erskine, who was inclining to the royal side, began to fire on the lords from the castle. "In the town they could find neither help nor support from any one," and the terrified inhabitants could only entreat and even insist that they should depart. A fortnight before, a little money and a few distinct words from England would have sufficed to save them. Mary Stuart's courage and Elizabeth's remissness had by this time so strengthened the party of the queen that "little good could now be done without greater support than could be in readiness in any short time." The lords could only retire towards the border and wait Elizabeth's pleasure. "What was promised," Randolph passionately wrote to Cecil, "your honour knoweth. Oh that her majesty's mind was known! If the Earl of Bedford have only commission to act in this matter both queens may be in one country before long. In the whole world if there be a more malicious heart towards the queen my sovereign than hers that here now reigneth, let me be hanged at my home-coming or counted a villain for ever."[1]

Mary meanwhile had re-entered Edinburgh, breathing nothing but anger and defiance. Argyle was in his own Highlands wasting the adjoining lands of Athol and Lennox; but she scarcely noticed or cared for Argyle. The affection of a sister for a brother was curdled into a hatred the more malignant because it was unnatural. Her whole passion was concentrated on Murray, and after Murray on Elizabeth.

The day before she had left Holyrood for the west an Englishman named Yaxlee had arrived there from Flanders. This person, who has been already mentioned as in the service of Lady Lennox, had been employed by her as the special agent of her correspondence with the continental courts. Lady Lennox being now in the Tower, Yaxlee followed the fortunes of her son, and came to Scotland to place himself at the disposal of Mary Stuart. He was a conspirator of the kind most dangerous to his employers, vain, loud, and confident, fond of boasting of his acquaintance with kings and princes, and "promising to bring to a good end whatsoever should be committed to him." "The wiser sort" soon understood and avoided him. The Queen of Scots, however, allowed herself to be persuaded by her husband, and placed herself in Yaxlee's power. She told him

[1] Randolph to Cecil, September 4: *MS. Rolls House.*

all her schemes at home and all the promises which had been made to her abroad. The Bishop of Dunblane at Rome had requested the pope to lend her twelve thousand men, and the pope was waiting only for Philip's sanction and co-operation to send them.[1] She selected Yaxlee to go on a mission to Spain to explain her position and to "remit her claims, prospects, and the manner of the prosecution thereof" to Philip's judgment and direction.

Vain of the trust reposed in him the foolish creature was unable to keep his counsel. His babbling tongue revealed all that he knew and all that he was commissioned to do; and the report of it was soon in Cecil's hands.[2]

Philip would no doubt be unwilling to move. Philip, like Elizabeth, was fond of encouraging others to run into difficulties by promises which he repudiated if they were inconvenient; and in this particular instance Mary Stuart had gone beyond his advice and had placed herself in a position against which the Duke of Alva had pointedly warned her. But the fears of the Spaniards for the safety of the Low Countries were every day increasing; they regarded England as the fountain from which the heresies of the continent were fed; and they looked to the recovery of it to the Church as the only means of restoring order in their own provinces.[3]

Elizabeth was perfectly aware of the dangers which were thickening round her, and the effect was to end her uncertainty and to determine her to shake herself clear from the failing fortunes of the noblemen whom she had invited to rebel. They had halted at Dumfries, close to the border, where Murray, thinking that "nothing worse could happen than an agreement while the Queen of Scots had the upper hand and they without a force in the field," was with difficulty keeping together the remnant of his party.[4] The Earl of Bedford, weary of waiting for instructions which never came, wrote at last half in earnest

[1] Capitulo de Cartas del Cardinal Pacheco à su Magd., 2 September, 1565: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Memoir of the proceedings of Francis Yaxlee," in Cecil's handwriting: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10. The name of the person is left blank in Cecil's manuscript, but a French translation of the memoir was found in Paris by M. Teulet, and on the margin is written, "Celluy qui est laissé en blanc c'est Yaxlee."

[3] "Esta materia de Escocia y de aqui es de tanta importancia como se puede considerar; porque si este Reyno se reduxiese, parece que se quitará la fuente de los hereges de Flanders y de Francia, y aun las intelligencias de Alemania, que, como aqui, hay necessidad destas malas ayudas para sostenerse."—De Silva to Philip, August 20: *MS. Simancas.*

[4] Murray to Randolph, September 8: *MS. Rolls House.*

and half in irony to Elizabeth to propose that she should play over again the part which she had played with Winter; he would himself enter Scotland with the Berwick garrison, and "her majesty could afterwards seem to blame him for attempting such things as with the help of others he could bring about."[1] But Elizabeth was too much frightened to consent even to a vicarious fulfilment of her promises. She replied that if the lords were in danger of being taken the earl might cover their retreat into England; she sent him £3000 which if he pleased he might place in their hands; but he must give them to understand precisely that both the one and the other were his own acts, for which she would accept neither thanks nor responsibility. "You shall make them perceive your case to be such," she said, "as if it should appear otherwise your danger should be so great as all the friends you have could not be able to save you towards us."[2]

At times she seemed to struggle with her ignominy, but it was only to flounder deeper into distraction and dishonour. Once she sent for the French ambassador: she told him that the Earl of Murray and his friends were in danger for her sake and through her means; the Queen of Scots was threatening their lives; and she swore she would aid them with all the means which God had given, and she would have all men know her determination. But the next moment, as if afraid of what she had said, she stooped to a deliberate lie. De Foix had heard of the £3000, and had ascertained beyond doubt that it had been sent from the Treasury; yet when he questioned Elizabeth about it she took refuge behind Bedford, and swore she had sent no money to the lords at all.[3]

"It fears me not a little," wrote Murray on the 21st, "that these secret and covered pretendings of the queen's majesty there, as matters now stand, shall never put this cause to such end as we both wish, but open declaration would apparently bring with it no doubt."[4] "If her majesty will openly declare herself," said Bedford, "uncertain hearts will be determined again and all will go well."[5]

Paul de Foix himself, notwithstanding his knowledge of Elizabeth, was unable to believe that she would persevere in a course so discreditable and so dangerous. So easy it would be

[1] Bedford to Elizabeth: *MS. Rolls House.*
[2] Elizabeth to Bedford, September 12: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[3] De Foix to the Queen-mother, September 18: Teulet, vol. ii.
[4] Murray to Bedford, September 21: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[5] Bedford to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid.

for her to strike Mary Stuart down, if she had half the promptitude of Mary herself, that it seemed impossible to him that she would neglect the opportunity. As yet the party of the Queen of Scots had no solid elements of strength: Ritzio was the chief councillor; the Earl of Athol was the general—"a youth without judgment or experience, whose only merit was a frenzied Catholicism."[1] Catherine de Medici, who thought like de Foix, and desired to prevent Elizabeth from becoming absolute mistress of Scotland, sent over Castelnau de Mauvissière to mediate between the Queen of Scots and her subjects. But Mary Stuart understood better the temperament with which she had to deal; she knew that Elizabeth was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and that she had nothing to fear. She sent a message to Castelnau that she would allow neither France nor England to interfere between her and her revolted subjects; while her rival could only betake herself to her single resource in difficulty, and propose again to marry the archduke.

There was something piteous as well as laughable in the perpetual recurrence of this forlorn subject. She was not wholly insincere. When pushed to extremity she believed that marriage might become her duty, and she imagined that she was willing to encounter it. The game was a dangerous one, for she had almost exhausted the patience of her subjects, who might compel her at last to fulfil in earnest the hopes which she had excited. It would have come to an end long before had it not been that Philip, who was irresolute as herself, allowed his wishes for the marriage to delude him into believing Elizabeth serious whenever it was mentioned; while the desirableness of the Austrian alliance in itself, and the extreme anxiety for it among English statesmen, kept alive the jealous fears of the French. To de Silva the queen appeared a vain capricious woman, whose pleasure it was to see the princes of Europe successively at her feet; yet he too had expected that if her Scotch policy failed she would take the archduke in earnest at last, and thus the value of the move was not yet wholly played away, and she could use his name once more to hold her friends and her party together.

As a matter of course when the archduke was talked of on one side the French had their candidate on the other; and Charles IX. being no longer in question Paul de Foix threw his interest on the side of Leicester. While the Queen of Scots was displaying the spirit of a sovereign and accomplishing with uncommon skill the first steps of the Catholic revolution,

[1] De Foix to the Queen-mother, September 18: TEULET, vol. ii.

Elizabeth was amusing herself once more with balancing the attractions of her lover and the Austrian prince: not indeed that she any longer wished to marry even the favoured Lord Robert; "If she ever took a husband," she said to de Foix, "she would give him neither a share of her power nor the keys of her treasury; her subjects wanted a successor, and she would use the husband's services to obtain such a thing; but under any aspect the thought of marriage was odious to her, and when she tried to make up her mind it was as if her heart was being torn out of her body." [1]

Yet Leicester was fooled by the French into a brief hope of success. He tried to interest Cecil in his cause by assuring him that the queen would marry no one but himself; and Cecil mocked him with a courteous answer, and left on record in a second table of contrasts with the archduke his own intense conviction of Leicester's worthlessness.[2]

A ludicrous court calamity increased the troubles of the queen and with them her unwillingness to declare war against the Queen of Scots. The three daughters of the Duke of Suffolk had been placed one after the other in the line of succession by Henry VIII. Lady Jane was dead; Lady Catherine was dying from the effects of her long and cruel imprisonment; the third, Lady Mary, had remained at the court, and one evening in August when the Scotch plot was thickening got herself married in the palace itself "by an old fat priest in a short gown" to Thomas Keys the sergeant porter.[3] Lady Mary was "the smallest woman in the court," Keys was the largest man, and that seemed to have been the chief bond of connection between them. The lady was perhaps anxious for a husband and knew that Elizabeth would keep her single till she died. Discovery followed before worse had happened than the ceremony. The burly sergeant porter was sent to the Fleet to grow thin on discipline and low diet; the Lady Mary went into private confinement; and both were only too eager to release each other and escape from punishment. The bishops were set to work by

[1] She said she was resolved—"Ne departir jamais à celuy qui seroit son mary ni de ses biens ni forces ni moyens, ne voulant s'ayder de luy que pour laisser successeur d'elle à ses subjectz; mais quand elle pensoit de ce faire, il luy sembloit que l'on luy arrachast le cœur du ventre; tant elle en estoit de son naturel eslonguée."—Paul de Foix to the Queen-mother, August 22: Teulet, vol. ii.

[2] "De Matrimonio Reginæ Angliæ." Reasons against the Earl of Leicester: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[3] This marriage was before mentioned by me as having taken place at the same time with that of Lady Jane Grey and Guilford Dudley. I was misled by Dugdale.

the council to undo the knot and found it no easy matter.[1] Elizabeth had a fresh excuse for her detestation of the Greys and a fresh topic on which to descant in illustration of the iniquities of matrimony.

De Mauvissière meanwhile undeterred by the Queen of Scots' message had made his way to Edinburgh, but only to find that he had come upon a useless errand. The Earl of Bothwell had rejoined Mary Stuart in the middle of her triumph, "a man," said Randolph, "fit to be made a minister of any shameful act against God or man;"[2] and Bothwell's hatred for Murray drew him closer than ever to Mary's side. In the full confidence of success and surrounded by persons whose whole aim was to feed the fire of her passion she would listen to nothing which de Mauvissière could urge. In vain he warned her of the experience of France; in vain he reminded her of the siege of Leith and of the madness of risking a quarrel with her powerful and dangerous neighbour. "Scotland," she said, "should not be turned into a republic; she would sooner lose her crown than wear it at the pleasure of her revolted subjects and the Queen of England; instead of advising her to make peace, Catherine de Medici should have stepped forward to her side and assisted her to avenge the joint wrongs of France and Scotland; if France failed her in her extremity, grieved as she might be to leave her old allies, she would take the hand which was offered her by Spain; she would submit to England—never."[3]

From the moment when she had first taken the field, she had given her enemies no rest; she had swept Fife, the hotbed of the Protestants, as far as St. Andrew's. The old Laird of Lundy—he who had called the mass the mickle deil—was flung into prison and his friends and his family had to fly for their lives. At the end of September she was pausing to recover breath at Holyrood before she made her last swoop upon the party at Dumfries. The Edinburgh merchants found her money, her soldiers with lighted matchlocks assisting them to unloose their purse strings. With October she would march to the border, and in her unguarded moments she boasted that she would take her next rest at the gates of London.[4]

It was now necessary for Elizabeth to come to some resolution

[1] Privy Council Register, August, 1565. Proceedings of council on the marriage of the Lady Mary Grey: *MS. Domestic, Elizabeth, Rolls House.* Bishop of London to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, September 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Castelnau de Mauvissière to Paul de Foix, September: TEULET, vol. ii.

[4] Paul de Foix to the King of France, September 29: TEULET, vol. ii.

which she could avow—either to interfere at once or distinctly to declare that she did not mean to interfere. Cecil according to his usual habit reviewed the situation and drew out in form its leading features. The two interests at stake were religion and the succession to the crown. For religion "it was doubtful how to meddle in another prince's controversy:" "so far as politic laws were devised for the maintenance of the Gospel Christian men might defend it," "yet the best service which men could render to the truth was to serve God faithfully and procure by good living the defence thereof at His almighty hand." The succession was at once more critical and more impossible to leave untouched. The Queen of Scots appeared to intend to exact her recognition as "second person" at the point of the sword. The unwillingness of the Queen of England to marry had unsettled the minds of her subjects, who "beholding the state of the crown to depend only on the breath of one person," were becoming restless and uneasy; and there were symptoms on all sides which pointed "towards a civil quarrel in the realm." The best remedy would be the fulfilment of the hopes which had been so long held out to the nation. If the queen would marry all danger would at once be at an end. If she could not bring herself to accept that alternative, she might make the intrigues of the Scottish queen with her Catholic subjects, the practising with Rome, the language of Darnley to Randolph, and the continued refusal to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, a ground for declaring war.[1]

Every member of the council was summoned to London. The suspected Earls of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland were invited to the court, to remove them from the border where they would perhaps be dangerous; and day after day the advisers of the crown sat in earnest and inconclusive deliberation. A lucid statement was drawn up of Mary Stuart's proceedings from the day of Elizabeth's accession; every aggressive act on her part, every conciliatory movement of the Queen of England were laid out in careful detail to assist the council in forming a judgment; the history was brought down to the latest moment, and one only important matter seems to have been withheld—the unfortunate promises which Elizabeth had made to the Earl of Murray and his friends at a time when she believed that a demonstration in Scotland would be sufficient to frighten Mary Stuart and that she would never be called on to fulfil them.

[1] Note in Cecil's hand, September, 1565: *MS. Rolls House.*

In favour of sending assistance to the Protestant noblemen it was urged that the Queen of Scots notoriously intended to overthrow the reformed religion and to make her way to the English throne; the title of the Queen of England depended on the Reformation; if the pope's authority was restored she would no longer be regarded as legitimate. To sit still in the face of the attitude which the Queen of Scots had assumed was to encourage her to continue her practices; and it was more prudent to encounter an enemy when it could be done at small cost and in her own country than to wait to be overtaken at home by war and rebellion which would be a thousand times more dangerous and costly.

On the other hand, to defend the insurgent subjects of a neighbouring sovereign was a dangerous precedent. If Elizabeth was justified in maintaining the Scotch Protestants the King of Spain might claim as fair a right to interfere in behalf of the English Catholics. The form which a war would assume and the contingencies which might arise from it could not be foreseen, while the peril and expense were immediate and certain.

The arguments on both sides were so evenly balanced that it was difficult to choose between them. The council, however, could it be proved that the Queen of Scots was in communication with the pope to further her designs on England, were ready to consider that "a great matter." The name of the pope was detested in England by men who believed themselves to hold every shred of Catholic doctrine; the creed was an opinion; the pope was a political and most troublesome fact with which under no circumstances were moderate English gentlemen inclined to have any more dealings. The pope turned the scale; and the council after some ineffectual attempts to find a middle course resolved on immediately confiscating the estates of the Earl of Lennox; while they recommended the queen to demand the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh, to send a fleet into the Forth, and to despatch a few thousand men to Berwick to be at the disposal of the Earl of Bedford.[1]

Had these steps been taken either Mary Stuart must have yielded, or there would have been an immediate war. But the council, though consenting and advising a decided course, were still divided: Norfolk, Arundel, Winchester, Mason, and Pembroke were in favour in the main of the Queen of Scots' succession, and they regarded Calvinists and Calvinism with a

[1] Notes of the Proceedings in Council at Westminster, September 24. In Cecil's hand: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10. *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

most heartfelt and genuine detestation. Elizabeth in her heart resented the necessity of identifying herself with the party of John Knox, and her mood varied from day to day. After the resolution of the council on the 24th September, she spoke at length to the French ambassador in praise of Murray, who if his sister could but have known it, she said, was her truest friend—a noble, generous, and good man; she was fully aware of the Queen of Scots' designs against her; and when de Foix entreated her not to break the peace she refused to give him any assurances, and she told him that if France assisted Mary Stuart she should receive it as an act of hostility against herself.[1]

But her energy spent itself in words, or rather both the queen and those advisers whom she most trusted, even Sir William Cecil himself, oscillated backwards into a decision that the risk of war was too great to be encountered. The example might be fatal: the Catholic powers might interfere in England; the Romanists at home might mutiny; while to move an army was "three times more chargeable than it was wont to be, whereof the experience at Havre might serve for example."[2] Two days after their first resolution therefore the council assembled again, when Cecil informed them "that he found a lack of disposition in the queen's majesty to allow of war or of the charges thereof;" she would break her word to the lords whom she had encouraged into insurrection; but it was better than to run the risk of a conflagration which might wrap all England in its flames. The idea of forcible interference was finally abandoned. De Mauvissière remained at Edinburgh sincerely endeavouring to keep Mary within bounds; and Cecil himself wrote a private letter of advice to her which he sent by the hands of a Captain Cockburn. There were reasons for supposing that her violence might have begun to cool. Darnley had desired that the command of the army might be given to his father; the Queen of Scots had insisted on bestowing it upon Bothwell,[3] who had won her favour by promising to bring in Murray dead or alive;[4] and Lennox was holding off from the court in jealous discontent.

Cockburn on his arrival at Holyrood placed himself in communication with de Mauvissière. They waited on Mary to-

[1] Paul de Foix to the King of France, September 29: Teulet, vol. ii.

[2] "Causes that move me not to consent presently to war," September 26. Note in Cecil's hand: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10.

[3] Randolph speaking of Mary Stuart's relation with Bothwell at this time says—"I have heard a thing most strange, whereof I will not make mention till I have better assurance than now I have."—Randolph to Cecil, October 13: *MS. Rolls House.*

[4] Cockburn to Cecil, October 2: *MS.* Ibid.

gether; and expatiating on the ruinous effect of the religious wars of the Guises which had filled France with rage and hatred, they entreated her for her own sake to beware of the miserable example. The French ambassador told her that if she looked for aid from abroad she was deceiving herself; France would not help her and would not permit the interference of Spain; so that she would bring herself "to a hard end." Cockburn "spoke his mind freely to her to the same effect" and "told her she was in great danger." [1]

Mary Stuart "wept wondrous sore;" but construing Elizabeth's unwillingness to declare war into an admission of her own strength, she was deaf to advice as she had been to menace. She disbelieved de Mauvissière and trusted soon to hear from Yaxlee that the Spanish fleet was on its way to the English Channel; at least she would not lose the chance of revenge upon her brother: "she said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head." [2]

A few hundred men from Berwick would probably have ended her power of so gratifying herself; yet on the other hand it might have been a spark to explode an insurrection in England; and Elizabeth preferred to hold aloof with her arm half raised—wishing yet fearing to strike—and waiting for some act of direct hostility against herself. As far as the peace of her own country was concerned her policy was no doubt a prudent one; but it was pursued at the expense of her honour; it ruined for the time her party in Scotland; and it was an occasion of fresh injury to the fugitives at Dumfries.

As soon as Murray with his few dispirited friends had reached the border he despatched Sir Robert Melville to London to explain his situation and to request in form the assistance which had been promised him. Elizabeth assured Melville that she was sorry for their condition. She bade him return and tell Murray that she would do her very best for himself and his cause; but she could not support him by arms without declaring war against the Queen of Scots, and she could not declare war "without just cause." If the Queen of Scots therefore were to offer him "any tolerable conditions" she would not have him refuse; "if on the other hand the indignation of the queen was so cruelly intended as he and his companions could obtain no end with preservation of their lives, her majesty both for her private love towards those that were noblemen and of her

[1] Cockburn to Cecil, October 2: *MS. Rolls House.*
[2] Randolph to Cecil, October 5: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

princely honour and clemency towards such as were tyrannically persecuted would receive them into her protection, save their persons and their lives from ruin, and so far would give them aid and succour;" she would send a commissioner to Scotland to intercede with the queen, "and with him also an army to be used as her majesty should see just occasion given to her."[1]

The lords had become "desperate of hope and as men dismayed;" they had repented bitterly of "having trusted so much to England:"[2] Chatelherault, Glencairn, Kirkaldy—all in fact save Murray—desired to make terms with Mary, and were feeling their way towards recovering her favour at the expense of the Queen of England, whom they accused of betraying them. When Melville returned with Elizabeth's answer it was interpreted into a fresh promise of interference in their behalf, not only by the lords, whom anxiety might have made sanguine, but by the bearer of the message to whom Elizabeth had herself spoken. They immediately recovered their courage, broke off their communications with the Queen of Scots, and prepared to continue their resistance.

Elizabeth would have done better if she had spoken less ambiguously. Mary Stuart, who had paused to ascertain what they would do, set out at once for the border with Athol, Bothwell, and a motley force of 18,000 men. She rode in person at their head in steel bonnet and corselet, "with a dagg at her saddlebow,"[3] declaring that "all who held intercourse with England should be treated as enemies to the realm;" while Darnley boasted that he was about "to be made the greatest that ever reigned in the isle of Britain."[4] Ritzio was still the presiding spirit in Mary's council chamber. "You may think," wrote Randolph, "what the matter meaneth that a stranger and a varlet should have the whole guiding of the queen and country."[5] The army was but a confused crowd: of loyal friends the queen could really count on none but Bothwell, young Athol, and perhaps Huntly; "the rest were as like to turn against her as stand by her." She perhaps trusted to some demonstration from Berwick to kindle them into enthusiasm through their patriotism; but Elizabeth disappointed equally both her enemies and her friends; she would give no excuse to the Queen of Scots to complain that England had broken the

[1] Answer to Robert Melville, October 1: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Bedford to Cecil, October 5: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, October 13: *MS.* Ibid.
[4] Randolph to Leicester, October 18: *MS.* Ibid.
[5] *MS.* Ibid.

peace. The "few hundreds" with whose assistance the lords undertook to drive their sovereign back to Edinburgh were not forthcoming; the army more than half promised to Melville was a mere illusion; and Bedford was confined by his orders to Carlisle, where he was allowed only to receive Murray and his party as fugitives: they had now therefore no resource except to retreat into England; the Queen of Scots following in hot pursuit glared across the frontier at her escaping prey, half tempted to follow them and annihilate the petty guard of the English commander:[1] but prudence for once prevailed; she halted and drew back.

So ended the insurrection which had been undertaken at Elizabeth's instigation and mainly in Elizabeth's interests. Having failed to prevent the catastrophe she would gladly now have heard no more of it; but she was not to escape so easily. Even among her own subjects there were some who dared to speak unpalatable truths to her. Bedford, who had been sent to the north with an army which he believed that he was to lead to Edinburgh, wrote in plain stern terms to the queen herself "that the lords, in reliance upon her majesty's promise, had stood out against their sovereign, and now knew not what to do;"[2] while to Cecil, not knowing how deeply Cecil was responsible for the queen's conduct, he wrote in serious sorrow. In a previous letter he had spoken of "the lords of the congregation," and Elizabeth had taken offence at a term which savoured of too advanced a Protestantism.

"The poor noblemen," he now said, "rest so amazed and in so great perplexity they know not what to say, do, or imagine. My terming them lords of the congregation was but used by me because I saw it received by others; for that it is not plausible I shall omit it henceforth, wishing from my heart the cause was plausibly received, and then for terms and names it should be no matter. The Earl of Murray I find constant and honourable, though otherwise sore perplexed, poor gentleman, the more the pity. As her majesty means peace we must use the necessary means to maintain peace; albeit I know that the queen useth against the queen's majesty our sovereign all such reproachful and despiteful words as she can; besides her practices with foreign realms, which her majesty's father I am sure would have thought much of. Yet as her majesty winketh at the

[1] "A few hundred men would have kept all right. I fear they will break with us from words which she has used, and we are all unprovided." —Bedford to Cecil, October 13: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Bedford to the Queen, October 13: Ibid.

same, I must know what I am to do, whether in dealing with the wardens on the border I am to recognise commissions signed by the Lord Darnley as King of Scotland." [1]

Randolph, ashamed and indignant at the deception of which he and Throgmorton had been the instruments, insisted "that the Queen of Scots meant evil and nothing but evil," and that however long she was borne with she would have to be brought to reason by force at last. "You, my lord," he wrote anxiously to Leicester, "do all you can to move her majesty; it is looked for at your hand, and all worthy and godly men of this nation shall love and honour you for ever; let it be handled so that this queen may know how she has been misguided and ill-advised to take so much upon her—not only against these noblemen, but far above that if she had power to her will." [2]

But it was from Murray himself that Elizabeth had to encounter the most inconvenient remonstrances. To save England from a Catholic revolution and to save England's queen from the machinations of a dangerous rival, the Earl of Murray had taken arms against his sovereign, and he found himself a fugitive and an outlaw, while the sacred cause of the Reformation in his own country had been compromised by his fall. His life was safe, but Mary Stuart having failed to take or kill him was avenging herself on his wife, and the first news which he heard after reaching England was that Lady Murray had been driven from her home, and within a few weeks of her confinement was wandering shelterless in the woods. Submission and soft speeches would have been his more prudent part, but Murray, a noble gentleman of stainless honour, was not a person to sit down patiently as the dupe of timidity or fraud.

He wrote shortly to the English council to say that in reliance on the message brought him by Sir Robert Melville he had encouraged his friends to persevere in resistance at a time when they could have made their peace; and through "their queen's cold dealing" both he and they were now forced to enter England. If there was an intention of helping them he begged that it might be done at once, and that Scotland might be saved from ruin.[3]

By the same messenger he wrote more particularly to Cecil: "He did not doubt," he said, "that Cecil understood fully the motives both of himself and his friends; they had enterprised their action with full foresight of their sovereign's indignation,

[1] Bedford to Cecil, October 13 and October 26: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Randolph to Leicester, October 18: Ibid.
[3] Murray to the Council, October 14: Ibid.

being moved thereto by the Queen of England and her council's hand writ directed to them thereupon;" the "extremities" had followed as they expected; the Queen of Scots would now agree to no condition, relying on the Queen of England's "coldness:" he was told that the queen's majesty's conscience was not resolved to make open war without further motive and occasion; the queen's majesty was perfectly aware "that he had undertaken nothing for any particularity of his own, but for good affection to follow her own counsel; her majesty had been the furtherer and the doer, and he with the other noblemen had assisted therein to their power." [1]

Nor were the lords contented with written protests: they were determined to hear from Elizabeth's own lips an explanation of their desertion. Murray himself and the Abbot of Kilwinning were chosen as the representatives of the rest; and Bedford after an affectation of opposition which he did not carry beyond a form, sent to the queen on the 17th of October to prepare for their appearance in London. Pressed by the consequences of her own faults Elizabeth would have concealed her conduct if possible from her own eyes; least of all did she desire to have it thrown in her teeth before all the world. She had assured Paul de Foix at last that she would give the lords no help, and would wait to be attacked. She wished to keep clear of every overt act which would justify the Queen of Scots in appealing to France and Spain. She had persuaded herself that Mary Stuart's army would disperse in a few days for want of supplies, that the lords would return over the border as easily as they had crossed it; [2] and that she could assist them with money behind the scenes without openly committing herself. These plans and hopes would be fatally disconcerted by Murray's appearance at the court, and she sent Bedford's courier flying back to him with an instant and angry command to prevent so untoward a casualty. She had said again and again that "she would give no aid that should break the peace." The coming up of the Earl of Murray "would give manifest cause of just complaint to the Queen of Scots;" and she added with curious self-exposure, "neither are these kind of matters in this open sort to be used." If Murray had not yet set out she required Bedford "to stay him by his authority;" if he had started he must be sent after and recalled.[3]

[1] Murray to Cecil, October 14: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Paul de Foix to the King of France, October 16: TEULET, vol. ii.
[3] Elizabeth to Bedford, October 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House*

The harshness of Elizabeth's language was softened by the council, who expressed their regret "that the common cause had not hitherto had better success;" they promised their own support "so far as their power and credit might extend;" but they entreated Murray "patiently to accommodate himself to her majesty's resolution."[1]

Unluckily for Elizabeth, Murray had anticipated the prohibition and had followed so closely behind the announcement of his approach that the couriers charged with the letters of the queen and council met him at Ware. He opened the despatch which was addressed to himself, and immediately sent on a note to Cecil regretting that he had not been sooner made aware of the queen's wishes, but saying that as he had come so far he should now remain where he was till he was informed of her further pleasure.

Embarrassed, irritated, and intending at all hazards to disavow her connection with the lords, Elizabeth, since Murray had chosen to come to her, resolved to turn his presence to her advantage. When she had once made up her mind to a particular course she never hesitated on the details whatever they might cost. The Earl of Murray was told that he would be received; he went on to London, and "on the night of his arrival the queen sent for him and arranged in a private interview the comedy which she was about to enact."[2]

The following morning, the 22nd of October, he was admitted to an audience in public, at which de Foix and de Mauvissière, who had by this time returned from Scotland, were especially invited to be present. De Silva describes what ensued, not as an eye-witness, but from an account which was given to him by the queen herself.[3]

[1] The Council to Murray, October 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.* The letter is signed by Norfolk, Pembroke, Lord William Howard, and Cecil.

[2] "Yo fué avisado que la noche antes desta platica el de Murray estuvó con ella y con el secretario Cecil buen rato, donde se debió consultar lo que pasó el dia siguiente."—De Silva to Philip, November 5. And again, "La Reyna oyó al de Murray la noche que llegó en secreto, y otro dia hizó aquella demostracion delante del Embajador de Francia."—Same to the same, November 10: *MS. Simancas.* A report of the proceedings in the Rolls House, which was drawn up for the inspection of Mary Stuart herself, and the courts of France and Spain, states that "the queen received Murray openly and none otherwise." The consciousness that she had received him otherwise explains words which else might have seemed superfluous.

[3] The account in Sir James Melville's *Memoirs* is evidently taken from the official narrative, with which in most points it verbally agrees. De Silva's is but little different. The one variation of importance will be noticed.

Elizabeth having taken her place with the council and the ambassadors at her side, the Earl of Murray entered modestly dressed in black. Falling on one knee he began to speak in Scotch, when the queen interrupted him with a request that he would speak in French, which she said she could better understand. Murray objected that he had been so long out of practice that he could not properly express himself in French; and Elizabeth, whose object was to produce an effect on de Foix and his companion, accepted his excuse for himself; but she said that although he might not be sufficient master of the idiom to speak it, she knew that he understood it when he heard it spoken; she would therefore in her own part of the conversation make use of that language.

She then went on "to express her astonishment that being declared an outlaw as he was by the Queen of Scots, the Earl of Murray should have dared to come unlicensed into her presence. The Queen of Scots had been her good sister, and such she always hoped to find her. There had been differences between them which had made her fear for their friendship; but the King of France had kindly interposed his good offices between herself, her sister, and her sister's subjects; and the two ministers who had been his instruments in that good service being at the moment at her court, she had requested both them and others to attend on the present occasion to hear what she was about to say. She wished it to be generally understood that she would do nothing which would give just offence to the Queen of Scots or which would impair her own honour. The world she was aware was in the habit of saying that her realm was the sanctuary for the seditious subjects of her neighbours; and it was even rumoured that she had instigated or encouraged the insurrection in Scotland. She would not have done such a thing to be sovereign of the universe. God, who was a just God, she well knew would punish her with the like troubles in her own country; and if she encouraged the subjects of another prince in disobedience, He would stir her own people into insurrection against herself. So far as she knew there were two causes for the present disturbances in Scotland; the Queen of Scots had married without the consent of her Estates and had failed to apprise the princes her neighbours of her intentions; the Earl of Murray had attempted to oppose her and had fallen into disgrace. This was the first cause. The second was that the Earl of Lennox and his house were opposed to the reformed religion; the Earl of Murray feared that he would attempt to destroy it, and with

his friends preferred to lose his life rather than allow what he believed to be the truth to be overthrown. The earl had come to the English court to request her to intercede with his sovereign that he might be heard in his defence. There were faults which proceeded of malice which deserved the rigour of justice —one of these was treason against the person of the sovereign; and were she to understand that the Earl of Murray had meditated treason she would arrest and chastise him according to his demerits; but she had known him in times past to be well-affectioned to his mistress; he had loved her she was confident with the love which a subject owes to his prince. There were other faults—faults committed through imprudence, through ignorance, or in self-defence, which might be treated mercifully. The Earl of Murray's fault might be one of these; she bade him therefore say for which cause he had instigated the late disturbances."

Elizabeth had exercised a wise caution in preparing Murray for this preposterous harangue. He commanded himself, and replied by calling God to witness of the loyalty with which he had ever served his sovereign: she had bestowed lands, honour, and rewards upon him far beyond his desert; he had desired nothing less than to offend her, and he would have stood by her with life and goods to the utmost of his ability.

Elizabeth then began again: "She held a balance in her hand," she said; "in the one scale was the sentence of outlawry pronounced against him by the Queen of Scots, in the other were the words which he had just spoken. But the word of a queen must outweigh the word of a subject in the mind of a sister sovereign, who was bound to show most favour to her own like and equal. The earl had committed actions deserving grave reprehension: he had refused to appear when lawfully summoned; he had taken up arms and had made a league with others like himself to levy war against his sovereign. She had been told that he was afraid of being murdered, but if there had been a conspiracy against him he should have produced the proofs of it in his sovereign's presence."

Murray replied in Scotch, the queen interpreting as he went on. He said that it was true that there had been a conspiracy; the condition of his country was such that he could not have saved his life except by the means which he had adopted. Elizabeth had doubtless made it a condition of her further friendship that he should say nothing by which she could herself be incriminated; and he contented himself with entreat-

ing her to intercede for him to obtain the Queen of Scots' forgiveness.

Elizabeth affected to hesitate. The Queen of Scots, she said, had so often refused her mediation that she knew not how she could offer it again, but she would communicate with her council, and when she had ascertained their opinions he should hear from her. Meanwhile she would have him understand that he was in great danger, and that he must consider himself a prisoner.

The earl was then permitted to withdraw. The queen went aside with the Frenchmen, and assuring them that they might accept what they had witnessed as the exact truth, she begged that they would communicate it to the King of France. To de Silva, when he was next admitted to an audience, she repeated the story word by word, and to him as well as to the others she protested that rebels against their princes should receive from her neither aid nor countenance.[1]

So ended this extraordinary scene. Sir James Melville's narrative carries the extravagance one point further. He describes Elizabeth as extorting from Murray an acknowledgment that she had not encouraged the rebellion, and as then bidding him depart from her presence as an unworthy traitor. Sir James Melville does but follow an official report which was drawn up under Elizabeth's eye and sanction, to be sent to Scotland and circulated through Europe. It was thus therefore that she herself desired the world to believe that she had spoken; and one falsehood more or less in a web of artifice could scarcely add to her discredit. For Murray's sake however it may be hoped that he was spared this further ignominy, and that de Silva's is the truer story.

If the earl did not declare in words however that Elizabeth was unconnected with the rebellion, he allowed her to disavow it in silence, and by his forbearance created for himself and Scotland a claim upon her gratitude. He was evidently no consenting party to the deception; and after leaving her presence he wrote to her in a letter what he had restrained himself from publicly declaring. "Her treatment of him would have been more easy to bear," he said, "had he known in what he had offended;" "he had done his uttermost with all his power to serve and gratify her;" and "the more he considered the matter it was ever the longer the more grievous to him;" noblemen who had suffered in former times for maintaining English

[1] De Silva to Philip, November 5: *MS. Simancas.*

interests in Scotland, "when their cause was not to be compared to the present, had been well received and liberally gratified;" while he who had "endeavoured to show a thankful heart in her service when any occasion was presented, could in no wise perceive by her highness's answer any affection towards his present state;" "her declaration had been more grievous to him than all his other troubles;" he trusted that "he might in time receive from her some more comfortable answer."[1]

It does not appear that Elizabeth saw Murray any more. She was only anxious to be rid of his presence, which was an intolerable reproach to her; and with these words—the least which the occasion required, yet not without a sad dignity—he returned to his friends who had been sent on to Newcastle, where they were ordered for the present to remain. Elizabeth was left to play out in character the rest of her ignoble game. To the ambassadors, whom she intended to deceive, it was a transparent farce; and there was probably not a house in London, Catholic or Protestant, where her conduct, which she regarded as a political masterpiece, was not ridiculed as it deserved. But it must be allowed at least the merit of completeness. An elaborate account of the interview with Murray was sent to Randolph to be laid before the Queen of Scots; Elizabeth accompanied it with an autograph letter in which she attempted to impose on the keenest-witted woman living by telling her she wished "she could have been present to have heard the terms in which she addressed her rebellious subject." "So far was she from espousing the cause of rebels and traitors," she said, "that she should hold herself disgraced if she had so much as tacitly borne with them;" "she wished her name might be blotted out from the list of princes as unworthy to hold a place among them," if she had done any such thing.[2]

At the same time she wrote to Randolph himself saying frankly that her first impulse on Murray's arrival had been to accept partially if not entirely the conditions of peace which the

[1] The Earl of Murray to Queen Elizabeth, from Westminster, October 31: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Aussy je luy (Randolph) ay declaré tout au long le discours entre moy et ung de voz subjectz lequel j'espere vous contentera; soubhaitant que voz oreillez en eussent été juges pour y entendre et l'honneur et l'affection que je monstrois en vostre endroit; tout au rebours de ce qu'on dict que je defendois voz mauvaises subjectz contre vous; laquelle chose se tiendra tousjours très éloignée de mon cœur, estant trop grande ignominie pour une princesse à souffrir, non que à faire; soubhaitant alors qu'on me esblouisse du rang des princes comme estant indigne de tenir lieu."—Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, October 29: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Queen of Scots had offered to Tamworth. If the Queen of Scots would promise not to molest either herself or her children in the possession of the English throne, she had been ready to pledge her word that nothing should be done in England in prejudice of the Queen of Scot's title to "the second place." On reflection however it had seemed imprudent to show excessive eagerness. She had therefore written a letter which Randolph would deliver; and he might take the opportunity of saying that although the Darnley marriage had interrupted the friendship which had subsisted between the Queen of Scots and herself, yet that she desired only to act honourably and kindly towards her; and if the Queen of Scots would undertake to keep the peace and would give the promise which she desired, she would send commissioners to Edinburgh to make a final arrangement.[1]

In a momentary recovery of dignity she added at the close of her letter that if the Queen of Scots refused, "she would defend her country and subjects from such annoyance as might be intended, and would finally use all such lawful means as God should give her to redress all offences and injuries already done or hereafter to be done to her or her subjects."[2] But an evil spirit of trickery and imbecility had taken possession of Elizabeth's intellect. The Queen of Scots naturally expressed the utmost readiness to receive commissioners sent from England to concede so much of what she had asked. By the time Mary's answer came, her majesty being no longer in a panic, had become sensible of the indignity of her proposal. She therefore bade Randolph "so compass the matter that the Queen of Scots should rather send commissioners to England, as more honourable to herself;" and "if the Queen of Scots said, as it was like she would, that the Queen of England had offered to send a commission thither, *he should answer that he indeed said so and thought so,* but that he did perceive he had mistaken her message."[3]

Elizabeth's strength, could she only have known it, lay in the goodness of the cause which she represented. The essential interests both in England and Scotland were concerned in her success. She was the champion of liberty, and through her the two nations were emancipating themselves from spiritual tyranny. By the side of the Jesuits she was but a shallow driveller in the arts to which she condescended; and she was

[1] Elizabeth to Randolph, October 29: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] Elizabeth to Randolph, November 26: *MS.* Ibid.

about to find that after all the paths of honour were the paths of safety, and that she could have chosen no weapon more dangerous to herself than the chicanery of which she considered herself so accomplished a mistress. She had mistaken the nature of English and Scottish gentlemen in supposing that they would be the instruments of a disgraceful policy, and she had done her rival cruel wrong in believing that she could be duped with artifices so poor.

"Send as many ambassadors as you please to our queen," said Sir William Kirkaldy to Bedford; "they shall receive a proud answer. She thinks to have a force as soon ready as you do, besides the hope she has to have friendship in England. If force of men and ships come not with the ambassadors, their coming and travail shall be spent in vain." [1]

Even Cecil perhaps now deplored the effects of his own timidity. "I have received," wrote Bedford to him, "your gentle and sorrowful letter. It grieveth me that things will frame no better. The evil news will be the overthrow of three hundred gentlemen of Scotland that are zealous and serviceable." Too justly Bedford feared that the Scotch Protestants in their resentment would "become the worst enemies that England ever had;" too clearly he saw that Elizabeth by her miserable trifling had ruined her truest friends; that however anxious she might be for peace "the war would come upon her when least she looked for it;" and that Mary Stuart now regarded her with as much contempt as hatred. "Alas! my lord," he wrote to Leicester, "is this the end? God help us all and comfort these poor lords. There is by these dealings overthrown a good duke, some earls, many other barons, lords, and gentlemen, wise, honest, religious. Above all am I driven to bemoan the hard case of the Earl of Murray and the Laird of Grange, whose affection to this whole realm your lordship knows right well. I surely think there came not a greater overthrow to Scotland these many years; for the wisest, honestest, and godliest are discomfited and undone. There is now no help for them, unless God take the matter in hand, but to commit themselves to their prince's will and pleasure. And what hath England gotten by helping them in this sort? even as many mortal enemies of them as before it had dear friends; for otherwise will not that queen receive them to mercy, if she deal no worse with them; nor without open and evident demonstration of the same cannot they assure themselves of her favour; and the sooner they thus

[1] Kirkaldy to Bedford, October 31: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

do the sooner they shall have her to conceive a good opinion of them, and the sooner they shall be restored to their livelihoods." [1]

"Greater account might have been made of the lords' goodwill," wrote Randolph. "If there be living a more mortal enemy to the queen my mistress than this woman is, I desire never to be reputed but the vilest villain alive." [2] "The lords," concluded Bedford scornfully, "abandoned by man and *turned over to God*, must now do the best they can for themselves."

And what that was, what fruit would have grown from those strokes of diplomatic genius, had Mary Stuart been equal to the occasion, Elizabeth would ere long have tasted in deposition and exile or death. Randolph, faithful to the end, might say and unsay, might promise and withdraw his word, and take on himself the blame of his mistress's changing humour; Bedford, with ruin full in view before him, might promise at all risks "to obey her bidding." But the lords of Scotland were no subjects of England, to be betrayed into rebellion in the interests of a country which they loved with but half their hearts, and when danger came to be coolly "turned over to God." Murray might forgive, for Murray's noble nature had no taint of self in it; but others could resent for him what he himself could pardon. Argyle, his brother-in-law, when he heard of that scene in London, bade Randolph tell his mistress "he found it very strange; the Queen of Scots had made him many offers, and till that time he had refused them all; if the Queen of England would reconsider herself he would stick to the English cause and fight for it with lands and life; but he demanded an answer within ten days. If she persisted he would make terms with his own sovereign." [3] The ten days passed and no answer came. Argyle withdrew the check which through the Scots of the Isles he had held over Shan O'Neil, and Ireland blazed into fury and madness; while Argyle himself from that day forward till Mary Stuart's last hopes were scattered at Langside, became the enemy of all which till that hour he had most loved and fought for.

Nor was Argyle alone in his anger. Sir James Melville saw the opportunity and urged on his mistress a politic generosity. From the day of her return from France he showed her that she had "laboured without effect to sever her nobility from England." The Queen of England had now done for her what for

[1] Bedford to Leicester, November 5: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Randolph to Leicester, November 8: Ibid.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, November 19.

herself she could not do; and if she would withdraw her prosecutions, pardon Murray, pardon Chatelherault, pardon Kirkaldy and Glencairn, she might command their devotion for ever." [1] Melville found an ally where he could have least looked for it to repeat the same advice. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton had for the last six years been at the heart of every Protestant conspiracy in Europe. He it was of whose experienced skill Elizabeth had availed herself to light the Scotch insurrection. His whole nature revolted against the paltry deception of which he had been made the instrument; and now throwing himself passionately into the interests of the Queen of Scots he advised the lords "to sue for pardon at their own queen's hands, and engage never to offend her again for the satisfaction of any prince alive;" while more daringly and dangerously he addressed Mary Stuart herself.

"Your majesty," he said, "has in England many friends who favour your title for divers respects; some for conscience thinking you have the right; some from personal regard; some for religion; some for faction; some for the ill-will they bear to Lady Catherine your competitor. Your friends and enemies alike desire to see the succession settled. Parliament must meet next year at latest; and it must be your business meanwhile to assure yourself of the votes of the majority, which if you will you can obtain. You have done wisely in marrying an Englishman; we do not love strangers. Make no foreign alliance till you have seen what we can do for you. Keep on good terms with France and Spain, but do not draw too close to them. Go on moderately in religion as you have hitherto done, and you will find Catholics as well as Protestants on your side. Show clemency to the banished lords. You will thus win many hearts in England. Be careful, be generous, and you will command us all. I do not write as 'a fetch' to induce you to take the lords back; it is thought expedient for your service by many who have no favour to them and are different from them in religion.

"The Earl of Murray has offended you it is true; but the Protestants persuade themselves that his chief fault in your eyes is his religion, and on that ground they take his side. Pardon him, restore him to favour, and win by doing so all Protestant hearts. The lords will in no wise if they can eschew it be again in the Queen of England's debt, neither by obtaining of any favour at your hand by her intervention, nor yet for any

[1] Melville's *Memoirs*.

support in time of their banishment. Allow them their charges out of their own lands, and the greater part even of the English bishops will declare for you." [1]

Never had Elizabeth been in greater danger; and the worst features of the peril were the creations of her own untruths. Without a fuller knowledge of the strength and temper of the English Catholics than the surviving evidence reveals, her conduct cannot be judged with entire fairness. Undoubtedly the utmost caution was necessary to avoid giving the Spaniards a pretext for interference; and it is due to her to admit that her own unwillingness to act openly on the side of the northern lords had been endorsed by that of Cecil. Yet she had been driven into a position from which, had Mary Stuart understood how to use her advantage, she would scarcely have been able to extricate herself. If the Queen of Scots had relied on her own judgment she would probably have accepted the advice of Melville and Throgmorton and her other English friends; she would have declared an amnesty, and would have rallied all parties except the extreme Calvinistic fanatics to her side. But such a policy would have involved an indefinite prolongation of the yoke which she had already found intolerable; she must have concealed or suspended her intention of making a religious revolution, and she must have continued to act with a forbearance towards the Protestants which her passionate temper found more and more difficulty in maintaining. The counsels of David Ritzio were worth an army to English liberty: she had surrendered herself entirely and exclusively to Ritzio's guidance; and when Melville attempted to move the dark and dangerous Italian "he evidenced a disdain of danger and despised counsel." Ritzio, "the minion of the pope," preferred the more direct and open road of violence and conquest, which he believed, in his ignorance of the people amongst whom he was working, to be equally safe for his mistress, while it promised better for other objects which he had in view for himself. Already every petition addressed to the crown was passing through his hands, and he was growing rich upon the presents which were heaped upon him to buy his favour. He desired rank as well as wealth; and to be made a peer of Scotland, the reward which Mary Stuart intended for him, he required a share of the lands of the banished earls, the estates of Murray most especially, as food at once for his ambition and revenge.

[1] Letter from Sir N. Throgmorton to the Queen of Scots: Printed by Sir James Melville; abridged.

It is time to return to his friend and emissary Francis Yaxlee, who went at the end of August on a mission to Philip.

The conditions under which the King of Spain had promised his assistance seemed to have arrived. Mary Stuart had married Lord Darnley as he advised; her subjects had risen in insurrection with the secret support of the Queen of England, who was threatening to send an army into Scotland for their support. She had run into danger in the interests of the Church of Rome, and she looked with confidence to the most Catholic king to declare for her cause. Yaxlee found Philip at the beginning of October at Segovia. Elizabeth's diplomacy had been so far successful that the Emperor Maximilian was again dreaming that she would marry the Archduke Charles. He was anxious to provide his brother with a throne: he had been wounded by Mary Stuart's refusal to accept the archduke, when his marriage with her had been arranged between himself and the Cardinal of Lorraine, with the sanction of the Council of Trent. Elizabeth had played upon his humour, and he had reverted to the scheme which had at one time been so anxiously entertained by his father and Philip.[1] The King of Spain's own hopes of any such solution of the English difficulty were waning; yet he was unwilling to offend the emperor, and he would not throw away a card which might after all be the successful one. It was perhaps the suspicion that Philip was not acting towards her with entire sincerity which urged Mary Stuart into precipitancy; or she might have wished to force Elizabeth into a position in which it would be impossible for any Catholic sovereign to countenance her. But Elizabeth on the one hand had been too cautious, and Philip on the other, though wishing well to the Queen of Scots and evidently believing that she was the only hope of the Catholic cause in England, yet could not overcome his constitutional slowness. He was willing to help her, yet only as Elizabeth had helped the Scotch insurgents, with a secrecy which would enable him to disavow what he had done. He was afraid of the Huguenot tendencies of the French government; he was afraid that if he took an open part he might set a match to the mine which was about to explode in the Low

[1] A noche recibi una carta de Chantonnay del 27 del pasado en que me escribe que habiendo dicho al Emperador de parte de V. Md. que si era necesario que, para que se hiciese el negocio del matrimonio del Archiduque con la de Inglaterra, V. Md. escribiese á la Reyna de su mano sobrello, y que el Emperador le habia respondido que no estaba desahuciado deste negocio, y le diria lo que sobrello habia de escribir á V. Md. El deseo es grande que [el Emperador] tiene á este negocio."—De Silva to Philip, November 10: *MS. Simancas.*

Countries: he therefore repeated the cautions which Alva had given Beton at Bayonne; he gave Yaxlee a bond for twenty thousand crowns which would be paid him by Granvelle at Brussels; he promised if Elizabeth declared war to contribute such further sums as should be necessary, but he would do it only under shelter of the name of the pope and through the pope's hands; in his own person he would take no part in the quarrel; the time, he said, was not ripe. He insisted especially that Mary Stuart should betray no intention of claiming the English throne during Elizabeth's lifetime. It would exasperate the Queen of England into decisive action, and justify her to some extent in an immediate appeal to arms.[1] As little would he encourage the Queen of Scots to seek assistance from her uncles in France. She might accept money wherever she could get it, but to admit a French army into Scotland would create a greater danger than it would remove.[2]

With this answer Yaxlee was dismissed; and so anxious was Philip that Mary Stuart should know his opinion that he enclosed a duplicate of his reply to de Silva, with directions that it should be forwarded immediately to Scotland, and with a further credit for money should the Queen of Scots require it.

Yet Philip was more anxious for her success and more sincere in his desire to support her than might be gathered from his cautious language to her ambassador; and his real feelings may be gathered from a letter which he wrote after Yaxlee had left Segovia to Cardinal Pacheco his minister at Rome.

PHILIP II. TO CARDINAL PACHECO[3]

October 16.

"I have received your letter of the 2nd of September, containing the message from his holiness on the assistance to be given to the Queen of Scots. As his holiness desires to know my opinion you must tell him first that his anxiety to befriend and support that most excellent and most Christian princess in her present straits is worthy of the zeal which he has ever shown for the good cause, and is what his disposition would have led me to expect. The Queen of Scots has applied to myself as well as to his holiness; and possessing as I do special knowledge of the condition of that country, and having carefully considered

[1] "Porque esto la escandalizaria mucho y daria gran ocasion para ejecutar contra ellos lo que pudiese, y en alguna manera seria justificar su causa."—Answer to Yaxlee: MIGNET, vol. ii. p. 200.

[2] Ibid.

[3] *MS. Simancas.*

the situation of affairs there, I have arrived at the following conclusions:—

"There are three possibilities—

"1. Either the Queen of Scots may find herself at war only with her own subjects, and may require assistance merely to reduce her own country to obedience and to maintain religion there; or,

"2. The Queen of England afraid for her own safety may openly support the rebels and heretics in their insurrection, and herself undisguisedly declare war; or,

"3. The Queen of Scots may attempt to extort by arms the recognition of her claims on the English succession.

"In either or all of these contingencies his holiness will act in a manner becoming his position and his character if he take part avowedly in her behalf. I myself am unwilling to come prominently forward, but I am ready to give advice and assistance, and that in the following manner:—

"Suppose the first case that the Scotch rebels find no support from any foreign prince, their strength cannot then be great, and the Queen of Scots with very little aid from us will be able to put them down. It will be sufficient if we send her money, which can be managed secretly; and if his holiness approves he will do well to send whatever sum he is disposed to give without delay. I shall myself do the same, and indeed I have already sent a credit to my ambassador in England for the Queen of Scot's use.

"If the Queen of England takes an open part, more will be required of us, and secrecy will hardly be possible even if we still confine ourselves to sending money. Whatever be done however, it is my desire that it be done entirely in his holiness's name. I will contribute in my full proportion; his holiness shall have the fame and the honour.

"The last alternative is far more difficult. I foresee so many inconveniences as likely to arise from it that the most careful consideration is required before any step is taken. Nothing must be done prematurely; and his holiness I think should write to the Queen of Scots and caution her how she proceeds. A false move may ruin all, while if she abide her time she cannot fail to succeed. Her present care should be to attach her English friends to herself more firmly, and wherever possible to increase their number; but above all she should avoid creating a suspicion that she aims at anything while the Queen of England is alive. The question of her right to the succession

must be continually agitated, but no resolution should be pressed for until success is certain. If she grasp at the crown too soon she will lose it altogether. Let her bide her time before she disclose herself: and meanwhile I will see in what form we can best interfere. The cause is the cause of God, of whom the Queen of Scots is the champion. We now know assuredly that she is the sole gate through which religion can be restored in England; all the rest are closed."

The unfortunate Yaxlee having received his money in Flanders was hurrying back to his mistress when he was caught in the Channel by a November gale, and was flung up on the coast of Northumberland a mangled body, recognisable only by the despatches found upon his person. They told Elizabeth little which she did not know already. She was perhaps relieved from the fear of an immediate interposition from Spain, the expectation of which as much as any other cause had led to the strangeness of her conduct. But she knew herself to be surrounded with pitfalls into which a false step might at any moment precipitate her; and she could resolve on nothing. One day she thought of trying to persuade the Queen of Scots to establish "religion" on the English model; "or if that could not be obtained that there might be liberty of conscience, that the Protestants might serve God their own way without molestation."[1] Then again in a feeble effort to preserve her dignity she would once more attempt to entrap the Queen of Scots into sending commissioners to England to sue for a settlement of the succession, which naturally did but increase Mary Stuart's exasperation.[2] Bothwell made a raid on the borders and carried off five or six English prisoners. The Earl of Bedford made reprisals, in the faint hope that it might force Elizabeth into a more courageous attitude. She first blamed Bedford; then stung by an insolent letter from the Queen of Scots she flashed up with momentary pride and became conscious of her injustice to Murray.

The Scotch Parliament was summoned for the ensuing February, when Murray and his friends would be required to appear, and if they failed to present themselves would be proceeded against for high treason. The Queen of Scots at Ritzio's instigation was determined to carry an act of attainder and forfeiture against them, which Elizabeth felt herself bound in

[1] Instructions to Commissioners going to Scotland, November, 1565: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, December 15: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

honour to make an effort to prevent. So anxious she had been for the first two months after they had come to England to disclaim connection with them that she had almost allowed them to starve; and Randolph on Christmas Day wrote to Cecil that Murray "had not at that time two crowns in the world."[1] But this neglect was less the result of deliberate carelessness than of temporary panic; and as the alarm cooled down she recovered some perception of the obligations under which she lay.

At length, therefore, she consented for herself to name two commissioners if the Queen of Scots would name two others; and in writing on the subject to Randolph, under her first and more generous impulse, she said that "her chief intention in their meeting was, if it might be, that some good might be done for the Earl of Murray." Her timidity came back upon her before she had finished her letter; she scored out the words and wrote instead "the chief intention of this meeting on our part is, *covertly though not manifestly*, to procure that some good might be done for the earl."[2] More painful evidence she could scarcely have given of her perplexity and alarm.

Bedford and Sir John Foster were named to represent England. The Queen of Scots, as if in deliberate insult, named Bothwell as a fit person to meet with them; and even this, though wounded to the quick, Elizabeth endured, lest a refusal might "increase her malice."[3]

So the winter months passed away; and the time was fast approaching for the meeting of the Scottish Parliament. The Queen of Scots was by this time pregnant. Her popularity in England was instantly tenfold increased; while from every part of Europe warnings came thicker and thicker that mischief was in the wind. "The young King and Queen of Scots," wrote Sir Thomas Smith from Paris, "do look for a further and a bigger crown and have more intelligence and practice in England and in other realms than you think for. Both the pope's and the King of Spain's hands be in that dish further and deeper than I think you know. The ambassadors of Spain, Scotland, and the Cardinal of Lorraine be too great in their devices for me to like. The Bishop of Glasgow looks to be a cardinal, and to bring in popery ere it be long, not only into Scotland but into England. I have cause to say to you *vigilate !*"[4]

"It is written," Randolph reported to Leicester, "that this

[1] Randolph to Cecil, December 25: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Elizabeth to Randolph, January 10: Ibid.
[3] Elizabeth to Randolph, February 2: *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.
[4] Sir T. Smith to Cecil, March 1565-6: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

queen's faction increaseth greatly among you. I commend you for that; for so shall you have religion overthrown, your country torn in pieces, and never an honest man left alive that is good or godly. Woe is me for you when David's (Ritzio's) son shall be a king of England." [1]

At length a darker secret stole abroad that Pius V., who had just succeeded to the papal chair, had drawn away Catherine de Medici from the freer and nobler part of the French people; that she had entered on the dark course which found its outcome on the day of St. Bartholomew; and that a secret league had been formed between the pope and the King of France and the Guises for the uprooting of the reformed faith out of France by fair means or foul. Nor was the conspiracy confined to the Continent; a copy of the bond had been sent across to Scotland which Randolph ascertained that Mary Stuart had signed.[2] At the moment when it arrived she had been moved in some slight degree by Melville's persuasions, and perhaps finding that Philip also advised moderation, she was hesitating whether she should not pardon the lords after all. But the queen-mother's messenger, M. de Villemont, entreated that she would under no circumstance whatever permit men to return to Scotland who had so long thwarted and obstructed her. The unexpected support from France blew her passion into flame again;[3] and she looked only to the meeting of the Parliament, from which the strength of the Protestants would now be absent, not only to gratify her own and Ritzio's revenge but to commence her larger and long-cherished projects. She determined to make an effort to induce the Estates to re-establish Catholicism as the religion of Scotland, leaving the Protestants for the present with liberty of conscience, but with small prospect of retaining long a privilege which when in power they had refused to their opponents.

The defeat of the lords and the humiliating exhibition of Elizabeth's fears had left Mary Stuart to outward appearance mistress of the situation. There was no power in Scotland which seemed capable of resisting her. She wrote to Pius to congratulate him on her triumph over the enemies of the faith, and to assure him that "with the help of God and his holiness she would leap over the wall." [4] Bedford and Randolph ceased to hope; and Murray, in a letter modestly and mournfully beauti-

[1] Randolph to Leicester, January 29: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Randolph to Cecil, February 7: Ibid.
[3] Melville's *Memoirs.*
[4] Mary Stuart to the Pope, January 21, 1566: Mignet.

ful, told Cecil that unless Elizabeth interfered, of which he had now small expectation, "for anything that he could judge," he and his friends were wrecked for ever.[1]

Suddenly, and from a quarter least expected, a little cloud rose over the halcyon prospects of the Queen of Scots, wrapped the heavens in blackness, and burst over her head in a tornado. On the political stage Mary Stuart was but a great actress. The "woman" had a drama of her own going on behind the scenes; the theatre caught fire; the mock heroics of the Catholic crusade burnt into ashes; and a tremendous domestic tragedy was revealed before the astonished eyes of Europe.

Towards the close of 1565 rumours went abroad in Edinburgh, coupled with the news that the queen was enceinte, that she was less happy in her marriage than she had anticipated. She had expected Darnley to be passive in her hands, and she was finding that he was too foolish to be controlled: a proud, ignorant, self-willed boy was at the best an indifferent companion to an accomplished woman of the world; and when he took upon himself the airs of a king, when he affected to rule the country and still more to rule the queen, he very soon became intolerable. The first open difference between them arose from the appointment of Bothwell as lieutenant-general in preference to Lennox. The Lennox clan and kindred, the Douglases, the Ruthvens, the Lindsays, who were linked together in feudal affinity, took the affront to themselves; and Darnley supported by his friends showed his resentment by absenting himself from the court.

"The Lord Darnley," wrote Randolph on the 20th of December,[2] "followeth his pastimes more than the queen is content withal; what it will breed hereafter I cannot say, but in the meantime there is some misliking between them."

It was seen how Darnley at the time of his marriage grasped at the title of king. As he found his wishes thwarted he became anxious, and his kinsmen with him, that the name should become a reality, and "the crown matrimonial" be legally secured to him at the approaching Parliament. But there were signs abroad that his wish would not be acceded to; Mary Stuart was unwilling to part with her power for the same reason that Darnley required it.

On Christmas Day Randolph wrote again of "strange alterations." "A while ago," he said,[3] "there was nothing but king and queen; now the queen's husband is the common word. He

[1] Murray to Cecil, January 9: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

was wont in all writings to be first named; now he is placed in the second. Lately there were certain pieces of money coined with their faces Henricus et Maria; these are called in and others framed. Some private disorders there are among themselves; but because they may be but *amantium iræ* or 'household words' as poor men speak, it makes no matter if it grow no further."

In January a marked affront was passed on Darnley. M. Rambouillet brought from Paris "the Order of the Cockle" for him. A question rose about his shield. Had "the crown matrimonial" been intended for him he would have been allowed to bear the royal arms. The queen coldly "bade give him his due," and he was enrolled as Duke of Rothsay and Earl of Ross.[1] Darnley retaliated with vulgar brutality. He gave roistering parties to the young French noblemen in Rambouillet's train and made them drunk.[2]

One day he was dining with the queen at the house of a merchant in Edinburgh. He was drinking hard as usual, and when she tried to check him "he not only paid no attention to her remonstrance, but also gave her such words as she left the place with tears." Something else happened also, described as "vicious," the nature of which may be guessed at, at some festivity or other on "Inch Island;"[3] and as a natural consequence the queen "withdrew her company" from the Lord Darnley; a staircase connected their rooms, but they slept apart.[4]

Side by side with the estrangement from her husband Mary Stuart admitted Ritzio to closer and closer intimacy. Signor David, as he was called, became the queen's inseparable companion in the council-room and the cabinet. At all hours of the day he was to be found with her in her apartments. She kept late hours, and he was often alone with her till midnight. He had the control of all the business of the state; as Darnley grew troublesome his presence was dispensed with at the council, and a signet, the duplicate of the king's, was entrusted to the favoured secretary. Finding himself so deeply detested by the adherents of Lennox, Ritzio induced the queen to show favour to those among the banished lords who were most hostile to the king and were least determined in their Protestantism. Chatel-

[1] KNOX; *History of the Reformation.*
[2] "Sick with draughts of aqua composita."
[3] Sir William Drury to Cecil, February 16: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10: Printed in KEITH.
[4] RUTHVEN'S *Narrative*: KEITH

herault was pardoned and allowed to return as a support against the Lennox faction in case of difficulty;[1] while among the congregation—as was seen in one of Randolph's letters—the worst construction was placed on the relations between the queen and the favourite.

Thus a king's party and a queen's party had shaped themselves within six months of the marriage: Scotland was the natural home of conspiracies, for law was powerless there, and social duty was overidden by the more sacred obligation of affinity or private bond. On the 13th of February (the date is important) Randolph thus wrote to Leicester:—

"I know now for certain that this queen repenteth her marriage, that she hateth the king and all his kin; I know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partaker in play and game with him; I know that there are practices in hand contrived between the father and the son to come by the crown against her will; I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things and grievouser and worse are brought to my ears, yea of things intended against the queen's own person."[2]

It was observed on the first return of Lennox that the enmities and friendships of his family intersected and perplexed the leading division between Catholics and Protestants. Lord Darnley had been brought to Scotland as the representative of the English Catholics and as a support to the Catholic faction; but it was singular that the great Scottish families most nearly connected with him were Protestants; while the Gordons, the Hamiltons, the Betons, the relations generally of Chatelherault, who was Lennox's principal rival, were chiefly on the opposite side. The confusion hitherto had worked ill for the interests of the Reformers. The house of Douglas had preferred the claims of blood to those of religion: the Earl of Ruthven though Murray's friend was Darnley's uncle,[3] and had stood by the queen through the struggle of the summer; Lindsay, a Protes-

[1] "The Duke of Chatelherault, finding so favourable address, hath much displeased both the king and his father, who is in great misliking of the queen. She is very weary of him. Thus it is that those that depend wholly on him are not liked of her, nor they that follow her in like manner are not liked of him, as David and others. If there should between her and the Lord Darnley arise such controversy as she could not well appease, the duke's aid she would use."—Drury to Cecil, February 16: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10.

[2] Printed in Tytler's *History of Scotland.*

[3] Ruthven had married a half-sister of Lady Margaret Lennox.

tant to the backbone, had married a Douglas and went with the Earl of Morton; the desire to secure the crown to a prince of their own blood and race had overweighed all higher and nobler claims.

The desertion of so large a section of his friends had been the real cause of Murray's failure; Protestantism was not dead in Scotland, but other interests had paralysed its vitality, just as four years before Murray's eagerness to secure the English succession for his sister had led him into his first and fatal mistake of supporting her in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh. The quarrel between the queen and her husband flung all parties back into their natural places; Lennox, who twenty years before had been brought in from France in the interest of Henry VIII. as a check on Cardinal Beton, drifted again into his old position in the front of the Protestant league; and Darnley's demand for the matrimonial crown, though in himself the mere clamour of disappointed vanity, was maintained by powerful noblemen, who though they neither possessed nor deserved the confidence of the Reformers, yet were recognising too late that they had mistaken their interest in leaving them.

But the matrimonial crown it became every day more clear that Darnley was not to have; Ritzio above all others was held responsible for the queen's resolution to refuse it, and for this, as for a thousand other reasons, he was gathering hatred on his devoted head. A foreigner who had come to Scotland two years before as a wandering musician was thrusting himself into the administration of the country, and pushing from their places the fierce lords who had been accustomed to dictate to their sovereign. As a last stroke of insolence he was now aiming at the chancellorship, of which the queen was about to deprive in his favour the great chief of the house of Douglas.

While their blood was set on fire with these real and fancied indignities, Lord Darnley, if his word was to be believed, went one night between twelve and one to the queen's room. Finding the door locked he knocked, but could get no answer. At length, after he had called many times and had threatened to break the lock, the queen drew back the bolt. He entered and she appeared to be alone, but on searching he found Ritzio half-dressed in a closet.[1]

[1] "L'une cause de la mort de David est que le Roy quelques jours auparavant, environ une heure après minuict, seroit allé heurter à la chambre de ladicte dame, qui estoit audessus de la sienne; et d'aultant que après avoir plusieurs fois heurté l'on ne luy respondoit point il auroit apellé souvent la Royne, la priant de ouvrir, et enfin la menaçant de rompre la porte; à cause de quoy elle lui auroit ouvert. Laquelle ledict

Darnley's word was not a good one: he was capable of inventing such a story to compass his other purposes, or if it was true it might have been innocently explained. The Queen of Scots frequently played cards with Ritzio late into the night, and being a person entirely careless of appearances she might easily have been alone with him with no guilty intention under the conditions which Darnley described. However it was, he believed or pretended that he had found evidence of his dishonour, and communicated his discovery to Sir George Douglas, another of his mother's brothers, who at Darnley's desire on the 10th of February informed the Earl of Ruthven.

Once before, it appeared, "the nobility had given Darnley counsel suitable to his honour"—that is to say, they had intimated to him their own views of Ritzio's proceedings and character. Darnley had betrayed them to the queen, who had of course been exasperated. Ruthven had been three months ill; he was then scarcely able to leave his bed, and was inclined at first to run into no further trouble; but pressed at length by Darnley's oaths and entreaties he saw in what had occurred an opportunity for undoing his work of the summer and for bringing back the banished lords. Parliament was to meet in the first week in March to proceed with the forfeitures, so that no time was to be lost. Ruthven consulted Argyle, who was ready to agree to anything which would save Murray from attainder. Maitland, who since his conduct about the marriage had been under an eclipse, gave his warm adhesion; and swiftly and silently the links of the scheme were welded. The plan was to punish the miserable minion who, whatever his other offences, was notoriously the chief instigator of the queen's bitterness against her brother, and to give the coveted crown matrimonial to Darnley, provided he on his part "would take the part of the lords, bring them back to their old rooms, and establish religion as it was at the queen's home-coming." [1]

The conspirators for their mutual security drew a "bond," to which they required Darnley's signature, that he might not afterwards evade his responsibility. On their side they "undertook to be liege subjects to the said Prince Henry, to take part with him in all his lawful actions, causes, and quarrels, to be friends to his friends and enemies to his enemies." At the

Roy trouva seule dedans ladicte chambre; mais ayant cherché partout il auroit trouvé dedans son cabinet ledict David en chemise, couvert seullement d'une robbe fourrée."—Analyse d'une dépêche de M. de Foix à la Reyne mère: Teulet, vol. ii. p. 267.

[1] Randolph to Cecil, February 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Parliament they would obtain for him "the crown matrimonial for his life;" and "failing the succession of their sovereign they would maintain his right to the crown of Scotland after her death." Religion should be "maintained and established as it was on the arrival of their sovereign lady in the realm." "They would spare neither life, lands, goods, nor possessions in setting forward all things to the advancement of the said noble prince, and would intercede with the Queen of England for favour to be shown both to himself and to his mother."

Darnley promised in return that the banished noblemen "should have free remission of all their faults" as soon as the possession of the crown matrimonial enabled him to pardon them, and till he obtained it he undertook to prevent their impeachment. The lords might return at once to Scotland in full possession of "their lands, titles, and goods." If they "were meddled with" he would stand by them to the uttermost, and religion should be established as they desired.[1]

Copies of these articles were carried by swift messengers to Newcastle. Ritzio's name was not mentioned; there was nothing in them to show that more was intended than a forcible revolution on the meeting of Parliament; and such as they were, they were promptly signed by Murray and his friends. Argyle subscribed, Maitland subscribed, Ruthven subscribed; Morton hesitated, but at the crisis of his uncertainty Mary Stuart innocently carried out her threat of depriving him of the chancellorship, and he added his name in a paroxysm of anger. It need not be supposed that the further secret was unknown to any of them, but it was undesirable to commit the darker features of the plot to formal writing.

Meanwhile the Queen of Scots, all unconscious of the deadly coil which was gathering round her, had chosen the moment to order Randolph to leave Scotland. She entertained not the faintest suspicion of the conspiracy, but she knew that the English ambassador had shared Murray's secrets, that he had been Elizabeth's instrument in keeping alive in Scotland the Protestant faction, and that so long as he remained the party whom she most detested would have a nucleus to gather round. Believing that she could do nothing which Elizabeth would dare to resent, she called him before the council, charged him with holding intercourse with her rebels, and bade him begone.[2] The opportunity was ill selected, for Elizabeth had been for some

[1] Bond subscribed March 6, 1566: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, February 20: Ibid.

time recovering her firmness; she had sent Murray money for his private necessities; in the middle of February she had so far overcome both her economy and her timidity that she supplied him with a thousand pounds "to be employed in the common cause and maintenance of religion;"[1] and before she heard of the treatment of Randolph she had taken courage to write with something of her old manner to the Queen of Scots herself.

"She had not intended," she said, "to have written on the subject again to her, but hearing that her intercession hitherto in favour of the lords had been not only fruitless but that at the approaching Parliament the Queen of Scots meant to proceed to the worst extremities, she would no longer forbear to speak her mind." The Earl of Murray had risen in arms against her only to prevent her marriage and for the defence of his own life from the malice which was borne him; he was the truest and best of her subjects; and therefore, she said, "in the interest of both the realms we are moved to require you to have that regard that the earl and others with him may be received to your grace, or if not that you will forbear proceeding against him and the others until some better opportunity move you to show them favour."[2]

In this mood Elizabeth was not inclined to bear with patience the dismissal of her ambassador. Proudly and coldly she replied to Mary Stuart's announcement of what she had done, "that inasmuch as the Queen of Scots had been pleased to break the usages of nations and pass this affront upon her, as this was the fruit of the long forbearance which she had herself shown, she would be better advised before she entered into any further correspondence; she would take such measures as might be necessary for her own defence; and for the Earl of Murray to deal plainly she could not for her honour and for the opinion she had of his sincerity and loyalty towards his country but see him relieved in England, whereof she thought it convenient to advertise the Queen of Scots; if harm came of it she trusted God would convert the evil to those that were the cause of it."[3]

The first and probably the second of those letters never reached their destination: the events which were going forward in Scotland rendered entreaties and threats in behalf of Murray

[1] Acknowledgment by the Earl of Murray of the receipt of moneys from the Queen's Majesty, February, 1566: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, February 24: Ibid.
[3] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, March 3: *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.

alike unnecessary.[1] Randolph though ordered off was unwilling to go till he saw the execution of the plot: he made excuses for remaining till an escort came to his door with orders to see him over the frontiers, and he was compelled to obey. Bothwell met him on the road to Berwick with apologies and protests; but Randolph said he knew that Bothwell and one other—no doubt Ritzio—were those who had advised his expulsion. They desired to force Elizabeth to declare war, when Bothwell hoped "to win his spurs."[2]

Far enough was the Queen of Scots from the triumphant war which she was imagining; far enough was Bothwell from his spurs and Ritzio from his chancellorship and the investiture of the lands of Murray. The mine was dug, the train was laid, the match was lighted to scatter them and their projects all to the winds.

The Parliament was summoned for Monday, the 11th of February; on the 12th a Bill of Attainder against the lords was to be brought forward and pressed to immediate completion. On Friday the 8th the conspirators sent a safe-conduct signed by Darnley to bring Murray back to Scotland. Lord Hume had been gained over and had undertaken to escort his party through the marches, and before the earl and his companions could reach Edinburgh all would be over.[3]

The outline of the intended proceedings was sketched by Randolph for Cecil's information on his arrival at Berwick.

BEDFORD AND RANDOLPH TO CECIL[4]

BERWICK, *March* 6.

"The Lord Darnley, weary of bearing the name of a king and not having the honour pertaining to such a dignity, is in league with certain of the lords for a great attempt, whereby the noblemen now out of their country may without great difficulty be restored and in the end tranquillity ensue in that country. Somewhat we are sure you have heard of diverse discords and jars between the queen and her husband; partly for that she hath refused him the crown matrimonial, partly for that he hath assured knowledge of such usage of himself as altogether is

[1] "A great business is in hand in Scotland, which will bring about the recall of the Earl of Murray, so that we have forborne to forward your majesty's letters in his behalf."—Randolph and Bedford to Elizabeth, March 6: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, March 6: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Bedford and Randolph to Cecil and Leicester, March 8: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] *MS.* Ibid.

intolerable to be borne, which if it were not over-well known we would both be very loth that it could be true. To take away this occasion of slander he is himself determined to be at the apprehension and execution of him whom he is able manifestly to charge with the crime, and to have done him the most dishonour that can be to any man, much more being as he is. We need not more plainly describe the person—you have heard of the man whom we mean.

"The time of execution and performance of these matters is before the Parliament, as near as it is. To this determination there are privy in Scotland these—Argyle, Morton, Ruthven, Boyd, and Lidington; in England these—Murray, Grange, Rothes, myself (Bedford), and the writer hereof (Randolph).

"If the queen will not yield to persuasion, we know not how they propose to proceed. If she make a power at home she will be fought with; if she seek aid from abroad the country will be placed at the queen's majesty's disposal to deal as she think fit."

In the blindness of confidence, and to prevent the chance of failure in Parliament, Mary Stuart had collected the surviving peers of the old "spiritual estate," the Catholic bishops and abbots, and placed them "in the antient manner," intending, as she herself declared,[1] "to have done some good anent the restoring the auld religion, and to have proceeded against the rebels according to their demerits." On Thursday the 7th she presided in person at the choice of the Lords of the Articles, naming with her own mouth "such as would say what she thought expedient to the forfeiture of the banished lords;[2] and on Friday there was a preliminary meeting at the Tolbooth to prepare the Bill of Attainder. The Lords of the Articles,[3] carefully as they had been selected, at first reported "that they could find no cause sufficient for so severe a measure."[4] The next day—Saturday—the queen appeared at the Tolbooth in person, and after "great reasoning and opposition" carried her point. "There was no other way but the lords should be

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, April 2: Keith.

[2] Ruthven's narrative.—"Who chose the Lords of the Articles?" Ruthven said to the queen. "Not I," said the queen. "Saving your presence," said he, "you chose them all, and nominated them."

[3] The Lords of the Articles were a committee chosen from the Three Estates, and according to law, chosen *by* the Estates, to prepare the measures which were to be submitted to Parliament.

[4] Ruthven's narrative.

attainted." [1] The Act was drawn, the forfeiture was decreed, and required only the sanction of the Estates.[2]

The same day, perhaps at the same hour, when Mary Stuart was exulting in the consciousness of triumph, the conspirators were completing their preparations. Sunday the 10th had been the day on which they had first fixed to strike their blow. But Darnley was impatient. He swore that "if the slaughter was not hasted" he would stab David in the queen's presence with his own hand. Each hour of delay was an additional risk of discovery, and it was agreed that the deed should be done the same evening. Ruthven proposed to seize Ritzio in his own room, to try him before an extemporised tribunal, and to hang him at the market cross. So commonplace a proceeding, however, would not satisfy the imagination of Darnley, who desired a more dramatic revenge; he would have his enemy seized in the queen's own room, in the very sanctuary of his intimacy; "where she might be taunted in his presence because she had not entertained her husband as she ought of duty." The ill-spirited boy, in retaliation for treatment which went it is likely no further than coldness and contempt, had betrayed or invented his own disgrace, to lash his kindred into fury and to break the spirit of the proud woman who had humbled him with her scorn.

The queen's friends—Huntly, Athol, Sutherland, Bothwell, Livingston, Fleming, Sir James Balfour, and others—were in Edinburgh for the Parliament, and had rooms in Holyrood; but as none of them dreamt of danger there were no troops there but the ordinary guard, which was scanty and could be easily overpowered. It was arranged that as soon as darkness had closed in the Earl of Morton with a party of the Douglases and their kindred should silently surround the palace: at eight o'clock the doors should be seized and no person permitted to go out or in; while Morton himself with a sufficient number of trusted friends should take possession of the staircase leading to the queen's rooms, and cut off communication with the rest of the building. Meanwhile the rest—— But a plan of the rooms is necessary to make the story intelligible. The suite of apartments occupied by Mary Stuart were on the first floor in the north-west angle of Holyrood Palace. They communicated in the usual way by a staircase with the large inner quadrangle. A door from the landing led directly into the presence chamber;

[1] KNOX.
[2] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, April 2: KEITH.

inside the presence chamber was the bedroom; and beyond the bedroom a small cabinet or boudoir not more than twelve feet square, containing a sofa, a table, and two or three chairs. Here after the labours of the day the queen gave her little supper parties. Darnley's rooms were immediately below, connected with the bedroom by a narrow spiral staircase, which opened close to the little door leading into the cabinet.

"Knowing the king's character, and that he would have a lusty princess afterwards in his arms," the conspirators required his subscription to another bond, by which he declared that all that was done "was his own device and intention;" and then, after an early supper together, Ruthven, though so ill that he could hardly stand, with his brother George Douglas, Ker of Faldonside, and one other, followed Darnley to his room, and thence with hushed breath and stealthy steps they ascended the winding stairs. A tapestry curtain hung before the cabinet. Leaving his companions in the bedroom, Darnley raised it and entered. Supper was on the table; the queen was sitting on the sofa, Ritzio in a chair opposite to her, and Murray's loose sister, the Countess of Argyle, on one side. Arthur Erskine, the equerry, Lord Robert Stuart, and the queen's French physician were in attendance standing.

Darnley placed himself on the sofa at his wife's side. She asked him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arm round her waist, and kissed her. As she shrank from him half surprised, the curtain was again lifted, and against the dark background, alone, his corslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven.

Glaring for a moment on Darnley, and answering his kiss with the one word "Judas," Mary Stuart confronted the awful apparition, and demanded the meaning of the intrusion.

Pointing to Ritzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answered:

"Let yon man come forth; he has been here over long."

"What has he done?" the queen answered; "he is here by my will." "What means this?" she said, turning again on Darnley.

The caitiff heart was already flinching. "Ce n'est rien!" he muttered. "It is nothing!"[1] But those whom he had led into the business would not let it end in nothing.

[1] Bedford and Randolph in their report from Berwick, said the king answered, "It was against her honour." But these words were used by

"Madame," said Ruthven, "he has offended your honour; he has offended your husband's honour; he has caused your majesty to banish a great part of the nobility that he might be made a lord; he has been the destroyer of the commonwealth, and must learn his duty better."

"Take the queen your wife to you," he said to Darnley, as he strode forward into the cabinet.

The queen started from her seat "all amazed," and threw herself in his way, while Ritzio cowered trembling behind her and clung to her dress.

Stuart, Erskine, and the Frenchman recovering from their astonishment and seeing Ruthven apparently alone, "made at him to thrust him out."

"Lay no hands on me," Ruthven cried, and drew his dagger; "I will not be handled." In another moment Faldonside and George Douglas were at his side. Faldonside held a pistol at Mary Stuart's breast; the bedroom door behind was burst open, and the dark throng of Morton's followers poured in. Then all was confusion; the table was upset, Lady Argyle catching a candle as it fell. Ruthven thrust the queen into Darnley's arms and bade him hold her; while Faldonside bent Ritzio's little finger back till he shrieked with pain and loosed the convulsive grasp with which he clung to his mistress.

"Do not hurt him," Mary said faintly. "If he has done wrong he shall answer to justice."

"This shall justify him," said the savage Faldonside, drawing a cord out of his pocket. He flung a noose round Ritzio's body, and while George Douglas snatched the king's dagger from its sheath, the poor wretch was dragged into the midst of the scowling crowd and borne away into the darkness. He caught Mary's bed as he passed; Faldonside struck him sharply on the wrist; he let go with a shriek, and as he was hurried through the anteroom the cries of his agony came back upon Mary's ear; "Madame, madame, save me! save me!—justice—I am a dead man! spare my life!"

Unhappy one! his life would not be spared. They had intended to keep him prisoner through the night and hang him after some form of trial; but vengeance would not wait for its victim. He was borne alive as far as the stairhead, when George Douglas, with the words "This is from the king," drove

Ruthven. An original report, printed by TEULET, vol. ii. p. 262, compared with that given by Mary herself in the letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, printed in KEITH, creates a belief that the words in the text were those which Darnley really used. They are more in keeping with his character,

Darnley's dagger into his side: a moment more and the whole fierce crew were on him like hounds upon a mangled wolf; he was stabbed through and through with a hate which death was not enough to satisfy, and was then dragged head foremost down the staircase, and lay at its foot with sixty wounds in him.

So ended Ritzio, unmourned by living soul save her whose favour had been his ruin, unheeded now that he was dead as common carrion, and with no epitaph on his remains except a few brief words from an old servant of the palace, so pathetic because so commonplace. The body was carried into the lodge and flung upon a chest to be stripped for burial. "Here is his destiny," the porter moralised as he stood by; "for on this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and there now he lieth a very niggard and misknown knave." [1]

The queen meanwhile fearing the worst but not knowing that Ritzio actually was dead, had struggled into her bedroom, and was there left with Ruthven and her husband. Ruthven had followed the crowd for a moment, but not caring to leave Darnley alone with her had returned. She had thrown herself sobbing upon a seat; the earl bade her not be afraid, no harm was meant to her; what was done was by the king's order.

"Yours!" she said, turning on Darnley as on a snake; "was this foul act yours? Coward! wretch! did I raise you out of the dust for this?".

Driven to bay he answered sullenly that he had good cause; and then his foul nature rushing to his lips he flung brutal taunts at her for her intimacy with Ritzio, and complaints as nauseous of her treatment of himself.[2]

"Well," she said, "you have taken your last of me and your farewell; I shall never rest till I give you as sorrowful a heart as I have at this present."

Ruthven tried to soothe her, but to no purpose. Could she

[1] RUTHVEN'S narrative.

[2] The expressions themselves are better unproduced. The conversation rests on the evidence of Ruthven, which is considerably better than Darnley's, and if it was faithfully related might justify Randolph's view of the possible parentage of James VI. But the recollection of a person who had been just concerned in so tremendous a scene was not likely to be very exact. Bedford and Randolph believed the worst: "It is our part," they said in a despatch to the English council, "rather to pass the matter over in silence than to make any rehearsal of things committed to us in secret; but we know to whom we write;" and they went on to describe the supposed conversation word for word as Ruthven related it. Those who are curious in court scandals may refer to this letter, which has been printed by Mr. Wright in the first volume of *Elizabeth and her Times*.

have trampled Darnley into dust upon the spot she would have done it. Catching sight of the empty scabbard at his side, she asked him where his dagger was.

He said he did not know.

"It will be known hereafter," she said; "it shall be dear blood to some of you if David's be spilt. Poor David!" she cried, "good and faithful servant! may God have mercy on your soul."

Fainting between illness and excitement, Ruthven with a half apology sank into a chair and called for wine.

"Is this your sickness?" she said bitterly. "If I die of my child and the commonwealth come to ruin, there are those who will revenge me on the Lord Ruthven." Running over the proud list of friends with which she had fooled her fancy, she threatened him with Philip and Charles and Maximilian and her uncles and the pope.

"Those are over great persons," Ruthven answered, "to meddle with so poor a man as me. No harm is meant you. If aught has been done to-night which you mislike, your husband and none of us is the cause."

The courage and strength with which the queen had hitherto borne up began to give way.

"What—what have I done to be thus handled?" she sobbed.

"Ask your husband," said the earl.

"No," she said, "I will ask you. I will set my crown before the Lords of the Articles, and if they find I have offended, let them give it where they please."

"Who chose the Lords of the Articles?" Ruthven answered with a smile, "you chose them all."

At this moment the boom was heard of the alarm bell in Edinburgh. A page rushed in to say that there was fighting in the quadrangle; and the earl, leaning heavily on a servant's arm, rose and went down. Huntly, Sutherland, and Bothwell, hearing the noise and confusion, had come out of their rooms to know what it meant. Morton's followers required them to surrender: they had called a few servants about them and were defending themselves against heavy odds when Ruthven appeared. Ill as he was he thrust himself into the *mêlée*, commanded both sides to drop their arms, and by the glare of a torch read to them Darnley's bond. "The banished earls," he said, "would be at Holyrood in the morning, and he prayed that all feuds and passions might be buried in the dead man's grave."

The queen's friends, surprised and outnumbered, affected

to be satisfied; the leaders on both sides shook hands; and Bothwell and Huntly withdrew to their own apartments, forced open the windows, dropped to the ground, and fled.

This disturbance was scarcely over when the Provost of Edinburgh came out of the Canongate with four hundred of the town guard and demanded the meaning of the uproar. The provost was a supporter of the queen; Mary dashed from her seat, wrenched back the casement, and cried out for help.

"Sit down," some ruffian cried. "If you stir you shall be cut in collops and flung over the walls."[1] She was dragged away, and Darnley, whose voice was well known, called out that the queen was well, that what had been done was done by orders from himself, and that they might go home. The citizens bore no goodwill to Ritzio: too familiar with wild scenes to pay much heed to them they inquired no further, and went back to their homes, leaving eighty of their number to assist Morton in the guard of the palace.

Ruthven returned for a moment, but only to call Darnley away and leave the queen to her rest. The king withdrew, and with him all the other actors in the late tragedy who had remained in the scene of it. The ladies of the court were forbidden to enter, and Mary Stuart was locked alone into her room amidst the traces of the fray, to seek such repose as she could find.

So closed Saturday the 9th of March at Holyrood. The same night another dark deed was done in Edinburgh, which passed scarce noticed in the agitation of the murder of Ritzio. Mary of Lorraine the year before her death had a chaplain named Adam Black; he was a lax kind of man, and after being detected in sundry moral improprieties had been banished to England, where he held a cure in the English Church near Newcastle. His old habits remained with him: he acknowledged to Lord Bedford one bad instance of seduction; but it is to be supposed that he had merit of some kind, for Mary Stuart as soon as she was emancipated from the first thraldom of the Puritans recalled him, took him into favour, and appointed him one of the court preachers. He had better have remained in Northumberland. A citizen encountered him a little before Christmas in some room or passage where he should not have been. He received "two or three blows with a cudgel and one with a dagger," and had been since unable to leave his bed. While Edinburgh was

[1] The speaker is not known. Mary says in her letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "The lords in our face declared that we should be cut down." It was not Ruthven, who was still absent.

shuddering over the scene in the palace, a brother or husband who had matter against the chaplain—the same perhaps who had stabbed him—finished his work, and murdered the wounded wretch where he lay.[1]

In the morning at daybreak a proclamation went out in the king's name that the Parliament was postponed and that "all bishops, abbots, and Papists should depart the town." Murray was expected in a few hours; no one knew how deep or how far the conspiracy had gone, and the Catholics, uncertain what to do, offered no resistance. What was to be done with the queen was the next difficulty. They had caged their bird, but it might be less easy to hold her; and if they believed the queen was crushed or broken the conspirators knew little of the temper which they had undertaken to control: sleeping behind that grace of form and charm of manner there lay a spirit which no misfortune could tame—a nature like a panther's, merciless and beautiful—and along with it every dexterous art by which women can outwit the coarser intellects of men.

In the silence and solitude of that awful night she nerved herself for the work before her. With the grey of the twilight she saw Sir James Melville passing under her window and called to him to bring the city guard and rescue her; but Melville bowed and passed on; at that moment rescue was impossible; she had nothing to depend upon but her own courage and her husband's folly. Could she escape her friends would rally round her, and her first thought was to fly in the disguise of one of her gentlewomen. But to escape alone, even if possible, would be to leave Darnley with the lords; she resolved to play a bolder game, to divide him from them, and carry him off, and to leave them without the name of a king to shield their deed.

In the first agony of passion she had been swept away from her self-control, and she had poured on her husband the full stream of her hate and scorn. He returned to her room on the Sunday morning to find her in appearance subdued, composed, and affectionate. To Mary Stuart it was an easy matter to play upon the selfish, cowardly, and sensual nature of Darnley. As Ruthven had foreseen, she worked upon him by her caresses; she persuaded him that he had been fatally deceived in his supposed injuries; but she affected to imagine that he had been imposed on by the arts of others, and when he lied she pretended to believe him. She uttered no word of reproach, but she appealed to him through the child—his child—whose safety

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 13: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

was endangered; and she prayed that at least, situated as she was, she might not be left entirely among men, and that her ladies might be allowed to attend her.

Soft as the clay of which he was made, Darnley obtained the reluctant consent of Morton and Ruthven. The ladies of the palace were admitted to assist at the queen's morning toilet, and the instant use she made of them was to communicate with Huntly and Bothwell. The next point was to obtain larger liberty for herself. Towards the afternoon "she made as though she would part with her child;" a midwife was sent for, who with the French physician insisted that she must be removed to a less confined air. To Darnley she maintained an attitude of dependent tenderness; and fooled in his idle pride by the prayers of the woman whom he believed that he had brought to his feet, he was led on to require that the guard should be removed from the gate, and that the exclusive charge of her should be committed to himself.

The conspirators "seeing that he was growing effeminate, liked his proposals in no way;" they warned him that if he yielded so easily "both he and they would have cause to repent;" and satisfied that the threat of miscarriage was but "trick and policy," they refused to dismiss a man from his post and watched the palace with unremitting vigilance.

So passed Sunday. As the dusk closed in a troop of horse appeared on the road from Dunbar. In a few moments more the Earl of Murray was at the gate.

It was not thus that Mary Stuart had hoped to meet her brother. His head sent home by Bothwell from the border, or himself brought back a living prisoner, with the dungeon, the scaffold, and the bloody axe—these were the images which a few weeks or days before she had associated with the next appearance in Edinburgh of her father's son. Her feelings had undergone no change. He knew some secrets about her which she could not pardon the possessor, and she hated him with the hate of hell; but the more deep-set passion paled for the moment before a thirst for revenge on Ritzio's murderers.

On alighting the earl was conducted immediately to the queen's presence. The accomplished actress threw herself sobbing into his arms.

"Oh my brother," she said as she kissed him, "if you had been here I should not have been so uncourteously handled."

Murray had "a free and generous nature." But a few hours had passed since she had forced the unwilling Lords of the

Articles to prepare a Bill of Attainder against him; but her shame, her seeming helplessness, and the depth of her fall touched him, and he shed tears.

The following morning Murray, Ruthven, Morton, and the rest of the party, met to consider the next step which they should take. Little is known of their deliberations except from the suspected source of a letter from Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow. Some, she said, proposed to keep her a perpetual prisoner, some to put her to death, some "that she should be warded in Stirling Castle till she had approved in Parliament what they had done, established their religion, and given to the king the whole government of the realm."

Some measure of this sort they were without doubt prepared to venture; it had been implied in the very nature of their enterprise; yet to carry it out they required Darnley's countenance, and fool and coward as they knew him to be they had not fathomed the depth of his imbecility and baseness. While the lords were in consultation the queen had wormed the whole secret from him; he told her of the plot for the return of Murray and his friends, with the promises which had been made to himself; he revealed every name that he knew, concealing nothing save that the murder had been his own act and design and provoked by his accusations against herself; he had forgotten that his own handwriting could be produced in deadly witness against him. From that moment she played upon him like an instrument; she showed him that if he remained with the lords he would be a tool in their hands; she assured him of the return of her own affection for him, and flattered his fancy with visions of greatness which might be in store for him if he would take his place again at her side; she talked of "his allies the confederate princes," who would be displeased if he changed his religion; she appealed again to the unborn heir of their united greatness, and she bound him soul and body to do her bidding.

After possessing him with the plans which she had formed to escape, she sent him to the lords to promise in her name that she was ready to forget the past and to bury all unkindness in a general reconciliation. They felt instinctively that what they had done could never really be pardoned; but Ruthven, Morton, and Murray returned with Darnley to her presence, when again with the seeming simplicity of which she was so finished a mistress, she repeated the same assurances. She was ready, she said, to bind herself in writing if they would not trust her word; and while the two other noblemen were drawing a form for her

to sign she took Murray by the hand and walked with him for an hour. She then retired to her room. Darnley as soon as the bond was ready, took charge of it, promising to return it signed on the following day; and meanwhile he pressed again that after so much concession on her part they were bound to meet her with corresponding courtesy and to spare her the ignominy of being longer held a prisoner in her own palace.

Had they refused to consent, an attempt would have been made that night by Bothwell to carry her off by force. But to reject the request of Darnley, whose elevation to a share of the throne was the professed object of the conspiracy, was embarrassing and perhaps dangerous; they gave way after another warning; the guard was withdrawn, Ruthven protesting as he yielded that "whatever bloodshed followed should be on the king's head."

The important point gained, Darnley would not awake suspicion by returning to the queen; he sent her word privately that "all was well;" and at eight in the evening Stewart of Traquair, captain of the Royal Guard, Arthur Erskine, "whom she would trust with a thousand lives," and Standen, a young and gallant gentleman, assembled in the queen's room to arrange a plan for the escape from Holyrood. The first question was where she was to go. Though the gates were no longer occupied the palace would doubtless be watched; and to attempt flight and to fail would be certain ruin. In the Castle of Edinburgh she would be safe with Lord Erskine, but she could reach the castle only through the streets which would be beset with enemies; and unfit as she was for the exertion she determined to make for Dunbar.

She stirred the blood of the three youths with the most touching appeal which could be made to the generosity of man. Pointing to the child that was in her womb she adjured them by their loyalty to save the unborn hope of Scotland. So addressed they would have flung themselves naked on the pikes of Morton's troopers. They swore they would do her bidding be it what it would; and then "after her sweet manner and wise directions, she dismissed them till midnight to put all in order as she herself excellently directed."

"The rendezvous appointed with the horses was near the broken tombs and demolished sepultures in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood." [1] A secret passage led underground from the palace to the vaults of the abbey; and at midnight Mary Stuart,

[1] Then standing at the south-eastern angle of the Royal Chapel.

accompanied by one servant and her husband—who had left the lords under pretence of going to bed—" crawled through the charnel-house, among the bones and skulls of the antient kings," and " came out of the earth " where the horses were shivering in the March midnight air.

The moon was clear and full. " The queen with incredible animosity was mounted *en croup* behind Sir Arthur Erskine upon a beautiful English double gelding," " the king on a courser of Naples;" and then away—away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed; " six in all—their majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the queen." In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe.[1]

Whatever credit is due to iron fortitude and intellectual address must be given without stint to this extraordinary woman. Her energy grew with exertion; the terrible agitation of the three preceding days, the wild escape, and a midnight gallop of more than twenty miles within three months of her confinement, would have shaken the strength of the least fragile of human frames: but Mary Stuart seemed not to know the meaning of the word exhaustion; she had scarce alighted from her horse than couriers were flying east, west, north, and south, to call the Catholic nobles to her side; she wrote her own story to her minister at Paris, bidding the archbishop in a postscript anticipate the false rumours which would be spread against her honour, and tell the truth—her version of the truth—to the queen-mother and the Spanish ambassador.

To Elizabeth she wrote with her own hand, fierce, dauntless, and haughty, as in her highest prosperity.[2] " Ill at ease with her escape from Holyrood, and suffering from the sickness of pregnancy, she demanded to know whether the Queen of England intended to support the traitors who had slain her most faithful servant in her presence. If she listened to their calumnies and

[1] The account of the escape is taken from a letter of Antony Standen, preserved among the *Cecil MSS.* at Hatfield; the remaining details of the murder and the circumstances connected with it, are collected from Ruthven's narrative, printed in Keith; the letters of Bedford and Randolph, printed by Wright; the two Italian accounts in the seventh volume of Labanoff; Calderwood's *History;* Mary Stuart's letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, and a letter of Paul de Foix, printed by Teulet.

[2] This letter may be seen in the Rolls House; the strokes thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm, and without sign of tremulousness.

upheld them in their accursed deeds, she was not so unprovided of friends as her sister might dream; there were princes enough to take up her quarrel in such a cause."

The loyalty of Scotland answered well its sovereign's summons. The faithful Bothwell, ever foremost in good or evil in Mary Stuart's service, brought in the night-riders of Liddesdale, the fiercest of the border marauders; Huntly came, forgetting his father and brother's death and his own long imprisonment; the Archbishop of St. Andrew's—an evil omen to Darnley—was followed by a thousand Hamiltons; Erskine from the castle sent word of his fidelity; and the Earl Marshal, Athol, Caithness, and a hundred more hurried to Dunbar with every trooper that they could raise. In four days the queen found herself at the head of a small army of eight thousand men.

On the other hand the conspirators' plans were disconcerted hopelessly by the flight of the king. Perplexed, divided, uncertain what to do when the slightest hesitation was ruin—they lost confidence in one another and in their cause. Had they held together they could still have collected force enough to fight. The Western Highlands were at the devotion of Argyle, and he at any time could command his own terms; but Elizabeth's behaviour in the preceding autumn had for ever shaken Argyle's policy. The queen "not venturing," as she said herself, "to have so many at once on her hands," sent to say she would pardon the rebellion of the summer and would receive into favour all who had not been present at or been concerned in the murder of Ritzio. "They seeing now their liberty and restitution offered them were content to leave those who were the occasion of their return, and took several appointments as they could." [1] Glencairn joined Mary at Dunbar; Rothes followed; and then Argyle, the central pillar of the Protestant party. Three only of those who had been in England refused to desert their friends—the stainless noble Murray, Kirkaldy of Grange, and the Laird of Patarrow. "These standing so much upon their honour and promise would not leave the other without likelihood to do them good." [2]

Thus within a week from her flight Mary Stuart was able to return in triumph to Edinburgh. She had succeeded so entirely that she was already able to throw off the mask towards Darnley. Sir James Melville met her on the road: she "lamented to him the king's folly and ingratitude;" and it was to no purpose that the old far-sighted diplomatist warned her against indulging

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 21. [2] Ibid.

this new resentment; the grudge never left her heart,[1] and she had made the object of it already feel the value of the promises with which she had wrought upon his weakness. "The king spoke to me of the lords," said Melville, "and it appeared that he was troubled that he had deserted them, finding the queen's favour but cold."[2]

The conspirators, or "the lords of the new attemptate" as they were called, made no effort to resist. Erskine threatened to fire on them from the castle, and before the queen reached Holyrood, Ruthven, Morton, Maitland, Lindsay, Faldonside, even Knox, were gone their several ways, most of them making for the border to take shelter with Bedford at Berwick. Murray too left Edinburgh with them, and intended to share their fortunes; but Ruthven and Morton, generous as himself, wrote to beg him "as the rest had fallen off, not to endanger himself on their account, but to make his peace if he was able;"[3] and Murray feeling that he would do more good for them and for his country by remaining at home than by going with them into a second exile, returned to his sister and was received with seeming cordiality.

Bothwell whose estates had been forfeited for his share in the Arran conspiracy was rewarded for his services by "all that had belonged to Lidington." The unfortunate king, "contemned and disesteemed of all," was compelled to drain the cup of dishonour. He declared before the council "that he had never counselled, commanded, consented to, assisted, or approved" the murder of Ritzio. His words were taken down in writing and published at the market-cross of every town in Scotland. The conspirators retorted with sending the queen the bond which they had exacted from him, in which he claimed the deed as exclusively his own; while the fugitives at Berwick addressed a clear brief statement of the truth to the government in England:

MORTON AND RUTHVEN TO CECIL[4]

BERWICK, *March* 27.

"The very truth is this:—the king having conceived a deadly hatred against David Ritzio an Italian, and some others his accomplices, did a long time ago move unto his ally the Lord Ruthven that he might in no way endure the mis-

[1] MELVILLE'S *Memoirs*. [2] Ibid.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, March 21: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[4] *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

behaviour and offence of the foresaid David, and that he might be fortified by him and some others of the nobility to see the said David executed according to his demerits; and after due deliberation the said Lord Ruthven communicated this the king's mind to the Earl of Morton, with whom having deeply considered the justice of the king's desires in respect of the manifold misbehaviours and misdeeds of the said David Ritzio, tending so manifestly to the great danger of the king's and queen's majesties and the whole estate of that realm and commonweal—he not ceasing to abuse daily his great estate and credit to the subversion of religion and the justice of the realm, as is notoriously known to all Scotland and more particularly to us—we upon the considerations aforesaid found good to follow the king's determination anent the foresaid execution; and for divers considerations we were moved to haste the same considering the approaching Parliament, wherein determination was taken to have ruined the whole nobility that then was banished; whereupon we perceived to follow a subversion of religion within the realm, and consequently of the intelligence betwixt the two realms grounded upon the religion; and to the execution of the said enterprise the most honest and the most worthy were easily induced to approve and fortify the king's deliberation.

"How be it in action and manner of execution, more was followed of the king's advice kindled by an extreme choler than we minded to have done.

"This is the truth whatever the king say now, and we are ready to stand by it and prove it."

CHAPTER X

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN SCOTLAND

THE murder of Ritzio had deranged Mary Stuart's projects in Scotland, and had obliged her to postpone her intended restoration of Catholicism; but her hold on parties in England was rather increased than injured by the interruption of a policy which would have alarmed the moderate Protestants. The extreme Puritans still desired to see the succession decided in favour of the children of Lady Catherine Grey; but their influence in the state had been steadily diminishing as the Marian horrors receded further into the distance. The majority of the peers, the country gentlemen, the lawyers, and the judges were in favour of the pretensions which were recommended at once by justice and by the solid interests of the realm. The union of the crowns of Scotland and England was the most serious desire of the wisest of Elizabeth's statesmen, and the marriage of Mary Stuart with Darnley had removed the prejudice which had attached before to her alien birth.

The difficulty which had hitherto prevented her recognition had been the persistency with which she identified herself with the party of revolution and ultramontane fanaticism. The English people had no desire for a Puritan sovereign, but as little did they wish to see again the evil days of Bonner and Gardiner. They were jealous of their national independence; they had done once for all with the pope, and they would have no priesthoods Catholic or Calvinist to pry into their opinions or meddle with their personal liberty. For a creed they would be best contented with a something which would leave them in communion with Christendom and preserve to them the form of superstition without the power of it.

Had Elizabeth allowed herself to be swayed by the ultra-Protestants, Mary Stuart would have appealed to arms and would have found the weightiest portion of the nation on her side. Had the Queen of Scots' pretensions been admitted so long as her attitude to the Reformation was that of notorious and thorough-going hostility, she would have supplied a focus for disaffection. A prudent and reasonable settlement would

have been then made impossible; and England sooner or later would have become the scene of a savage civil war like that which had lacerated France.

Elizabeth with the best of her advisers expected that as she grew older Mary Stuart would consent to guarantee the liberties which England essentially valued, and that bound by conditions which need not have infringed her own liberty of creed, she could be accepted as the future queen of the united island. It was with this view that the reversion of the crown had been held before Mary Stuart's eyes coupled with the terms on which it might be hers, while the Puritans had been forbidden to do anything which might have driven her to the ultimatum of force.

The intrigues with Spain, the Darnley marriage, and the attitude which the Queen of Scots had assumed in connection with it, had almost precipitated a crisis. Elizabeth had been driven in despair to throw herself on the fanaticism of the congregation, to endorse the demands of Knox that the Queen of Scots should abjure her own religion, and afterwards to retreat from her position with ignominious and dishonourable evasions. Yet the perplexity of a sovereign whose chief duty at such a time was to prevent a civil war, deserves or demands a lenient consideration. Had Elizabeth declared war in the interest of Murray and the Protestants, she would have saved her honour, but she would have provoked a bloody insurrection; while it would have become more difficult than ever to recognise the Queen of Scots, more hopeless than ever to persuade her into moderation and good sense. If Elizabeth's conduct in its details had been alike unprincipled and unwise, the broader bearings of her policy were intelligible and commendable; her caprice and vacillation arose from her consciousness of the difficulties by which she was on every side surrounded. The Queen of Scots herself had so far shown in favourable contrast with her sister of England: she had deceived her enemies, but she had never betrayed a friend. The greater simplicity of conduct however was not wholly a virtue: it had been produced by the absence of all high and generous consideration. Ambition for herself and zeal for a creed which suited her habits were motives of action which involved and required no inconsistencies. From the day on which she set foot in Scotland she had kept her eye on Elizabeth's throne, and she had determined to restore Catholicism; but her public schemes were but mirrors in which she could see the reflection of her own greatness, and her creed

was but the form of conviction which least interfered with her self-indulgence: the passions which were blended with her policy made her incapable of the restraint which was necessary for her success; while her French training had taught her lessons of the pleasantness of pleasure, for which she was at any time capable of forgetting every other consideration. Elizabeth forgot the woman in the queen, and after her first mortification about Leicester preserved little of her sex but its caprices. Mary Stuart when under the spell of an absorbing inclination could fling her crown into the dust and be woman all.

Could she have submitted to the advice so consistently pressed upon her by Philip, Alva, Melville, Throgmorton, by every wise friend that she possessed, the impatience of the English for a settlement of the succession would have rendered her victory certain. She had only to avoid giving occasion for just complaint or suspicion, and the choice of the country notwithstanding her creed—or secretly perhaps in consequence of it—would have inevitably at no distant time have been determined in her favour. Elizabeth she knew to be more for her than against her. The Conservative weight of the country party would have far outbalanced the Puritanism of the large towns.

But a recognition of her right to an eventual inheritance was not at all the object of Mary Stuart's ambition; nor in succeeding to the English throne did she intend to submit to trammels like those under which she had chafed in Scotland. She had spoken of herself not as the prospective but as the actual Queen of England;[1] she had told the lords who had followed her to Dumfries that she would lead them to the gates of London; she would not wait; she would make no compromise; she would wrench the sceptre out of Elizabeth's hands with a Catholic army at her back as the first step of a Catholic revolution. Even here—so far had fortune favoured her—she might have succeeded could she but have kept Scotland united, could she but have availed herself skilfully of the exasperation of the lords of the congregation when they found themselves betrayed and deserted, could she have remained on good terms with

[1] "That queen the other day was in a merchant's house in Edinburgh where was a picture of the queen's majesty; when some had said their opinions how like or unlike it was to the Queen's Majesty of England, "No," said she, "it is not like, for I am Queen of England." These high words, together with the rest of her doings and meanings towards this realm, I refer to others to consider."—Bedford to Leicester, February 14, 1566. Pepysian *MSS. Cambridge.*

her husband and his father, and kept the friends of the house of Lennox in both countries true to her cause. That opportunity she had allowed to escape. It remained to be seen whether she had learnt prudence from the catastrophe from which she had so narrowly escaped; whether she would now abandon her more dangerous courses, and fall back on moderation; or whether if she persisted in trying the more venturous game she could bring herself to forego the indulgence of those personal inclinations and antipathies which had caused the tragedy at Holyrood. If she could forget her injuries, if she could renounce with Ritzio's life her desire to revenge his murder, if she avoided giving open scandal to the Catholic friends of Darnley and his mother, her prospects of an heir would more than re-establish her in the vantage-ground from which she had been momentarily shaken.

Elizabeth either through fear or policy seemed as anxious as ever to disconnect herself from the congregation. The English government had been informed a month beforehand of the formation of the plot; they had allowed it to be carried into execution without remonstrance; but when the thing was done and Murray was restored the queen made haste to clear herself of the suspicion of having favoured it. Sir Robert Melville was residing in London, and was occupied notoriously in gaining friends for the Scotch succession. Elizabeth sent for him, and when it was too late to save Ritzio she revealed to him the secret information which had been supplied by Randolph; nay, in one of the many moods into which she drifted in her perplexities, she even spoke of Argyle and Murray as "rebels pretending reformation of religion." There were too many persons in England and Scotland who were interested in dividing the Protestant noblemen from the English court. The queen's words were carried round to rend still further what remained of the old alliance; and Randolph, discredited on all sides, could but protest to Cecil against the enormous mischief which Elizabeth's want of caution was producing.[1]

It appeared as if the queen had veered round once more and was again throwing herself wholly into Mary Stuart's interests. She replied to the letter which the Queen of Scots addressed to her from Dunbar by sending Melville to Scotland with assurances of sympathy and help; she wrote to Darnley advising him "to please the Queen of Scots in all things," and telling

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 17. The letter is addressed significantly "To Mr. Secretary's self, and only for himself."—*Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

him that she would take it as an injury to herself if he offended her again; she advised Murray "to be faithful to the queen his sovereign" under pain of her own displeasure.[1] As to the second set of fugitives who had taken shelter in England—Morton, Ruthven, and the rest—she told Bedford that she would neither acquit nor condemn them till she was more fully informed of their conduct, and that for the present they might remain under his protection;[2] but she insisted that they must move to a distance from the frontier, and Melville was allowed to promise Mary Stuart "that they should meet with nothing but rigour."

De Silva informed Philip that the terror of the scene through which she had passed had destroyed the hope which the Queen of Scots had entertained of combining her subjects against the Queen of England. "She had found them a people fierce, strange, and changeable; she could trust none of them;[3] and she had therefore responded graciously to the tone which Elizabeth assumed towards her." In an autograph letter of passionate gratitude Mary Stuart placed herself as it were under her sister's protection; she told her that in tracing the history of the late conspiracy she had found that the lords had intended to imprison her for life, and if England or France came to her assistance they had meant to kill her; she implored Elizabeth to shut her ears to the calumnies which they would spread against her, and with engaging frankness she begged that the past might be forgotten; she had experienced too deeply the ingratitude of those by whom she was surrounded to allow herself to be tempted any more into dangerous enterprises; for her own part she was resolved never to give offence to her good sister again; nothing should be wanting to restore the happy relations which had once existed between them; and should she recover safely from her confinement she hoped that in the summer Elizabeth would make a progress to the north, and that at last she might have an opportunity of thanking her in person for her kindness and forbearance."[4]

This letter was sent by the hands of a certain Thornton, a confidential agent of Mary Stuart, who had been employed on messages to Rome. "A very evil and naughty person, whom I pray you not to believe," was Bedford's credential for him in

[1] Sir R. Melville to Elizabeth, April 1: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Elizabeth to Bedford, April 2: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] De Silva to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*
[4] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, April 4: *Scotch MSS* *Printed by* LABANOFF, vol. vii. p. 300.

a letter of the 1st of April to Cecil. He was on his way to Rome again on this present occasion. The public in Scotland supposed that he was sent to consult the pope on the possibility of divorcing Darnley; and it is remarkable that the Queen of Scots at the close of her own letter desired Elizabeth to give credit to him on some secret matter which he would communicate to her. She perhaps hoped that Elizabeth would now assist her in the dissolution of a marriage which she had been so anxious to prevent.

It was not till her return to Edinburgh that the whole circumstances became known to her which preceded the murder; and—whether she had lost in Ritzio a favoured lover, or whether the charge against her had been invented by Darnley to heat the blood of his kindred—in either case his offence against the queen was irreparable and deadly, and every fresh act of baseness into which he plunged increased the loathing with which she regarded him. The poor creature laboured to earn his pardon by denouncing accomplice after accomplice. Maitland's complicity was unsuspected till it was revealed by Darnley. He gave up the names of three other gentlemen "whom only he and no man else knew to be privy."[1] Maitland's lands were seized, and he had himself to fly into the Highlands. One of the three gentlemen was executed; but the queen while she used his information repaid his baseness with deserved scorn. The bond which he had signed was under her eyes; and the stories which he had told against her were brought forward by the lords in their own justification. While distrust and fear and suspicion divided home from home and friend from friend, the contempt and hate of all alike was centred on the unhappy caitiff who had betrayed both parties in turn; and Darnley, who was so lately dreaming of himself as sovereign of England and Scotland, was left to wander alone about the country as if the curse of Cain was clinging to him.[2]

Meanwhile Elizabeth was reaping a harvest of inconveniences from exaggerated demonstrations of friendliness. The Queen of Scots taking her at her word demanded that Morton and Ruthven should be either surrendered into her hands or at least should not be permitted to remain in England. Elizabeth would have consented if she had dared, but Argyle and Murray

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 2: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "He is neither accompanied nor looked upon by any nobleman; attended by certain of his own servants and six or eight of his guard, he is at liberty to do or go what or where he will."—Randolph to Cecil, April 25: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House*

identified their cause with that of their friends. Murray was so anxious that they should do well that "he wished himself banished for them to have them as they were." Though they had generously begged him to run no risks in their interests he had told his sister "that they had incurred their present danger only on his account;" while Argyle sent word to Elizabeth that if she listened to the Queen of Scots' demands he would join Shan O'Neil.[1] Vainly Elizabeth struggled to extricate herself from her dilemma; resentment was still pursuing her for her treachery in the past autumn. She dared not shelter the conspirators, for the Queen of Scots would no longer believe her fair speeches, and de Silva was watching her with keen and jealous eyes;[2] she dared not surrender or expel them lest the last Englishman in Ireland should be flung into the sea. She could but shuffle and equivocate in a manner which had become too characteristic. Ruthven was beyond the reach of human vengeance: he had risen from his sick bed to enact his part in Holyrood, he had sunk back upon it to die. To Morton she sent an order, a copy of which could be shown to the Queen of Scots, to leave the country; but she sent with it a private hint that England was wide, and that those who cared to conceal themselves could not always be found.[3] Argyle she tried to soothe and work upon, and she directed Randolph to "deal with him." She understood, she said, "that there was a diminution of his goodwill towards her service, and especially in the matter of Ireland," and that "he alleged a lack of her favour in time of his need." "She had been right sorry for the trouble both of him and his friends; she had done all that in honour she could do, omitting nothing for the Earl of Murray's preservation but open hostility; she trusted therefore that he would alter his mind and withdraw him from the favouring of that principal rebel being sworn cruel adversary to the state of all true religion." If possible Randolph was to move Argyle by reasoning and remonstrance; if he failed, "sooner than O'Neil should receive any aid from thence she would be content to have some portion of money bestowed secretly by way of reward to the hindrance of it." And yet, she said—her thrifty nature coming up again—the money was

[1] Randolph to Cecil, May 13 and May 23: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Con todas las promesas y demostaciones que esta Reyna ha hecho á la de Escocia al presente de la prometer ayuda y serle amiga y no consentir estos ultimos conspiradores en su Reyno, como oygo estan en Newcastle."—De Silva to Philip, May 18: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] Morton to Cecil, May 16; Leicester to Cecil, July 11: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

not to be promised if the earl could be prevailed on otherwise; "of the matter of money she rather made mention as of a thing for Randolph to think upon until he heard farther from her than that he should deal with any person therein." [1]

But Elizabeth was not to escape so easily, and Argyle's resentment had reached a heat which a more open hand than Elizabeth's would have failed to cool. Murray was ready to forget his own wrongs, but Argyle would not forget them for him, and would not forget his other friends. "If the Queen of England," the proud M'Callum-More replied, "would interfere in behalf of the banished lords, and would undertake that in Scotland there should be no change of religion," he on his part "would become O'Neil's enemy and hinder what he could the practices between the queen his sovereign and the Papists of England." [2] But Elizabeth must accept his terms; it was a matter with which money in whatever quantity had nothing to do. The practices with the English Catholics had begun again, or rather, in spite of Mary Stuart's promises to abstain from such transactions for the future, they had never ceased; and a curious discovery was about to be made in connection with them. A report had been sent by Murray to Cecil that there was an Englishman about the court at Holyrood who was supposed to have come there on no good errand; he was one of the Rokebies of Yorkshire, and was closely connected with the great Catholic families there. But Cecil it seems knew more of Rokeby's doings than Murray knew. He had gone across the border to be out of the way of the bailiffs; and Cecil, who suspected that Mary Stuart was still playing her old game, and had before been well acquainted with Rokeby, sent him word "that he might purchase pardon and help if he would use his acquaintance in Scotland to the contentation of the queen's majesty," in other words if he would do service as a spy. Rokeby, who wanted money and had probably no honour to lose, made little objection. His brother-in-law, Lascelles, who was one of Mary Stuart's stanchest friends and correspondents, gave him letters of introduction, and with these he hastened to Edinburgh and was introduced by Sir James Melville to the queen.

In a letter to Cecil he thus describes his reception:—

"In the evening, after ten o'clock, I was sent for in secret manner, and being carried into a little closet in Edinburgh

[1] Elizabeth to Randolph, May 23: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House*, and *Lansdowne MSS.* 9.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, June 13: *Scotch MSS.* Ibid.

Castle the queen came to me; and so doing the duty belonging to a prince I did offer my service, and with great courtesy she did receive me, and said I should be very welcome to her, and so began to ask me many questions of news from the court of England and of the queen and of the Lord Robert. I could say but little; so being very late she said she would next day confer with me in other causes, and willed me take my ease for the night.

"The next night after I was sent for again, and was brought to the same place where the queen came to me, she sitting down on a little coffer without a cushion and I kneeling beside. She began to talk of her father, Lascelles, and how much she was beholden to him, and how she trusted to find many friends in England whensoever time did serve; and did name Mr. Stanley, Herbert, and Dacres, from whom she had received letters, and by means she did make account to win friendship of many of the nobility—as the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Derby, Shrewsbury, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. She had better hopes of them for that she thought them all to be of the old religion, which she meant to restore again with all expedition, and thereby win the hearts of the common people. Besides this she practised to have two of the worshipful of every shire of England, and such as were of her religion to be made her friends, and sought of me to know the names of such as were meet for that purpose. I answered and said I had little acquaintance in any shire of England but only Yorkshire, and there were great plenty of Papists. She told me she had written a number of letters to Christopher Lascelles with blank superscriptions; and he to direct them to such as he thought meet for that purpose. She told me she had received friendly letters from diverse, naming Sir Thomas Stanley and one Herbert, and Dacres with the crooked back—thus meaning that after she had friended herself in every shire in England with some of the worshipful or of the best countenance of the country, she meant to cause wars to be stirred in Ireland, whereby England might be kept occupied; then she would have an army in readiness, and herself with her army to enter England—and the day that she should enter her title to be read and she proclaimed queen. And for the better furniture of this purpose she had before travailed with Spain, with France, and with the pope for aid; and had received fair promises with some money from the pope and more looked for."[1]

[1] Christopher Rokeby to Cecil, June 1566: *Hatfield MSS. Printed in the Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

Such a revelation as this might have satisfied Elizabeth that it was but waste of labour to attempt any more to return to cordiality and confidence with the Queen of Scots; yet either from timidity, or because she would not part with the hope that Mary Stuart might eventually shake off her dreams and qualify herself for the succession by prudence and good sense, she would not submit to the conditions on which Argyle offered to remain her friend. She could not conceal that she was aware of Mary Stuart's intrigues with her subjects; but she chose to content herself with reading her a lecture as excellent as it was useless on the evil of her ways. Messengers were passing and repassing continually between the court at Holyrood and Shan O'Neil. Other and more sincere English Catholics than Rokeby were coming day after day to Holyrood to offer their swords and to be admitted to confidence. Elizabeth in the middle of June sent Sir Henry Killigrew to remonstrate, and "to demand such present answer as should seem satisfactory,"[1] while to his public instructions she added a private letter of her own.

"Madam," she wrote to the Queen of Scots, "I am informed that open rebels against my authority are receiving countenance and favour from yourself and your councillors. The news, madam, I must tell you with your pardon do much displease us. Remove these briars I pray you lest some thorn prick the hand of those who are to blame in this. Such matters hurt to the quick. It is not by such ways as these that you will attain the object of your wishes. These be the bypaths which those follow who fear the open road. I say not this for any dread I feel of harm that you may do me. My trust is in Him who governs all things by His justice, and with this faith I know no alarm. The stone recoils often on the head of the thrower, and you will hurt yourself—you have already hurt yourself—more than you can hurt me. Your actions towards me are as full of venom as your words of honey. I have but to tell my subjects what you are, and I well know the opinion which they will form of you. Judge you of your own prudence—you can better understand these things than I can write them. Assure me under your own hand of your good meaning, that I may satisfy those who are more inclined than I am to doubt you. If you are amusing yourself at my expense, do not think so poorly of me that I will suffer such wrong without avenging it. Remember,

[1] Instructions to Sir H. Killigrew, sent to the Queen of Scots, June 15. Cecil's hand: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

my dear sister, that if you desire my affection you must learn to deserve it."[1]

Essentially Elizabeth was acting with the truest regard for the Queen of Scots' interests, and was in fact behaving with extraordinary forbearance. It was unfortunate that petty accidents should have so perpetually given her rival a temporary advantage and an excuse for believing herself the injured party. Among the Catholics of whose presence at her court Sir H. Killigrew was instructed to complain, the spy of Cecil had been especially named. Already the Queen of Scots had been warned to beware how she trusted Rokeby; and at once, with an affected anxiety to meet Elizabeth's wishes, she ordered his arrest and the seizure of his papers. Cecil's letters to him were discovered in his correspondence, and the evidence of the underplot was too plain to permit Elizabeth to return upon so doubtful a ground.[2]

These however and all subsidiary questions were soon merged in the great event of the summer. On the 19th of June, in Edinburgh Castle, between nine and ten in the morning was born James Stuart, heir presumptive to the united crowns of England and Scotland. Better worth to Mary Stuart's ambition was this child than all the legions of Spain and all the money of the Vatican; the cradle in which he lay, to the fevered and anxious glance of English politicians, was as a Pharos behind which lay the calm waters of an undisturbed succession and the perpetual union of the too long divided realms. Here if the occasion was rightly used lay the cure for a thousand evils; where all differences might be forgotten, all feuds be laid at rest, and the political fortunes of Great Britain be started afresh on a newer and brighter career.

Scarcely even in her better mind could the birth of the Prince of Scotland be less than a mortification to Elizabeth—knowing, as she could not fail to know, the effect which it would produce upon her subjects. Parliament was to have met in the spring, and she had attempted to force herself into a resolution upon her own marriage, which would enable her to encounter the House of Commons. In the middle of February she believed that she had made up her mind to the archduke. Sir Richard Sackville had been selected as a commissioner to arrange preliminaries at Vienna; and she had gone so far as to arrange in detail the conditions on which her intended husband was to reside in England.

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, June 13: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Killigrew to Cecil, July 4: *MS.* Ibid.

"I do understand this to be the state of his [Sackville's] despatch," wrote Sir N. Throgmorton to Leicester.[1] "Her majesty will tolerate the public contract for the exercise of the archduke's Roman religion, so as he will promise secretly to her majesty to alter the said religion hereafter. She doth further say that if the archduke will come to England she promiseth to marry him unless there be some apparent impediment. She maketh the greatest difficulty to accord unto him some large provision to entertain him at her and the realm's cost as he demandeth."

So far had her purpose advanced—even to a haggling over the terms of maintenance; yet at the last moment the thought of losing Leicester for ever became unbearable. He was absent from the court, and Elizabeth determined to see him once more before the fatal step was taken.

"After this was written," Throgmorton concluded, "I did understand her majesty had deferred the signing of Sackville's despatch until your lordship's coming."

Cecil at the same time wrote to inform Leicester of the queen's resolution; and either the earl believed that it was his policy to appear to consent, or else if he may be credited with any interval of patriotism, he was ready for the moment to forget his own ambition in the interest of England.[2]

As, however, it had been Mary Stuart's first success after her marriage with Darnley which had driven Elizabeth towards a sacrifice which she abhorred; so Ritzio's murder, the return of Murray and his friends, and the recovered vitality of the Protestants in Scotland gave her again a respite. As Mary

[1] February, 1566, endorsed, in Leicester's hand—"A very considerable letter."—Pepysian *MSS. Magdalen College, Cambridge.*

[2] "I heartily thank you, Mr. Secretary, for your gentle and friendly letter, wherein I perceive how far her majesty hath resolved touching the matter she dealt in on my coming away. I pray God her highness may so proceed therein as may bring but contentation to herself and comfort to all that be hers. Surely there can be nothing that shall so well settle her in good estate as that way—I mean her marriage—whensoever it shall please God to put her in mind to like and to conclude. I know her majesty hath heard enough thereof, and I wish to God she did hear that more that here abroad is wished and prayed for. Good will it doth move in many, and truly it may easily appear necessity doth require of all. We hear ourselves much also when we be there, but methinks it is good sometimes that some that be there should be abroad, for that is sooner believed that is seen than heard; and in hope, Mr. Secretary, that her majesty will now earnestly intend that which she hath of long time not yet minded, and delay no longer her time, which cannot be won again for any gift, I will leave that with trust of happiest success, for that God hath left it the only means to redeem us in this world."—Leicester to Cecil, February 20, 1566: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxxix., *Rolls House.*

Stuart's power to hurt her grew fainter, the archduke once more ceased to appear indispensable; and when Leicester came back to the court Sackville's mission was again put off. Again the queen began to nourish convulsive hopes that she could marry her favourite after all. Again Cecil had to interfere with a table of damning contrasts between the respective merits of the Austrian prince and the English earl;[1] and again, when remon-

[1] De Matrimonio Reginæ Angliæ cum extero Principe

April, 1566.

Reasons to move the Queen to accept Charles	Reasons against the Earl of Leicester
"Besides his person { his birth. his alliance.	
1. "She shall not diminish the honour of a prince to match with a prince.	1. "Nothing is increased by marriage of him, either in riches, estimation, or power.
2. "When she shall receive messages from kings, her husband shall have of himself by birth and countenances to receive them.	2. "It will be thought that the slanderous speeches of the queen with the earl have been true.
3. "Whatsoever he shall bring to the realm he shall spend it here in the realm.	3. "He shall study nothing but to enhance his own particular friends to wealth, to office, to lands, and to offend others— Sir H. Sidney. Leighton. Earl Warwick. Christmas. Sir James Crofts. Middleton. Henry Dudley. Middlemore. John Dudley. Colshill. Foster. Wiseman. Sir F. Jobson. Killigrew. Appleyard. Molyneux. Horsey.
4. "He shall have no regard to any person but to please the queen.	4. "He is infamed by the death of his wife.
5. "He shall have no opportunity nor occasion to tempt him to seek the crown after the queen, because he is a stranger, and hath no friends in the realm to assist him.	5. "He is far in debt.
6. "By marriage with him the queen shall have the friendship of King Philip, which is necessary, considering the likelihood of falling out with France.	6. "He is like to prove unkind, or jealous of the queen's majesty.

7. "No Prince of England ever remained without good amity of the house of Burgundy, and no prince ever had less alliance than the Queen of England hath, nor any prince ever had more cause to have friendship and power to assist her estate.

8. "The French king will keep Calais against his pact.

9. "The Queen of Scots pretendeth title to the crown of England, and so did never foreign prince since the Conquest.

10. "The pope also, and all his parties, are watching adversaries to this crown."—*Burghley Papers*, vol. i. p. 444.

strance seemed to fail, the pale shadow of Amy Robsart was called up out of the tomb and waved the lovers once more asunder.[1]

Thus the season passed on; summer came, and James's birth found Elizabeth as far from marriage as ever; Parliament had been once more postponed, but the public service could be conducted no longer without a subsidy, and a meeting at Michaelmas was inevitable.

Scarcely was Mary Stuart delivered and the child's sex made known, than Sir James Melville was in the saddle. The night of the 19th he slept at Berwick; on the evening of the 22nd he rode into London. A grand party was going forward at Greenwich: the queen was in full force and spirit, and the court in its summer splendour. A messenger glided through the crowd and spoke to Cecil; Cecil whispered to his mistress, and Elizabeth flung herself into a seat, dropped her head upon her hand, and exclaimed, "The Queen of Scots is the mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock." Bitter words!—how bitter those only knew who had watched her in the seven years' struggle between passion and duty.

She could have borne it better perhaps had her own scheme been carried out for a more complete self-sacrifice, and had Leicester been the father of the future king. Then at least she would have seen her darling honoured and great; then she would have felt secure of her rival's loyalty and of the triumph of those great principles of English freedom for which she had fought her long, and as it now seemed, her losing battle. The Queen of Scots had challenged her crown, intrigued with her subjects, slighted her councils, and defied her menaces, and this was the result.

But Elizabeth had been apprenticed in self-control. By morning she had overcome her agitation and was able to give Melville an audience.

The ambassador entered her presence radiant with triumph. The queen affected, perhaps she forced herself to feel, an interest in his news, and she allowed him to jest upon the difficulty with which the prince had been brought into the world. "I told her," he reported afterwards,[2] "that the Queen of Scots had

[1] It was probably at this time Appleyard made his confession that "he had covered his sister's murder," and that Sir Thomas Blount was secretly examined by the council. There is little room for doubt that the menace of exposure was the instrument made use of to prevent Elizabeth from ruining herself.—*See* cap. 4.

[2] Melville's *Memoirs*.

dearly bought her child, being so sore handled that she wished she had never been married. This I said by the way to give her a scare from marriage and from Charles of Austria." Elizabeth smiled painfully and spoke as graciously as she could, though Melville believed that at heart she was burning with envy and disappointment. The trial was doubtless frightful, and the struggle to brave it may have been but half successful; yet when he pressed her to delay the recognition no longer she seemed to feel that she could not refuse, and she promised to take the opinion of the lawyers without further hesitation. So great indeed had been the disappointment of English statesmen at the last trifling with the archduke that they had abandoned hope. The Scottish prince was the sole object of their interest, and all the motives which before had recommended Mary Stuart were working with irresistible force. Whatever might be the queen's personal reluctance, Melville was able to feel that it would avail little; the cause of his mistress, if her game was now played with tolerable skill, was virtually won. Norfolk declared for her, Pembroke declared for her, no longer caring to conceal their feelings; even Leicester, now that his own chances were over, became "the Queen of Scots' avowed friend," and pressed her claims upon Elizabeth, "alleging that to acknowledge them would be her greatest security, and that Cecil would undo all." [1] All that Melville found necessary was to give his mistress a few slight warnings and cautions.

Her recognition as second person he knew that she regarded as but a step to the dethronement of Elizabeth; nor did he advise her to abandon her ambition. He did not wish her to slacken her correspondence with the Catholics; she need not cease "to entertain O'Neil;" but he required her only to be prudent and secret. "Seeing the great mark her majesty shot at, she should be careful and circumspect, that her desires being so near to be obtained should not be overthrown for lack of management." [2]

Schooled for once by advice Mary Stuart wrote from her sick bed to Melville's brother Robert. The letter appeared to be meant only for himself, but it was designed to be shown among the Protestant nobility of England. She declared in it that she meant nothing but toleration in religion, nothing but good in all ways; she protested that she had no concealed designs, no unavowed wishes; her highest ambition went no farther than to be recognised by Parliament, with the consent of her dear sister.

[1] MELVILLE'S *Memoirs*. [2] Ibid.

With these words in their hands the Melvilles made swift progress in England. Elizabeth's uncertainties and changes had shaken her truest friends; and even before Parliament some popular demonstrations were looked for.

"There are threats of disturbance," de Silva wrote in August, "and trouble is looked for before the meeting of Parliament. For the present we are reassured, but it is likely enough that something will happen. The queen is out of favour with all sides: the Catholics hate her because she is not a Papist, the Protestants because she is less furious and violent in heresy than they would like to see her; while the courtiers complain of her parsimony."[1] James Melville was soon able to send the gratifying assurance to the Queen of Scots that should Elizabeth continue the old excuses and delays "her friends were so increased that many whole shires were ready to rebel, and their captains already named by election of the nobility."[2]

In such a world and with such humours abroad the approaching session could not fail to be a stormy one; and Elizabeth knew, though others might affect to be ignorant, that if she was forced into a recognition of Mary Stuart a Catholic revolution would not be many months distant.

At the beginning of August, to gather strength and spirit for the struggle, she went on progress, not to the northern counties where the Queen of Scots had hoped to meet her, but first to Stamford on a visit to Cecil, thence round to Woodstock, her old prison in the perilous days of her sister, and finally, on the evening of the 31st, she paid Oxford the honour which two years before she had conferred on the sister university. The preparations for her visit were less gorgeous, the reception itself far less imposing, yet the fairest of her cities in its autumnal robe of sad and mellow loveliness, suited the queen's humour, and her stay there had a peculiar interest.

She travelled in a carriage. At Wolvercot, three miles out on the Woodstock road, she was met by the heads of houses in their gowns and hoods. The approach was by the long north avenue leading to the north gate; and as she drove along it she saw in front of her the black tower of Bocardo, where Cranmer had been long a prisoner, and the ditch where with his brother martyrs he had given his life for the sins of the people. The scene was changed from that chill sleety morning, and the soft glow of the August sunset was no unfitting symbol of the

[1] De Silva to Philip, August 23, 1566: *MS. Simancas.*
[2] MELVILLE'S *Memoirs.*

change of times; yet how soon such another season might tread upon the heels of the departing summer none knew better than Elizabeth. She went on under the archway and up the corn-market between rows of shouting students. The students cried in Latin "Vivat Regina." Elizabeth amidst bows and smiles answered in Latin also, "Gratias ago, gratias ago."

At Carfax, where Bishop Longlands forty years before had burnt Tyndal's Testaments, a professor greeted her with a Greek speech, to which with unlooked-for readiness she replied again in the same language. A few more steps brought her down to the great gate of Christ Church, the splendid monument of Wolsey and of the glory of the age that was gone. She left the carriage, and with de Silva at her side she walked under a canopy across the magnificent quadrangle to the cathedral. The dean, after evening service, entertained her at his house.

The days of her stay were spent as at Cambridge—in hearing plays or in attending the exercises of the university. The subjects chosen for disputation in the schools mark the balance of the two streams of ancient and modern thought, and show the matter with which the rising mind of England was beginning to occupy itself. There were discussions on the tides—whether or how far they were caused by the attraction of the moon. There were arguments on the currency—whether a debt contracted when the coin was pure could be liquidated by the payment of debased money of the same nominal value. The keener intellects were climbing the stairs of the temple of modern science, though as yet they were few and feeble and they were looked upon askance with orthodox suspicion. At their side the descendants of the schoolmen were working on the old safe methods, proving paradoxes by laws of logic amidst universal applause. The professor of medicine maintained in the queen's presence that it was not the province of the physician to cure disease, because diseases were infinite, and the infinite was beyond the reach of art; or again because medicine could not retard age, and age ended in death, and therefore medicine could not preserve life. With trifles such as these the second childhood of the authorities was content to drowse away the hours. More interesting than either science or logic were perilous questions of politics, which Elizabeth permitted to be agitated before her.

The Puritan formula that it was lawful to take arms against a bad sovereign was argued by examples from the Bible and from the stories of the patriot tyrannicides of Greece and Rome.

Doctor Humfrey deserted his friends to gain favour with the queen, and protested his horror of rebellion; but the defenders of the rights of the people held their ground and remained in possession of it. Pursuing the question into the subtleties of theology they even ventured to say that God himself might instigate a regicide, when Bishop Jewel who was present, stepped down into the dangerous arena and closed the discussion with a vindication of the divine right of kings.

More critically—even in that quiet haven of peaceful thought—the great subject of the day, which Elizabeth called her death-knell, still pursued her. An eloquent student discoursed on the perils to which a nation was exposed when the sovereign died with no successor declared. The comparative advantages were argued of elective and hereditary monarchy. Each side had its hot defenders; and though the votes of the university were in favour of the natural laws of succession, the champion of election had the best of the argument, and apparently best pleased the queen. When in the peroration of his speech he said he would maintain his opinion "with his life, and if need were with his death,"[1] she exclaimed "Excellent—oh, excellent!"

At the close of the exercises she made a speech in Latin as at Cambridge. She spoke very simply, deprecating the praises which had been heaped upon her. She had been educated well, she said, though the seed had fallen on a barren soil; but she loved study if she had not profited by it, and for the universities she would do her best that they should flourish while she lived, and after her death continue long to prosper.

So five bright days passed swiftly, and on the sixth she rode away over Magdalen Bridge to Windsor. As she crested Headington Hill she reined in her horse and once more looked back. There at her feet lay the city in its beauty, the towers and spires springing from amidst the clustering masses of the college elms; there wound beneath their shade the silvery lines of the Cherwell and the Isis.

"Farewell, Oxford!" she cried, "farewell, my good subjects there!—farewell, my dear scholars, and may God prosper your studies!—farewell, farewell!"[2]

The Queen of Scots meanwhile had recovered rapidly from her confinement, and it seemed as if she had now but to sit still and wait for the fortune which time had so soon to bestow; yet

[1] "Hoc vitâ et si opus est et morte comprobabo."
[2] Nicholls's *Progresses of Elizabeth.*

Melville on his return to Scotland found her less contented than he expected. The pope, if it was true that she had desired a divorce from her husband, had not smiled upon her wishes; and Melville's well-meant efforts to console her for her domestic troubles with her prospects in England failed wholly in their effect. Five days after James's birth Killigrew reported that although Darnley was in the castle and his father in Edinburgh "small account was made of them;" Murray, though he continued at the court, "found his credit small and his state scarce better than when he looked daily for banishment;" Maitland was still a fugitive, and his estates with the splendid royalties of Dunbar were in possession of Bothwell; "Bothwell's credit with the queen was more than all the rest together."[1]

It seemed as if Mary Stuart, brave as she might be, in that stormy sea of faction and conspiracy, required a man's arm to support her: she wanted some one on whose devotion she could depend to shield her from a second night of terror, and such a man she had found in Bothwell—the boldest, the most reckless, the most unprincipled of all the nobles in Scotland. Her choice though imprudent was not unnatural. Bothwell from his earliest manhood had been her mother's stanchest friend; Bothwell, when the English army was before Leith—though untroubled with faith in pope or church or God, had been more loyal than the Catholic lords; and though at that time but a boy of twenty-two he had fought the cause of France and of Mary of Lorraine when Huntly and Seton were standing timidly aloof. Afterwards when Mary Stuart returned, and Murray and Maitland ruled Scotland, Bothwell continued true to his old colours, and true to the cause which the Queen of Scots in her heart was cherishing. Hating England, hating the Reformers, hating Murray above all living men, he had early conceived projects of carrying off his mistress by force from their control—nor was she herself supposed to have been ignorant of his design. The times were then unripe, and Bothwell had retired from Scotland to spend his exile at the French court, in the home of Mary Stuart's affection; and when he came back to her out of that polished and evil atmosphere, she found his fierce northern nature varnished with a thin coating of Parisian culture, saturated with Parisian villainy, and the earl himself with the single virtue of devotion to his mistress, as before he had been devoted to her mother. Her own nature was altogether higher than Bothwell's; yet courage, strength,

[1] Killigrew to Cecil, June 2

and a readiness to face danger and dare crime for their sakes, attract some women more than intellect however keen, or grace however refined. The affection of the Queen of Scots for Bothwell is the best evidence of her innocence with Ritzio.

As soon as she had become strong enough to move she left the close hot atmosphere of the castle, and at the end of July, attended by her cavalier, she spent her days upon the sea or at the Castle of Alloa on the Forth. She had condescended to acquaint Darnley with her intention of going, but with no desire that he should accompany her; and when he appeared uninvited at Alloa he was ordered back to the place from which he came. "The queen and her husband," wrote the Earl of Bedford on the 3rd of August, "agree after the old manner. It cannot for modesty nor for the honour of a queen be reported what she said of him."[1] Sir James Melville, who dreaded the effect in England of the alienation of the friends of Lady Lennox, again remonstrated and attempted to cure the slight with some kind of attention. But Melville was made to feel that he was going beyond his office; in her violent moods Mary Stuart would not be trifled with, and at length he received a distinct order "to be no more familiar with the Lord Darnley."[2] Water parties and hunting parties in the Highlands consumed the next few weeks. Though inexorable towards her husband the queen as the summer went on found it necessary to take her brother into favour again, and to gain the confidence of the English Protestants by affecting a readiness to be guided by his advice. Maitland's peace had been made also though with more difficulty. Bothwell who was in possession of his estates refused to part with them; and in a stormy scene in the queen's presence Murray told him "that twenty as honest men as he should lose their lives ere he reft Liddington."[3] The queen felt however that her demand for recognition in England would be effective in proportion to the unanimity with which she was supported by her own nobility; she felt the want of Maitland's help; and visiting her resentment for the death of Ritzio on her miserable husband alone, she was ready to forget the share which Maitland had borne in it and exerted herself to smooth down and reconcile the factions at the court. She contrived to bring Maitland, Murray, Argyle, and Bothwell secretly together; "the matter in dispute" was talked over and at last amicably settled.[4]

[1] Bedford to Cecil, August 3: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10.
[2] MELVILLE'S *Memoirs.*
[3] Advertisements out of Scotland, August, 1566: *MS. Rolls House.*
[4] Maitland to Cecil, September 20: *MS.* Ibid.

From Maitland to Morton was a short step. The lords now all combined to entreat his pardon from the queen, and in the restoration to favour of the nobles whom he had invited to revenge his own imagined wrongs and had thus deserted and betrayed, the miserable king read his own ruin. One after another he had injured them all; and his best hope was in their contempt. Even Murray's face he had good cause to dread. He with Ritzio had before planned Murray's murder, and now seeing Murray at the queen's side he let fall some wild passionate words as if he would again try to kill him. So at least the queen reported, for it was she who carried the story to Murray, "and willed the earl to speer it at the king;" it was believed afterwards that she desired to create a quarrel which would rid her of one or both of the two men whom she hated worst in Scotland. But if this was her object she had mistaken her brother's character; Murray was not a person to trample on the wretched or stoop to ignoble game; he spoke to Darnley "very modestly" in the queen's presence; and the poor boy might have yet been saved could he have thrown himself on the confidence of the one noble-hearted person within his reach. He muttered only some feeble apology however and fled from the court "very grieved." He could not bear, so some one wrote, "that the queen should use familiarity with man or woman, especially the Lords of Argyle and Murray which kept most company with her." [1]

Lennox, as much neglected as his son, was living privately at Glasgow, and between Glasgow and Stirling the forlorn Darnley wandered to and fro "misliked of all," helpless and complaining and nursing vague impossible schemes of revenge. He had signed the articles by which he bound himself to maintain the Reformation; he now dreamt of taking from Mary the defence of the Church. He wrote to the pope and to Philip complaining that the Queen of Scots had ceased to care for religion, and that they must look to him only for the restoration of Catholicism. His letters instead of falling harmless by going where they were directed were carried to Mary, and might have aggravated her animosity against him had it admitted of aggravation. Still more terrified he then thought of flying from the kingdom. The Scotch council was about to meet in Edinburgh in the middle of September; the queen desired that he would attend the session with her; he refused, and as soon as she was gone he made arrangements to escape in an English

[1] Advertisements out of Scotland, August, 1566: *MS. Rolls House.*

vessel which was lying in the Forth. "In a sort of desperation" he communicated his project to the French ambassador du Croq, who had remained after the queen's departure at Stirling. He told him it seems that he should go to the Scilly Isles; perhaps like Sir Thomas Seymour with a notion of becoming a pirate chief there. When du Croq questioned him on his reasons for such a step he complained "that the queen would give him no authority;" "all the lords had abandoned him he said; he had no hope in Scotland and he feared for his life."

Better far it would have been had they allowed him to go, better for himself, better for Mary Stuart, better for human history which would have escaped the inky stain which blots its page; yet his departure at such a time and in such a manner would attract inconvenient notice in England—it would be used in Parliament in the debate on the succession. Du Croq carried word to Mary Stuart. Lennox after endeavouring in vain to dissuade him wrote to her also in the hope that he might appease her by giving proofs of his own loyalty; and Darnley, finding his purpose betrayed, followed the French ambassador to Edinburgh, and on the evening of the 29th of September presented himself at the gates of Holyrood. He sent in word of his arrival—but he said he would not enter as long as Murray, Argyle, and Maitland were in the palace. The queen went out to him, carried him to her private apartments and kept him there for the night. The next morning the council met and he was brought or led into their presence. There they sat—a hard ring of stony faces: on one side the lords of the congregation who had risen in insurrection to prevent his marriage with the queen, whom afterwards he had pledged his honour to support and whom he had again betrayed—now by some inexplicable turn of fortune restored to honour while he was himself an outcast; on the other side Huntly, Caithness, Bothwell, Athol, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, all Catholics, all Ritzio's friends, yet hand in hand now with their most bitter enemies, united heart and soul to secure the English succession for a Scotch princess, and pressing with the weight of unanimity on the English Parliament; yet he who had been brought among them in the interest of that very cause was excluded from share or concern in the prize; every noble present had some cause of mortal enmity against him; and as he stood before them, desolate and friendless, he must have felt how short a shrift was allowed in Scotland for a foe whose life was inconvenient.

The letter of the Earl of Lennox was read aloud. Mary

Stuart said that she had tried in vain to draw from her husband the occasion of his dissatisfaction; she trusted that he would tell the lords what he had concealed from herself; and then turning to him with clasped hands like a skilled actress on the stage, "Speak," she said, "speak; say what you complain of; if the blame is with me do not spare me."

The lords followed, assuring him with icy politeness that if he had any fault to find they would see it remedied.

Du Croq implored him to take no step which would touch his own honour or the queen's.

What could he say? Could he tell the truth that he believed his royal mistress and those honourable lords were seeking how to rid the world of him? That was his fear; and she and they and he alike knew it—but such thoughts could not be spoken. And yet he had spirit enough to refuse to cringe or to stand at the bar to be questioned as a prisoner. He said a few unmeaning words and turned to go, and they did not dare detain him. "Adieu, madam," he said as he left the room, "you will not see my face for a long space; gentlemen, adieu."[1]

Four days later they heard that the ship was ready in which he was about to sail; and it appears as if they had resolved to let him go. But in an evil hour for himself he had another interview with the French ambassador; du Croq after a long conversation persuaded him that the clouds would clear away and that fortune would again look beneficently upon him. The English ship sailed away and Darnley remained behind to drift upon destruction, "hated," as du Croq admitted, "by all men and by all parties—because being what he was he desired to be as he had been and to rule as a king."[2] In him the murderers of Ritzio found a scapegoat, and the queen accepted with seeming willingness the vicarious sacrifice. The political relations between England and Scotland relapsed into their old bearings. Maitland was found again corresponding with the English ministers on the old subject of the union of the realms, while the Queen of Scots herself wrote to Cecil with affected confidence and cordiality, just touching—enough to show that she understood it—on the treachery of Rokeby, but professing to believe that Cecil wished well to her and would assist her to gain her cause.[3]

[1] Du Croq to the Archbishop of Glasgow, October 15; The Lords of Scotland to the Queen-mother of France, October 8: *Printed in* KEITH.
[2] Du Croq to the Queen-mother of France, October 17: TEULET, vol. ii.
[3] Maitland to Cecil, October 4; The Queen of Scots to Cecil, October 5: *MS. Rolls House.*

So stood the several parties in the two kingdoms when Elizabeth returned from her progress and prepared to meet her Parliament.[1] Four years had passed since the last troubled session: spring after spring, autumn after autumn, notice of a Parliament had gone out; but ever at the last moment Elizabeth had flinched, knowing well what lay before her. Further delay was at last impossible: the treasury was empty, the humour of the people was growing dangerous. Thus at last on the 30th of September the Houses reassembled. The first fortnight was spent in silent preparations; on the 14th the campaign opened with a petition from the bishops, which was brought forward in the form of a statute in the House of Commons. It will be remembered that after the Bill was passed in the last session empowering the Anglican prelates to tender the vote of allegiance to their predecessors in the Tower, they had been checked in their first attempt to put the law in execution by a denial of the sacredness of their consecration, and the judges had confirmed the objection. To obviate this difficulty and to enable the bench at last to begin their work of retaliation, a Bill was brought in declaring that "inasmuch as the bishops of the Church of England had been nominated according to the provisions of the Act of Henry VIII.,[2] and had been consecrated according to the form provided in the Prayer-book, they should be held to have been duly and lawfully appointed, any statute law or canon to the contrary notwithstanding." In this form, untrammelled by further condition, the Act went from the Commons to the Lords, and had it passed

[1] An entry in the Privy Council Register shows how anxiously the English government were still watching the Queen of Scots, and how little they trusted her assurances.

October 8, 1566.

"A letter to Sir John Foster, Warden of the Middle Marches, touching the intelligence received out of Scotland of the sending of the Earl of Argyle towards Shan O'Neil with a hundred soldiers of those that were about the Scottish queen's own person with commission also to levy all his own people and the people of the Isles to assist Shan against the queen's majesty. And because the understanding of the truth of this matter is of great importance, and necessary to be boulted out with speed, he is required that under pretence of some other message he take occasion to send with convenient speed some discreet person to the Scottish court, to procure by all the best means he may to boult out the very certainty hereof. And in case he shall find indeed that the said advertisements are true, then to demand audience of the Scottish queen and to deliver unto her the queen's majesty's letter,[3] sent herewith, requiring answer with speed; and in case he shall find the said enterprise is intended only, and not executed, then he shall procure to stay the same by the best means he may."

[2] 25 Hen. VIII. cap 20. [3] Not found.

in its first form there would have been an immediate renewal of the attempt to persecute. The Lords however were better guardians than the Commons of English liberties. Out of 81 peers 22 were the bishops themselves, who as the promoters of the Bill unquestionably voted for it in its fullness; yet it was sent back, perhaps as an intimation that there had been enough of spiritual tyranny, and that the Church of England was not to disgrace itself with imitating the iniquities of Rome. A proviso was added that the Act should be retrospective only as it affected the general functions of the episcopal office,[1] but was not to be construed as giving validity to the requisition of the oath of allegiance in the episcopal courts, or as giving the bishops power over the lives or lands of the prisoners who had refused to swear.[2] The Bill although thus modified left the bench with powers which for the future they might abuse; and although there was an understanding that those powers were not to be put in force eleven lay peers still spoke and voted absolutely against admitting the episcopal position of men who had been thrust into already occupied sees.[3] To have thrown the measure out altogether, however, would have been equiva-

[1] "Provided always that no person or persons shall at any time hereafter be impeached or molested in body, lands, livings, or goods, by occasion or means of any certificate by any archbishop or bishop heretofore made, or before the last day of this present session of Parliament to be made by authority of any Act passed in the first session of this present Parliament, touching or concerning the refusal of the oath declared and set forth by Act of Parliament in the first year of the reign of our sovereign lady the queen: and that all tenders of the said oath made by any archbishop or bishop aforesaid, or before the last day of the present session to be made by authority of any Act established in the first session of this present Parliament, and all refusals of the same oath so tendered, or before the last day of this present session to be tendered by any archbishop or bishop by authority of any law established in the first session of this present Parliament, shall be void, and of none effect or validity in the law."—Statutes of the Realm, 8 *Elizabeth*, cap. 1.

[2] "La peticion que se dió en el Parlamento por parte de los obispos Protestantes acerca de su confirmacion se pasó por la Camara baja sin contradicion. En la alta tuvó once contradiciones, pero pasóse; no confirmandolo ellos sino á lo que hasta aqui se habia hecho en el ejercicio de su officio; con tanto que no se entendiese la confirmacion contra lo que hubiesen hecho ni podrian hacer en materia de sangre ni de bienes temporales. Lo de la sangre se entiende por el juramento que pedian á Bonner el buen Obispo de Londres, y á otros, acerca de lo de la religion, que es por lo que principalmente dicen que pedian la confirmacion; aunque daban á entender que por otros fines lo de bienes temporales han sentido; pero no fué segun entiendo este el intento; sino que obviar á que no les pierdan los, que no querian hacer el juramento."—De Silva to the King, November 11, 1566: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] Non-contents—Earls Northumberland, Westmoreland, Worcester, and Sussex; Lords Montague, Morley, Dudley, Darcy, Mounteagle, Cromwell, and Mordaunt.

lent to denying the Church of England a right to exist: it passed with this limitation, and the bishops with a tacit intimation that they were on their good behaviour were recognised as legitimate.

The Consecration Bill was, however, but a preliminary skirmish, preparatory to the great question which both Houses, with opposite purposes, were determined to bring forward. The House of Commons was the same which had been elected at the beginning of the reign in the strength of the Protestant reaction. The oscillation of public feeling had left the majority of the members unaffected; they were still anxious to secure the reversion of the crown to the dying Lady Catherine and her children; and the tendencies of the country generally in favour of the Scotch succession made them more desirous than ever not to let the occasion pass through their hands. The House of Lords was in the interest of Mary Stuart, but some divisions had been already created by her quarrel with Darnley. The Commons perhaps thought that although the peers might prefer the Queen of Scots, they would acquiesce in the wife of Lord Hertford sooner than endure any more uncertainty; the Peers may have hoped the same in favour of their own candidate: they may have felt assured that when the question came once to be discussed, the superior right of the Queen of Scots, the known opinions of the lawyers in her favour, the scarcely concealed preference of the great body of English gentlemen, with the political advantages which would follow on the union of the crowns, must inevitably turn the scale for Mary Stuart, whatever the Commons might will. Both Houses at all events were determined to bear Elizabeth's vacillation no longer, to believe no more in promises which were made only to be broken, and either to decide once for all the future fortunes of England, or lay such a pressure on the queen that she should be forbidden to trifle any more with her subjects' anxiety for her marriage.

On the 17th of October Cecil brought forward in the Lower House a statement of the expenses of the French and Irish wars. On the 18th Mr. Molyneux, a barrister, proposed at once, amidst universal approbation, "to revive the suit for the succession," and to consider the demands of the exchequer only in connection with the determination of an heir to the throne.[1]

[1] "October 18.—Motion made by Mr. Molyneux for the reviving of the suit for the succession, and to proceed with the subsidy, was very well allowed by the House."—*Commons' Journals*, 8 *Elizabeth.*

Elizabeth's first desire was to stifle the discussion at its commencement. Sir Ralph Sadler rose when Molyneux sat down, and "after divers propositions" "declared that he had heard the queen say in the presence of the nobility that her highness minded to marry." Sadler possessed the confidence of the Protestants, and from him, if from any one, they would have accepted a declaration with which so steady an opponent of the Queen of Scots was satisfied; but the disappointment of the two previous sessions had taught them the meaning of words of this kind; a report of something said elsewhere to "the nobility" would not meet the present irritation; "their mind was to continue their suit, and to know her highness's answer."

Elizabeth found it necessary to be more specific. The next day, first Cecil, then Sir Francis Knowles, then Sir Ambrose Cave declared formally that "the queen by God's special providence was moved to marry, that she minded for the wealth of the commons to prosecute the same, and persuaded to see the sequel of that before further suit touching the succession."[1] Cecil and Cave were good Protestants, Knowles was an advanced Puritan, yet they were no more successful than Sadler; "the lawyers" still insisted; the House went with them in declining to endure any longer a future which depended on the possible "movements" of the queen's mind; and a vote was carried to press the question to an issue and to invite the Lords to a conference. The Lords, as eager as the Commons, instantly acquiesced. Public business was suspended, and committees of the two Houses sat daily for a fortnight, preparing an address to the crown.[2]

[1] *Commons' Journals*, 8 *Elizabeth*.

[2] Cecil, who was a member of the Commons' Committee, has left a paper of notes touching the main points of the situation:—

"*October*, 1566.

"To require both marriage and the stablishing of the succession is the uttermost that can be desired.

"To deny both the uttermost than can be denied.

"To require marriage is most natural, most easy, most plausible to the queen's majesty.

"To require certainty of succession is most plausible to all people.

"To require the succession is hardest to be obtained, both for the difficulty to discuss the right and the loathsomeness of the queen's majesty to consent thereto.

"The difficulty to discuss it is by reason of—

1. "The uncertainty of indifferency in the parties that shall discuss it.
2. "The uncertainty of the right pretended.

"The loathsomeness to grant it is by reason of natural suspicion against a successor that hath right by law to succeed.

"Corollarium.

"The mean betwixt them is to determine effectually to marry, and if

In spite of her struggles the queen saw the net closing round her. Fair speeches were to serve her turn no longer, and either she would have to endure some husband whom she detested the very thought of, or submit to a settlement the result of which it was easy to foresee. Into her feelings, or into such aspect of them as she chose to exhibit, we once more gain curious insight through a letter of de Silva. So distinctly was Elizabeth's marriage the object of the present move of the House of Commons that the Queen of Scots, in dread of it, was contented to withdraw the pressure for a determination in her own favour, and consented to bide her time.

GUZMAN DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.[1]

October 26.

"The Parliament is in full debate on the succession. The queen is furious about it; she is advised that if the question come to a vote in the Lower House the greatest number of voices will be for the Lady Catherine. This lady and her husband, Lord Hertford, are Protestants; and a large number, probably an actual majority of the Commons, being heretics also, will declare for her in self-defence.

"I have never ceased to urge upon the queen the incon-

it succeed not, then proceed to discussion of the right of succession."—*Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xl.

Another paper, also in Cecil's hand, contains apparently a rough sketch for the address to the crown:—

"That the marriage may proceed effectually.

"That it may be declared how necessary it is to have the succession stablished for sundry causes.

"Surety and quietness of the queen's majesty that no person may attempt anything to the furtherance of any supposed title when it shall be manifest how the right is settled. Whereunto may also be added sundry devices to stay every person in his duty, so as her majesty may reign assuredly.

"The comfort of all good subjects that may remain assured, how and whom to obey lawfully, and how to avoid all errors in disobedience, whereby civil wars may be avoided.

"And because presently it seemeth very uncomfortable to the queen's majesty to hear of this at this time, and that it is hoped that God will direct her heart to think more comfortably hereof, it may be required that her marriage may proceed with all convenient speed; and that if her majesty cannot condescend to enter into the disquisition and stablishing of the succession in this session, that yet for the satisfaction of her people she will prorogue this Parliament until another short time, within which it may be seen what God will dispose of her marriage, and then to begin her Parliament again, and to proceed in such sort as shall seem meetest then for the matter of succession, which may with more satisfaction be done to her majesty if she shall then be married."—*Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] *MS. Simancas.*

venience and danger to which she will be exposed if a successor is declared, and on the other hand her perfect security as soon as she has children of her own. She understands all this fully, and she told me three days ago that she would never consent. The Parliament she said had offered her two hundred and fifty thousand pounds as the price of her acquiescence; but she had refused to accept anything on conditions. She had requested a subsidy for the public service in Ireland and elsewhere, and it should be given freely and graciously or not at all. She says she will not yield one jot to them, let them do what they will; she means to dissemble with them and hear what they have to say, so that she may know their views, and the lady which each declares for [1]—meaning the Queen of Scots and Lady Catherine. I told her that if she would but marry, all this worry would be at an end. She assured me she would send this very week to the emperor and settle everything; and yet I learn from Sir Thomas Heneage, who is the person hitherto most concerned in the archduke affair, that she has grown much cooler about it.

"The members of the Lower House are almost all Protestants, and seeing the queen in such a rage at them, I took occasion to point out to her the true character of this new religion, which will endure no rule and will have everything at its own pleasure without regard to the sovereign authority; it was time for her to see to these things, and I bade her observe the contrast between these turbulent heretics and the quiet and obedience of her Catholic subjects. She said she could not tell what those devils were after.[2] They want liberty, madam, I replied, and if princes do not look to themselves and work in concert to put them down, they will find before long what all this is coming to.[3]

"She could not but agree with me: she attempted a defence of her own subjects, as if there was some justice in their complaints of the uncertainty of the succession; but she knows at heart what it really means, and by and by when she finds them

[1] "Por conocer las voluntades y saber la dama de cada uno."

[2] "Respondióme que no sabia que querian *estos demonios*."

[3] Elizabeth had before affected to be alarmed at the revolutionary tendencies of Protestantism. On the 15th of the preceding July, de Silva wrote—

"The queen must be growing anxious. She often says to me that she wonders at the tendency of subjects now-a-days to anarchy and revolution. I invariably reply that this is the beginning, middle, and end of the inventors of new religions. They have an eye only to their own interests; they care neither for God nor law, as they show by their works; and princes ought to take order among themselves and unite to chastise their excesses."—*MS. Simancas.*

obstinate she will understand it better. I told her before that I knew they would press her, and she would not believe me.

"Melville, the agent of the Queen of Scots, was with me yesterday. Her disagreement with her husband is doing her much mischief here; yet that queen has so much credit with the good all over the realm that the blame is chiefly laid on the Lord Darnley. I have told Melville to urge upon them the necessity of reconciliation; and I have written to the Commendador Major of Castile at Rome to speak to the pope about it, and to desire his holiness to send them his advice to the same effect. Melville tells me the lords there are working together wonderfully well. He has given this queen to understand that since she is reluctant to have the succession discussed, his mistress is so anxious to please her that she will not press for it; she will only ask that if the question is forced forward after all, she may have notice in time that she may send some one to plead in her behalf.

"This queen is full of gratitude for her forbearance; she has told her that her present resolution is to keep the matter quiet; should her endeavours be unsuccessful, however, the Queen of Scots shall have all the information and all the help which she herself can give.

"Melville learns from a private source that this queen will fail in her object. The question will be forced in the Queen of Scots' interest, and with the best intentions. Her friends are very numerous; we shall soon see how things go."

Melville's information was right. Having failed in full Parliament, Elizabeth tried next to work on the committee. The Marquis of Winchester was put forward to prevent the intended address. He brought to bear the weight of an experience which was older than the field of Bosworth; but he was listened to with impatience; not a single voice either from Peers or Commons was found to second him. Unable to do anything through others, the queen sent for the principal noblemen concerned to remonstrate with them herself in private.

The Duke of Norfolk was the first called, and rumour said, though she herself afterwards denied the words, that she called him traitor and conspirator. Leicester, Pembroke, Northampton, and Lord William Howard came next. Norfolk had complained of his treatment to Pembroke: Pembroke told her that the duke was a good friend both to the realm and to her-

self; if she would not listen to advice and do what the service of the commonwealth required, they must do it themselves.

She was too angry to argue; she told Pembroke he spoke like a foolish soldier, and knew not what he was saying. Then seeing Leicester at his side, "You, my lord," she said, "you! If all the world forsook me I thought that you would be true!"

"Madam," Leicester said, "I am ready to die at your feet!"

"What has that to do with it?" she answered.

"And you, my Lord Northampton," she went on—turning from one to the other; "you who when you had a wife of your own already could quote Scripture texts to help you to another;[1] you forsooth must meddle with marriages for me! You might employ yourself better I think."

She could make nothing of them nor they of her. Both queen and lords carried their complaints to de Silva; the lords urging him to use his influence to force her into taking the archduke; Elizabeth complaining of their insolence and especially of the ingratitude of Leicester. Her very honour she said had suffered for the favour which she had shown to Leicester; and now she would send him to his house in the country, and the archduke should have nothing to be jealous of.[2]

The committee went on with the work. On the 2nd of November the form of the address was still undetermined; they were undecided whether to insist most on the marriage, or on the nomination, or on both. In some shape or other however a petition of a serious kind would unquestionably be presented, and Elizabeth prepared to receive it with as much self-restraint as she could command. Three days later she understood that the deliberations were concluded. To have the interview over as soon as possible Elizabeth sent for the committee at once; and on the afternoon of the 5th of November, "by her highness's special commandment," twenty-five lay peers, the Bishops of Durham and London, and thirty members of the Lower House presented themselves at the palace at Westminster.

The address was read by Bacon.

After grateful acknowledgments of the general government of the queen the two Houses desired, first, to express their wish that her highness would be pleased to marry "where it should

[1] Northampton's divorce and second marriage had been one of the great scandals of the days of Edward.

[2] De Silva to Philip, November 4: *MS. Simancas.*

please her, with whom it should please her, and as soon as it should please her."

Further, as it was possible that her highness might die without children, her faithful subjects were anxious to know more particularly the future prospects of the realm. Much as they wished to see her married, the settlement of the succession was even more important, "carrying with it such necessity that without it they could not see how the safety of her royal person or the preservation of her imperial crown and realm could be or should be sufficiently and certainly provided for." "Her late illness (the queen had been unwell again), the amazedness that most men of understanding were by fruit of that sickness brought unto," and the opportunity of making a definite arrangement while Parliament was sitting, were the motives which induced them to be more urgent than they would otherwise have cared to be. History and precedent alike recommended a speedy decision. They hoped that she might live to have a child of her own; but she was mortal, and should she die before her subjects knew to whom their allegiance was due, a civil war stared them in the face. The decease of a prince leaving the realm without a government was the most frightful disaster which could befall the commonwealth; with the vacancy of the throne all writs were suspended, all commissions were void, law itself was dead. Her majesty was not ignorant of these things. If she refused to provide a remedy "it would be a dangerous burden before God upon her majesty!" They had therefore felt it to be their duty to present this address; and on their knees they implored her to consider it and to give them an answer before the session closed.[1]

Elizabeth had prepared her answer; as soon as Bacon ceased, she drew herself up and spoke as follows:—

"If the order of your cause had matched the weight of your matter, the one might well have craved reward, and the other much the sooner be satisfied. But when I call to mind how far from dutiful care, yea rather how nigh a traitorous trick this tumbling cast did spring, I muse how men of wit can so hardly use that gift they hold. I marvel not much that bridleless colts do not know their rider's hand whom bit of kingly rein did never snaffle yet. Whether it was fit that so great a cause as this should have had this beginning in such a public place as that, let it be well weighed. Must all evil bodings that might be recited be found little enough to hap to my share?

[1] Dewes' *Journals*, 8 *Elizabeth*.

Was it well meant, think you, that those that knew not how fit this matter was to be granted by the prince, would prejudicate their prince in aggravating the matter? so all their arguments tended to my careless care of this my dear realm."

So far she spoke from a form which remains in her own handwriting.[1] She continued perhaps in the same style; but her words remain only in the Spanish of de Silva.

"She was not surprised at the Commons," she said; "they had small experience and had acted like boys; but that the Lords should have gone along with them she confessed had filled her with wonder. There were some among them who had placed their swords at her disposal when her sister was on the throne, and had invited her to seize the crown;[2] she knew but too well that if she allowed a successor to be named, there would be found men who would approach him or her with the same encouragement to disturb the peace of the realm. If she pleased she could name the persons to whom she alluded. When time and circumstances would allow she would see to the matter of their petition before they asked her; she would be sorry to be forced into doing anything which in reason and justice she was bound to do; and she concluded with a request that her words should not be misinterpreted."

So long as she was speaking to the lay peers she controlled her temper; but her passion required a safety-valve, and she rarely lost an opportunity of affronting and insulting her bishops.

Turning sharp round where Grindal and Pilkington were standing—

"And you *doctors*," she said—it was her pleasure to ignore their right to a higher title;[3] "you I understand make long prayers about this business. One of you dared to say in times past that I and my sister were bastards; and you must needs be interfering in what does not concern you. Go home and amend your own lives and set an honest example in your

[1] Answer to the Parliament by the Queen; Autograph: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli. *Rolls House.*

[2] "Entre los cuales habia habido algunos que reynando su hermana le ofrecian á ella ayuda y la querian mover á que quisiese procurar en su vida la corona."—De Silva al Rey, 11 November, 1566: *MS. Simancas.* It is tolerably certain that the queen used these words. De Silva heard them first from the queen herself, and afterwards from the lords who were present.

[3] "Volviendose á los obispos que se halláron presentes á la platica, dijó, Vosotros doctores, no les llamando obispos, que haceis muchas oraciones," etc.

families. The Lords in Parliament should have taught you to know your places; but if they have forgotten their duty I will not forget mine. Did I so choose I might make the impertinence of the whole set of you an excuse to withdraw my promise to marry; but for the realm's sake I am resolved that I will marry; and I will take a husband that will not be to the taste of some of you. I have not married hitherto out of consideration for you, but it shall be done now, and you who have been so urgent with me will find the effects of it to your cost. Think you the prince who will be my consort will feel himself safe with such as you, who thus dare to thwart and cross your natural queen?"

She turned on her heel and sailed out of the hall of audience, vouchsafing no other word. At once she sent for de Silva, and after profuse thanks to himself and Philip for their long and steady kindness, swelling with anger as she was, she gave him to understand that her course was chosen at last and for ever; she would accept the archduke and would be all which Spain could desire.

Many of the peers came to her in the evening to make their excuses: they said that they had been misled by the council, who had been the most in favour of the address; and they had believed themselves to be acting as she had herself desired. The Upper House she might have succeeded in controlling; but the Commons were in a more dangerous humour. They were prepared for a storm when they commenced the debate; and they were not disposed to be lectured into submission. The next day Cecil rose in his place: the queen he said had desired him to tell them that she was displeased, first, that the succession question should have been raised in that House without her consent having been first asked; and secondly, because "by the publication abroad of the necessity of the matter," and the danger to the realm if it was left longer undecided, the responsibility of the refusal was thrown entirely upon her majesty. The "error" she was ready to believe had risen chiefly from want of thought, and she was ready to overlook it. For the matter itself her highness thought that by her promises to marry she had rather deserved thanks than to be troubled with any new petition. "The word of a prince spoken in a public place" should have been taken as seriously meant; and if her majesty had before told them that she was unwilling, they should have been more ready to believe her when she said that she had made up her mind. Time and

opportunity would prove her majesty's sincerity, and it was unkind to suppose that she would fail in producing children. Loyal subjects should hope the best. Her majesty had confidence in God's goodness; and except for the assurance that she would have an heir, she would not marry at all. On this point she required the Houses to accept her word. For the succession she was not surprised at their uneasiness; she was as conscious as they could be of the desirableness of a settlement. At the present moment, however, and in the existing state of parties in the realm the thing was impossible, and she would hear no more of it.[1]

The queen expected that after so positive a declaration she would escape further annoyance; but times were changing, and the relations with them between sovereigns and subjects. The House listened in silence, not caring to conceal its dissatisfaction. The Friday following, being the 8th of November, "Mr. Lambert began a learned oration for iteration of the suit to the queen on the succession."[2]

Whether they were terrified by the spectre of a second York and Lancaster war, or whether they were bent on making an effort for Lady Hertford before they were dissolved and another House was elected in the Scottish interest, or whether they disbelieved Elizabeth's promises to marry, notwithstanding the vehemence of her asseverations, the Commons seemed resolute at all hazards to persevere. Other speeches followed on the same side, expressing all of them the same fixed determination; and matters were now growing serious. The Spanish ambassador never lost a chance of irritating the queen against the Protestant party; and on Saturday, stimulated by de Silva's invectives, and convinced, perhaps with justice, that she was herself essentially right, Elizabeth sent down an order that the subject should be approached no further on pain of her displeasure. The same night a note was flung into the presence-chamber saying that the debate on the succession had been undertaken because the commonwealth required it, and that if the queen interfered it might be the worse for her.[3]

In the most critical period of the reign of Henry VIII.,

[1] Report made to the Commons' House by Mr. Secretary: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] *Commons' Journals.*

[3] "A noche echáron en la camera de presencia un escrito que contenia en sustancia que se habia tratado en el Parlamento de la sucesion porque convenia al bien del Reyno, y que si la Reyna no consentia que se tratase dello que veria algunas cosas que no le placerian."—De Silva to Philip, November 11: *MS. Simancas.*

speech in Parliament had been ostentatiously free; the Act of Appeals had been under discussion for two years and more, Catholic and Protestant had spoken their minds without restraint; yet among the many strained applications of the treason law no peer or commoner had been called to answer for words spoken by him in his place in the legislature. The queen's injunction of silence had poured oil into the fire, and raised a fresh and more dangerous question of privilege. As soon as the House met again on Monday morning Mr. Paul Wentworth rose to know whether such an order "was not against the liberties" of Parliament.[1] He and other members inquired whether a message sent by a public officer was authority sufficient to bind the House, or if neither the message itself nor the manner in which it was delivered was a breach of privilege, "what offence it was for any of the House to declare his opinion to be otherwise."[2] The debate lasted five hours, and (a rare if not unprecedented occurrence) was adjourned.

Elizabeth more angry than ever sent for the Speaker; she insisted "that there should be no further argument:" if any member of either House was dissatisfied he must give his opinion before the council.

The Commons having gone so far had no intention of yielding; and de Silva watched the crisis with a malicious hope of a collision between the two Houses and of both with the queen. The Lower House he said was determined to name a successor, and was all but unanimous for Lady Catherine; the Peers were as decided for the Queen of Scots.[3] A dissolution would leave the treasury without a subsidy, and could not be thought of save at the last extremity. On the return of the Speaker the Commons named a committee to draw up an answer which though in form studiously courteous was in substance as deliberately firm.[4] The finishing touch was given to it by Cecil, and the sentences added in his hand were those which insisted most on the liberty of Parliament, and most justified the attitude which the Commons had assumed.

[1] *Commons' Journals*, 8 *Elizabeth*.

[2] Note of Proceedings in Parliament, November 11: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli.

[3] "Ellos pretenden libertad de proceder á lo del nombramiento de la sucesion en la qual en la camara superior tendra mucha parti la de Escocia; se tiene por cierto y assi lo creo que Caterina tendra casi todos los de la Camara baja, y assi parece que inclina todo á emocion."—De Silva to Philip, November 13: *MS. Simancas*.

[4] Draft of an Address to the Queen, submitted to the Committee of the Commons' House: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli

After thanking the queen for her promise to marry, and assuring her that whatever she might think to the contrary they meant nothing but what became them as loyal subjects, they said that they submitted reluctantly to her resolution to postpone the settlement of the succession, *being most sorry that any manner of impediment had appeared to her majesty so great as to stay her from proceeding in the same.*"[1] They had however received a message implying "that they had deserved to be deprived, or at least sequestrated, *much to their discomfort and infamy*,[2] from their ancient and laudable custom, always from the beginning necessarily annexed to their assembly, and by her majesty *always*[3] confirmed—that is, a lawful sufferance and dutiful liberty to treat and devise matters honourable to her majesty and profitable to the realm." Before this message reached them "they had made no determination to deal in any way to her discontentation; they therefore besought her of her motherly love that they might continue in their course of duty, honouring and serving her like children, without any unnecessary, *unaccustomed*[4] or undeserved yoke of commandment; so[5] should her majesty continue the singular favour of her honour, wherein she did excel all monarchs, for ruling her subjects without misliking; and they also would enjoy the like praise above all other people for obeying without constraint—than the which no prince could desire more earthly honour, nor no people more earthly praise."

No one knew better than Elizabeth how to withdraw from an indefensible position, and words so full of firmness and dignity might perhaps have produced an effect; but before the address could be presented a fresh apple of discord was thrown into the arena.

A book had appeared in Paris, written by a refugee Scot named Patrick Adamson. The subject of it was the birth of James; and the Queen of Scots' child was described as the heir of the English throne. Copies had been scattered about London, and Elizabeth had already directed Mary Stuart's attention to the thing "as a matter strange and not to be justified."[6]

On the 21st of November, on occasion of a measure laid before

[1] The words in Italics were added by Cecil.
[2] Added in Cecil's hand.
[3] The word first written was "graciously." Cecil scratched through "graciously," as if it implied that the liberties of the House of Commons depended on the pleasure of the sovereign, and substituted "always."
[4] Cecil's hand.
[5] The conclusion is entirely Cecil's.
[6] Elizabeth to Bedford, November 13: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

the House against the introduction of seditious books from abroad, a Mr. Dalton brought forward this production of Adamson in the fiercest Protestant spirit.

"How say you," he exclaimed, "to a libel set forth in print calling the infant of Scotland Prince of England, Scotland, and Ireland? Prince of England, Scotland, and Ireland! What enemy to the peace and quietness of the realm of England—what traitor to the crown of this realm hath devised, set forth, and published this dishonour against the queen's most excellent majesty and the crown of England? Prince of England, and Queen Elizabeth as yet having no child!—Prince of England, and the Scottish queen's child!—Prince of Scotland and England, and Scotland before England! who ever heard or read that before this time? What true English heart may sustain to hear of this villainy and reproach against the queen's highness and this her realm? It is so that it hath pleased her highness at this time to bar our speech; but if our mouths shall be stopped, and in the meantime such despite shall happen and pass without revenge, it will make the heart of a true Englishman break within his breast."

"With the indignity of the matter being," as he afterwards said, "set on fire," Dalton went on to touch on dangerous matters, and entered on the forbidden subject of the Scottish title. The Speaker gently checked him, but not before he had uttered words which called out the whole sympathy of the Commons, and gave them an opportunity of showing how few friends in that House Mary Stuart as yet could count upon.[1]

The story was carried to the queen: she chose to believe that the House of Commons intended to defy her; she ordered Dalton into arrest and had him examined before the Star Chamber; she construed her own orders into a law, and seemed determined to govern the House of Commons as if it was a debating society of riotous boys.

The Commons behaved with great forbearance: they replied to the seizure of the offending member by requesting "to have leave to confer upon the liberties of the House." The original question of the succession was lost in the larger one of privilege, and the address which they had previously drawn seemed no longer distinct enough for the occasion. The council implored Elizabeth to consider what she was doing. As soon as her anger cooled she felt herself that she had gone too far, and not

[1] Mr. Dalton's Speech, according to the Report: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli.

caring to face a conference, "foreseeing that thereof must needs have ensued more inconvenience than were meet," she drew back with temper not too ruffled to save her dignity in giving way. Her intention had been to extort or demand the sanction of the House for the prosecution of Dalton. Discovering in time that if they refused she had no means of compelling them, she would not risk an open rupture. The prisoner was released "without further question or trial," and on the 25th she sent orders to the Speaker "to relieve the House of the burden of her commandment." She had been assured, she said, that they had no intention of molesting her, and that they had been "much perplexed" by the receipt of her order; "she did not mean to prejudice any part of the laudable liberties heretofore granted to them;" she would therefore content herself with their obedient behaviour, and she trusted only that if any person should begin again to discuss any particular title, the Speaker would compel him to be silent.[1]

The Commons were prudent enough to make the queen's retreat an easy one. Having succeeded in resisting a dangerous encroachment of the crown they did not press their victory. The message sent through the Speaker was received by the House "most joyfully, with most hearty prayers and thanks for the same,"[2] and with the consent of all parties the question of parliamentary privilege was allowed to drop.

Yet while ready to waive their right of discussing further the particular pretensions of the claimants of the crown, the Commons would not let the queen believe that they acquiesced in being left in uncertainty. Two months had passed since the beginning of the session, and the subsidy had not been so much as discussed. The succession quarrel had commenced with the first motion for a grant of money, and had lasted with scarcely an interval ever since.

It was evident that although Elizabeth's objection to name a successor was rested on general grounds, it applied as strongly to Lady Catherine as to the Queen of Scots, and had arisen professedly from the queen's own experience in the lifetime of her sister; yet the Commons either suspected that she was secretly working in the Scottish interest, or they thought at all events that her procrastination served only to strengthen that interest, and that Mary Stuart's friends every day grew more numerous.

[1] Note of the words of the Queen to the Speaker of the House of Commons: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli. Leicester to Cecil, November 27: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] *Commons' Journals*, 8 *Elizabeth.*

The Money Bill was reintroduced on the 27th. The House was anxious to compensate by its liberality for the trouble which it had given on other subjects, and the queen was privately informed that the grant would be made unusually large. Elizabeth, determined not to be outdone, replied that although for the public service she might require all which they were ready to offer, "she counted her subjects in respect of their hearty goodwill her best treasurers;" and "she therefore would move them to forbear at that time extending their gift as they proposed." The manner as well as the matter of the message was pointedly gracious, yet the Commons would have preferred her taking the money and listening to their opinions; and the bribe was as unsuccessful as the menace, in keeping them silent. They voted freely the sum which she would consent to take. It amounted in a rough estimate to an income tax of seven per cent. for two years; but an attempt was made to attach a preamble to the Bill which would commit the queen in accepting it to what she was straining every nerve to avoid. Referring to the promise which she had made to the committee, "the Commons humbly and earnestly besought her with the assistance of God's grace, having resolved to marry, to accelerate without more loss of time all her honourable actions tending thereto;" while "submitting themselves to the will of Almighty God, in whose hands all power and counsel did consist, they would at the same time beseech Him to give her majesty wisdom well to foresee, opportunity speedily to consult, and power with assent of the realm sufficiently to fulfil without unnecessary delay, all that should be needful to her subjects and their posterity in the stablishing the succession of the crown, first in her own person and progeny, and next in such persons as law and justice should peaceably direct—according to the answer of Moses: 'The Lord God of the spirit of all flesh set one over this great multitude which may go out and in before them, and lead them out and in, that the Lord's people may not be as sheep without a shepherd.'"[1]

The meaning of language such as this could not be mistaken All the political advantages of the Scottish succession would not compensate to "the Lord's people" for such a shepherd as the person into whose hands they seemed to be visibly drifting. It was a grave misfortune for the Protestants that they could produce no better candidate than Lady Catherine Grey, who had professed herself a Catholic when Catholicism seemed likely to serve her turn; and to whom, notwithstanding her legal claim

[1] Preamble for the Subsidy Bill: *Domestic MSS.*, vol. xli. *Rolls House.*

through the provisions of the will of Henry VIII., there were so many and so serious objections. The friends of the Queen of Scots had set in circulation a list of difficulties in the way of her acknowledgment, the weight of which fanaticism itself could not refuse to admit.[1]

[1] "Whatever be said, it is notorious that when Sir Charles Brandon married the French queen he had a wife already living.

"The Lady Katherine is therefore illegitimate.

"Even if this were not so, yet such hath been her life and behaviour, and so much hath she stained herself and her issue, as she is to be thought unworthy of the crown. For she was married, as you know, to the Lord Herbert; the marriage was performed and perfected by all necessary circumstances; there was consent of parties, consent of parents, open solemnising, continuance till lawful years of consent, and in the meantime, carnal copulation; all which, save the last, are commonly known, and the last, which might be most doubtful, is known by confession of them both. She herself hath earnestly acknowledged the same.

"A divorce was procured by the Earl of Pembroke, in Queen Mary's reign, against their wills, so that it cannot be legal.

"Afterwards, she by dalliance fell to carnal company with the Earl of Hertford, which was not descried till the bigness of her belly bewrayed her ill hap. The marriage between them was declared unlawful by the bishop who examined it.

"The mother wicked and lascivious; the issue bastarded.

"If she were next in the blood royal, her fault is so much the more to have so foully spotted the same. She can have no lawful children. Deut. xiii. 23:—It is written, 'a bastard and unlawful-born person may not bear rule in the church and commonweal:' a law devised to punish the parents for their sins, so that such a mother ought in no case to be allowed to succeed.

"Next as to King Henry's will:—

"He had not power to bequeath the crown, except so far as Parliament gave him leave; and Parliament could only give him leave so far as the power of Parliament extended. The words of the statute give him no absolute or unlimited power to appoint an unfit person to the crown, not capable of the same—as unto a Turk, an infidel, an infamous or opprobrious person, a fool or a madman.

"But again, he had power to order the succession, either by Letters Patent, or by his will, signed with his own hand.

"He has not done it by Letters Patent; of that there is no doubt.

"His will, there are witnesses sufficient, and some of them that subscribed the same testament can truly and plainly testify, that he did not subscribe.

"The stamp might be appended when the king was void of memory, or else when he was deceased, as indeed it happened, as more manifestly appeared by open declaration made in Parliament by the late Lord Paget and others, that the king did not sign it with his own hand, and as it is plain and probable enough by the pardon obtained for one William Clerke for putting the stamp to the said will after the king was departed.

"As to the enrolment in Chancery, and the evidence on the Rolls that the will was accepted and acted on, this is nothing. It was his will whether signed or not, and so far as legacies, etc., were concerned, such as he had power to make by the common law, so far it might be acted on. But in so far as the succession was concerned, it was invalid, because the form prescribed by the empowering statute, 35 Hen. VIII., had not been observed."—Answer to Mr. Hales' Book of the Succession, December, 1566: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli.

It is uncertain whether the preamble was ever forced on Elizabeth's attention. The draft of it alone remains to show what the Commons intended; and either they despaired of prevailing on the queen to accept the grant while such a prelude was linked to it, and were unwilling to embarrass the public service; or they preferred another expedient to which they trusted less objection might be raised: the preamble at all events was abandoned; they substituted for it a general expression of gratitude for the promise to marry, and sent the Bill to the Lords on the 17th of December.

Meanwhile on the 5th a measure was introduced which, if less effective in the long run for the protection of the Reformation than the declaration of a Protestant successor, would have ended at once the ambiguity of the religious position of Elizabeth. The Thirty-nine Articles, strained and cracked by three centuries of evasive ingenuity, scarcely embarrass now the feeblest of consciences. The clergyman of the nineteenth century subscribes them with such a smile as might have been worn by Samson when his Philistine mistress bound his arms with the cords and withes. In the first years of Elizabeth they were the symbols by which the orthodox Protestant was distinguished from the concealed Catholic. The liturgy with purposed ambiguity could be used by those who were Papists save in the name; the Articles affirmed the falsehood of doctrines declared by the Church to be divine, and the Catholic who signed them either passed over to the new opinions or imperilled his soul with perjury. In their anxiety for conciliation, and for the semblance of unanimity, Elizabeth's government had as yet held these formulas at arm's length: the Convocation of 1562 had reimposed them so far as their powers extended; but the decrees of Convocation were but shadows until vitalised by the legislature; and both queen and Parliament had refused to give the authority of law to a code of doctrines which might convulse the kingdom.

On the failure of the suit for the succession, a Bill was brought into the Lower House to make subscription to the Articles a condition for the tenure of benefices in the Church of England. The move was so sudden and the Commons were so swift that there was no time for resistance. It was hurried through its three readings and given to the bishops to carry through the Lords. A letter from de Silva to Philip shows the importance which both Catholic and Protestant attached to it:—

DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.

December, 1566.

"Religion is again under discussion here; these heretic bishops are urging forward their malicious pretences; they say that it is desirable for the realm to profess an uniform belief, and they desire to have their doctrine enforced by temporal penalties as soon as it has been sanctioned by Parliament.

"The Catholics are in great alarm and entreat the queen to withhold her sanction. I spent some time with her yesterday, and to bring on the subject I said that the Subsidy Bill having been passed it would be well if she let the Parliament end. The longer it lasted the more annoyance it would cause to her; and she might assure herself that these popular assemblies could not fail to produce disquiet, more particularly where the Commons had liberty of speech and were so much inclined to novelties.

"She agreed with me in this. She said the Commons had now entered upon a subject which was wholly alien to their duties; they were acting in contradiction to their late professions, and she would endeavour to send them about their business before Christmas.

"I pointed out to her the mischievous intention of the men who had brought these religious questions forward. They had no care for her or for the commonwealth and they simply meant sedition. She was at peace so far and had lived and reigned in safety all these years on the principles on which Cecil had carried on the government. If there was now to be a change, the insolence of the upholders of novelties would disturb everything. Hitherto the pope and the Catholic powers had abstained from declaring against her, in the belief that her subjects were equitably and wisely governed, and that she would allow no one to be injured or offended. Should they now see her preparing to change her course they would perhaps reconsider the situation and troubles might ensue, of which I as the minister of your majesty who so ardently desired her well-being could not but give her honest warning.

"She went into the subject at some length. She said that those who were engaged upon it had given her to understand that it was for her own good and had promised every one of them to stand by her and defend her against all her enemies.

"I told her she could not but see that these new religionists were only frightening her—in order that they might bring her to declare more decisively for them and against the Catholics. They pretended that if she separated herself from them—if she

did not yield in all points to what they wished—she would be in danger on account of the sentence which had been given at Rome in favour of Queen Catherine. I could assure her that she had but to express a desire to that effect and the pope would immediately remove the difficulty; I knew in fact that he was extremely anxious to remove it. Being her father's daughter, born in his house, having been named by him with consent of Parliament to succeed after her sister, and being queen in possession, she had nothing really to fear—she would find powerful friends everywhere.

"It was true, she admitted, that the pope had offered to reverse the sentence, but he had made it a condition that she should submit to him absolutely and unreservedly.

"If his holiness had done this, I said, he was not actuated by any covetous ambition but by the sincerest interest in herself and the realm. In the present pope she might feel the fullest confidence; and at all events there was no more reason for making innovations now than there had been at the beginning of her reign. She would do better to wait till time should enable her to see her way.

"She said that she thought as I did: she believed however that her people were afraid if she married the archduke that the old religion would be brought in again; they were pressing forward these changes as a precaution.

"A little while ago, I said, her council were most afraid that she would not marry at all.

"True, she answered; that was their fear or their pretended fear—and their present conduct showed how dishonest they had been. Marry however she would if it was only to vex them. She would have been glad, she said, had there been any one in Parliament who could have checked the Bill in its progress; if it passed the Lords she feared she would be unable to resist the pressure which would be brought to bear upon her."

Either Elizabeth feared another quarrel and distrusted her own strength, or she wished to deceive de Silva into believing her opposition to the Bill to be more sincere than it really was. The remonstrances of the Catholics however and her own better judgment prevailed at last. She collected her courage and sent a message to the Peers desiring that the Bill of Religion should go no further. The bishops were the persons in the Upper House for whom alone the question had much interest; and Elizabeth understood how to manage them. The Commons

had resisted one order—the bishops thought they could resist another. Their first impulse was to entreat the queen to reconsider her command—to let the debate go forward, and "if the Bill was found good by the Lords that she would be pleased for the glory of God to give her gracious assent to the same."[1] A petition to this effect was presented carrying the signatures of the two archbishops and thirteen bishops. The queen sent immediately for Parker and three or four more, and inquired which of them had been the first promoters of the Bill. Though it first appeared in the Lower House, she said, it must have originated with some one on the bench; and though she had no objection to the doctrine of the Articles—"for it was that which she did openly profess"—she objected seriously to sudden irregular action "without her knowledge and consent" on a question of such magnitude.

Had Elizabeth scolded in the tone usual with her toward the Church authorities she might have found them obstinate; but she spoke reasonably and they were frightened. The archbishops, though their names headed the signatures to the petition, disclaimed eagerly the responsibility of the initiation. She bade them find out by whom it had been done. The Archbishop of Canterbury reported to Cecil "that most of his brethren answered, as he had done, that they knew nothing of it." Having extracted a disavowal from the majority of the bench, Elizabeth was able to shield her objections behind their indifference; she had checkmated them and the obnoxious measure disappeared.

Thus gradually the storms of the session were blowing over. The queen seemed at last to have really resolved on marriage, and her determination gave her courage to encounter her other difficulties with an increase of firmness. She promised the advocates of the Scotch title that the will of Henry VIII. should be examined immediately on the close of the session, and that a fair legal opinion should be taken on the Queen of Scots' claims;[2] and she gave Mary Stuart a significant evidence of her goodwill in closing promptly and peremptorily a discussion which had commenced at Lincoln's Inn in the interests of the rival candidate. The lawyers disappointed of their debate in the House of Commons began it again in the Inns of Court—where there was no privilege to protect incautious speakers.

[1] Petition of the Bishops to the Queen, December, 1566: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli.

[2] De Silva to Philip, December 16: *MS. Simancas.*

Mr. Thornton, an eloquent advocate of Lady Catherine, was sent to the Tower; and even Cecil earned the thanks of the Queen of Scots by the energy with which he seconded his mistress in silencing opposition.[1]

Elizabeth herself wrote to the Queen of Scots, no longer insisting on the Treaty of Leith—no longer stipulating for embarrassing conditions. Substantially conceding all the points which were in dispute between them, she proposed that they should mutually bind themselves by a contract in which Mary

[1] On the 5th of January, Murray thanked Cecil in his own and the queen's name for "his cordial dealing." "Her majesty," wrote Maitland to him, "is very well satisfied with your behaviour. I pray you so continue, not doubting but you shall find her a thankful princess." "Melville," he added, "reports nothing but good of you, touching the repairing the injury done against my mistress at Lincoln's Inn."—*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Cecil's conduct in the succession struggle is not easy to make out. Neither memorandum nor letter of his own remain to show his real feelings; but though he might naturally have been looked for among the supporters of Lady Catherine Grey, he seems to have given thorough satisfaction to the friends of the Queen of Scots. He must have written to Maitland immediately after Elizabeth's first answer to the address of the Houses, regretting her resolution to leave the question unsettled; and he must have led Maitland to suppose that he had wished Mary Stuart to have been the person nominated; for Maitland, answering his letter on the 11th of November, gave him "hearty thanks for the pains which he had taken in the busy matter which he had had in hand," and then went on more pointedly—

"I look not in my time to see the matter in any perfection, for I think it is not the pleasure of God to have the subjects of this isle thoroughly settled in their judgment; for which cause he doth keep things most necessary undetermined, so as they shall always have somewhat wherewith to be exercised. The experience I have had of late in my own person makes me the less to marvel when I hear your doings are misconstrued by backbiters. Whosoever will meddle with public affairs and princes must be content to bear that burden. I never doubted the sincerity of your intentions, and I doubt not time shall convince those that think the contrary even in their own conscience, whenas themselves shall be content to justify your councils, which now are ignorant to what scope they are directed."

On the 17th of November, Mary Stuart herself wrote to Cecil, saying "that the bruits were passed which reported him to be a hinderer to her advancement, and that she knew him to be a wise man."

On the 18th Murray wrote that "he had always found Cecil most earnest to produce good feeling and a sound understanding between England and Scotland, and between the two queens: and so," he said, "my trust is that ye will continue favourable to the end in all her highness's affairs, which for my own part I will most earnestly crave of you, being most assured there is no daughter in the isle doth more reverence her natural mother nor my sovereign the queen your mistress. Nor sure I am can she be induced by any means to seek or procure that which may in any sort offend her majesty."—*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

It is possible that even Cecil's vigilance had been laid asleep by the submissive attitude which the Queen of Scots had assumed towards Elizabeth, and by the seeming restoration of Murray to her confidence.

Stuart should undertake to do nothing against Elizabeth during the lifetime of herself or her children; while Elizabeth would "engage never to do or suffer anything to be done to the prejudice of the Queen of Scots' title and interest as her next cousin."[1]

The Queen of Scots declared herself, in reply, assured of Elizabeth's "good mind and entire affection" towards her; "she did not doubt that in time her sister would proceed to the perfecting and consideration of that which she had begun to utter, as well to her own people as to other nations—the opinion which her sister had of the equity of her cause;" and she promised to send a commission to London to settle the terms in which the contract "might pass orderly to both their contentments."[2]

Thus the struggle was over; though unrecognised by a formal Act of Parliament Mary Stuart had won the day and was virtually regarded as the heir presumptive to the English throne. Elizabeth's own wishes had pointed throughout to this conclusion, if the Queen of Scots would consent to seek her object in any other capacity than as the representative of a revolution. The reconciliation of the two factions in Scotland and the restoration of Murray and Maitland to confidence and authority were accepted as an indication of a changed purpose; and harassed by her subjects, goaded into a marriage which she detested, and exhausted by a struggle which threatened a dangerous breach between herself and the nation, Elizabeth closed the long chapter of distrust, and yielded or prepared to yield all that was demanded of her.

Having thus made up her mind she resolved to break up the Parliament and to punish the refractory House of Commons by a dissolution. After another election the Puritans would be in a minority. The succession could be legally established without division or quarrel, guarded by such moderate guarantees as might secure the mutual toleration of the two creeds.

For the first time in parliamentary history a session had been wasted in barren disputes. On the 2nd of January between two and three in the afternoon the queen appeared in the House of Lords to bring it to an end. The Commons were called to the bar; the Speaker, Mr. Onslow, read a complimentary address, in which he described the English nation as

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, December, 1566: *MS. Rolls House.*
[2] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, January 3, 1567: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

happy in a sovereign who understood her duties, who prevented her subjects from injuring one another, and knew "how to make quiet among the ministers of religion." He touched on the many excellencies of the constitution, and finally with some imprudence ventured an allusion to the restrictions on the royal authority.

"There be," he said, "for the prince provided princely prerogatives and royalties, yet not such as the prince can take money or other things or do as she will at her own pleasure without order; but quietly to suffer her subjects to enjoy their own without wrongful oppression; whereas other princes by their liberty do take as pleaseth them."

"Your majesty," he went on turning to Elizabeth, "has not attempted to make laws contrary to order but orderly has called this Parliament, which perceived certain wants and thereunto have put their helping hands, and for help of evil manners good laws are brought forth."

Then going to the sorest of all sore and wounding subjects he concluded, "we give hearty thanks to God for that your highness has signified your pleasure of your inclination to marriage, which afore you were not given unto; which is done for our safeguard that when God shall call you you may leave of your own body to succeed you. Therefore God grant us that you will shortly embrace the holy state of matrimony when and with whom God shall appoint and shall best like your majesty."

Elizabeth's humour, none the happiest at the commencement, was not improved by this fresh chafing of her galled side. She had come prepared to lecture others, not to listen to a homily. She beckoned Bacon to her and spoke a few words to him. He then rose and said that the general parts of the speaker's address her majesty liked well, and therefore he need not touch on them; on the latter and more particular expressions used in it a few words were necessary.

"Politic orders," he said, "be the rules of all good acts, and touching them that you have made to the overthrowing of good laws" (your Bill of Religion, with which you meant to tyrannise over conscience), "these deserve reproof as well as the others deserve praise. In which like cause you err in bringing her majesty's prerogative into question, and for that thing wherein she meant not to hurt any of your liberties. Her majesty's nature, however, is mild; she will not be austere; and therefore, though at this time she suffer you all to depart quietly into your

counties for your amendment, yet as it is needful she hopeth the offenders will hereafter use themselves well."

The Acts of the session were then read out and received the royal assent; all seemed over, and it was by this time dusk; when Elizabeth herself in the uncertain light rose from the throne, stood forward in her robes and spoke.

"My Lords and other Commons of this assembly: although the lord keeper hath according to order very well answered in my name, yet as a periphrasis I have a few words further to speak unto you, notwithstanding I have not been used nor love to do it in such open assemblies. Yet now, not to the end to amend his talk, but remembering that commonly princes' own words are better printed in the hearers' memory than those spoken by her command, I mean to say thus much unto you.

"I have in this assembly found such dissimulation where I always professed plainness, that I marvel thereat; yea two faces under one hood, and the body rotten, being covered with the two visors succession and liberty—which they determined must be either presently granted, denied, or deferred; in granting whereof they had their desire; and denying or deferring thereof, those things being so plaudable as indeed to all men they are, they thought to work me that mischief which never foreign enemy could bring to pass—which is the hatred of my Commons.

"But alas! they began to pierce the vessel before the wine was fined, and began a thing not foreseeing the end, how by this means I have seen my well-willers from my enemies, and can as meseemeth very well divide the House into four:—

"1. The broachers and workers thereof, who are in the greatest fault.

"2. The speakers who by eloquent tales persuaded the rest are next in degree.

"3. The agreers who being so light of credit that the eloquence of those tales so overcame them that they gave more credit thereunto than unto their own wits.

"4. Those that sat still and mute and meddled not therewith, bur rather wondered disallowing the matter; who in my opinion are most to be excused.

"But do you think that either I am so unmindful of your surety by succession wherein is all my care, considering I know myself to be but mortal? No, I warrant you. Or that I went about to break your liberties? No, it never was in my meaning; but to stay you before you fell into the ditch. For all things have their time; and although perhaps you may have after me

a better-learned or wiser, yet I assure you, none more careful over you; and therefore henceforth, whether I live to see the like assembly or no, or whoever it be, yet beware how you prove your prince's patience as you have now done mine.

"And now to conclude all this; notwithstanding, not meaning to make a Lent of Christmas, the most part of you may assure yourselves that you depart in your prince's grace.

"My lord keeper, you will do as I bid you."

Again Bacon rose and in a loud voice said, "The queen's majesty doth dissolve this Parliament. Let every man depart at his pleasure."

Elizabeth swept away in the gloom, passed to her barge, and returned to the palace. The Lords and Commons scattered through the English counties, and five years went by before another Parliament met again at Westminster in a changed world.

On that evening the immediate prospect before England was the queen's marriage with an Austrian Catholic prince, the recognition more or less distant of the Catholic Mary Stuart as heir presumptive, the establishment with the support and sanction of the Catholic powers of some moderate form of government, under which the Catholic worship would be first tolerated and then creep on towards ascendancy. It might have ended, had Elizabeth been strong enough, in broad intellectual freedom; more likely it would have ended in the reappearance of the Marian fanaticism, to be encountered by passions as fierce and irrational as itself; and to the probable issue of that conflict conjecture fails to penetrate.

But the era of toleration was yet centuries distant; and the day of the Roman persecutors was gone never more to reappear. Six weeks later a powder barrel exploded in a house in Edinburgh, and when the smoke cleared away the prospects of the Catholics in England were scattered to all the winds.

The murder of Henry Stuart Lord Darnley is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history. In itself the death of a single boy, prince or king though he might be, had little in it to startle the hard world of the sixteenth century. Even before the folly and falsehood by which Mary Stuart's husband had earned the hatred of the Scotch nobility, it had been foreseen that such a frail and giddy summer pleasure-boat would be soon wrecked in those stormy waters. Had Darnley been stabbed in a scuffle or helped to death by a dose of arsenic in his bed, the fair fame of the

Queen of Scots would have suffered little, and the tongues that dared to mutter would have been easily silenced. But conspiracies in Scotland were never managed with the skilful villainy of the Continent; and when some conspicuous person was to be removed out of the way, the instruments of the deed were either fanatic religionists who looked on themselves as the servants of God, or else they had been wrought up to the murder point by some personal passion which was not contented with the death of its victim, and required a fuller satisfaction in the picturesqueness of dramatic revenge. The circumstances under which the obstacle to Mary Stuart's peace was disposed of challenged the attention of the whole civilised world, and no after efforts availed in court, creed, or nation to hide the memory of the scenes which were revealed in that sudden lightning flash.

The disorders of the Scots upon the border had long been a subject of remonstrance from the English government. The Queen of Scots, while the Parliament was sitting at Westminster, desired to give some public proof of her wish to conciliate; and after the strange appearance of Darnley in September at the council at Edinburgh, she proposed to go in person to Jedburgh and hear the complaints of Elizabeth's wardens. The Earl of Bothwell had taken command of the North Marches: he had gone down to prepare the way for the queen's appearance, and on her arrival she was greeted with the news that he had been shot through the thigh in a scuffle and was lying wounded in Hermitage Castle. The earl had been her companion throughout the summer; her relations with him at this time—whether innocent or not—were of the closest intimacy; and she had taken into her household a certain Lady Reres, who had once been his mistress.

She heard of his wound with the most alarmed anxiety: on every ground she could ill afford to lose him;[1] and careless at all times of bodily fatigue or danger, she rode on the 15th of October twenty-five miles over the moors to see him. The earl's state proved to be more painful than dangerous, and after remaining two hours at his bedside she returned the same day to Jedburgh. She had not been well: "thought and displeasure," which as she herself told Maitland,[2] "had their root in the king," had already affected both her health and spirits. The long ride, the night air, and "the great distress of her mind

[1] "Ce ne luy eust pas esté peu de perte de le perdre!" were the unsuspicious words of du Croq on the 17th of October.—TEULET, vol. ii. p. 289.
[2] Maitland to the Archbishop of Glasgow: *Printed in* KEITH.

for the earl," proved too much for her; and though she sat her horse till her journey's end she fainted when she was lifted from the saddle, and remained two hours unconscious. Delirium followed with violent fever, and in this condition she continued for a week. She was frequently insensible: food refused to remain upon her stomach; yet for the first few days there seemed to be "no tokens of death;" she slept tolerably, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 22nd and 23rd, she was thought to be improving. An express had been sent to Glasgow for Darnley, but he did not appear. On Friday, the 25th, there was a relapse; shiverings came on, the body grew rigid, the eyes were closed, the mouth set and motionless; she lost consciousness so entirely that she was supposed to be dying or dead; and in the expectation of an immediate end a menacing order to keep the peace was sent out by Murray, Maitland, Huntly, and the other lords who were in attendance on her.

The physician, "Master Naw," however, "a perfyt man of his craft," "would not give the matter over." He restored the circulation by chafing the limbs; the queen came to herself at last, broke into a profuse perspiration, and fell into a natural sleep. When she awoke, the fever was gone, but her strength was prostrated. For the few next days she still believed herself in danger, and with the outward signs, and so far as could be seen with the inward spirit of Catholic piety, she prepared to meet what might be coming upon her. The Bishop of Ross was ever on his knees at her bed-side; and courageous always, she professed herself ready to die if so it was to be. She recommended the prince to the lords; through Murray she bequeathed the care of him to Elizabeth—through du Croq to the King of France and Catherine de Medici—and for Scotland she implored them all as her last request "to trouble no man in his conscience that professed the Catholic faith," in which she herself had been brought up and was ready to die.

How much of all this was real, how much theatrical, it is needless to inquire; the most ardent admirer of Mary Stuart will not claim for her a character of piety, in any sense of the word which connects it with the moral law; those who regard her with most suspicion will not refuse her the credit of devotion to the Catholic cause.

In a week all alarm was at an end. At length, but so late that his appearance was an affront, Darnley arrived: he was received with coldness; but for the interposition of Murray he would not have been allowed to remain a single night, and the next

morning he was dismissed to return to his father. In unhappy contrast the Earl of Bothwell was brought as soon as he could be moved to Jedburgh; and on the 10th of November the court broke up, and proceeded by slow journeys towards Edinburgh for the prince's baptism. At Kelso the queen found a letter from her husband. It seems that he had been again writing in complaint of her to the pope and the Catholic powers.[1] He was probably no less unwise in the words which he used to herself; and she exclaimed passionately in Murray's and Maitland's presence "that unless she was freed of him in some way she had no pleasure to live, and if she could find no other remedy she would put hand to it herself."[2]

Leaving Kelso and skirting the border, she looked from Halydon Hill over Berwick and the English lines, and that fair vision of the future where Darnley was the single darkening image. A train of knights and gentlemen came out to do her homage and attend her to Ayemouth; the Berwick batteries as she went by saluted the heiress of the English crown; all through Northumberland, through Yorkshire, to the very gates of London, had she cared to visit Elizabeth, Mary Stuart would have been then received with all but regal honours. The Earl of Bedford—of all English nobles the most determined of her opponents—was preparing to be present at the approaching baptism to make his peace as Elizabeth's representative. From Dunbar she wrote to Cecil and the rest of the council as to "her good friends," to whom she committed the care of "her cause." From thence she passed on to Craigmillar[3] to recruit her strength in the keen breezy air.

Some heavy weight still hung upon her spirits: her brilliant prospects failed to cheer her. "The queen is at Craigmillar," wrote du Croq at the end of November; "she is still sick, and I believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow: nor can she, it seems, forget the same; again and again she says she wishes she were dead."[4]

To the lords who had attended her to Dalkeith the cause of her trouble was but too notorious. Instead of listening to her entreaties to relieve her of her husband, the pope had probably

[1] De Silva in a letter, late in the winter, to Philip, spoke of writing to the Queen of Scots—"A cerca del mal oficio que su marido habia hecho contra ella con V. Md. y con el Papa y Principes en lo de su religion."—*MS. Simancas.*

[3] CALDERWOOD.

[2] Three miles south of Edinburgh, on the road to Dalkeith.

[4] Du Croq to the Archbishop of Glasgow: KEITH.

followed the advice of de Silva, and had urged her to be reconciled to him: at any rate she must have known the anxiety of her English friends, and must have felt more wearily than ever the burden of the chain with which she had bound herself. Bothwell, Murray, Maitland, and Huntly continued at her side, and at Craigmillar they were joined by Argyle.

The lords and gentlemen who had been concerned in Ritzio's murder had by this time most of them received their pardon; but the queen had still found herself unable to forgive Morton who, with Lindsay, young Ruthven, and Ker, was still in exile in England. Their friends had never ceased to intercede for them. One morning while Argyle was still in bed, Murray and Maitland came to his room; and Maitland beginning upon the subject, said that the "best way to obtain Morton's pardon was to promise the queen to find means to divorce her from her husband."

Argyle said he did not know how it could be done.

"My lord," said Maitland, "care you not for that, we shall find the means to make her quit of him well enough, if you and Lord Huntly will look on and not take offence."

Scotland was still entangled in the Canon Law, and some trick could be made available if the nobles agreed to allow it. Huntly entered as the others were talking. They offered him the restoration of the Gordon estates if he would consent to Morton's return: he took the price and agreed with the rest to forward the divorce.

The four noblemen then went together to Bothwell, who professed equal readiness; he accompanied them to the queen; and Maitland in the name of the rest undertook to deliver her from Darnley on condition that she pardoned Morton and his companions.

Mary Stuart was craving for release: she said generally that she would do what they required; but embarrassed as she was by her connection with Rome she was unable to understand how a divorce could be managed, or how if they succeeded they could save the legitimacy of her child. So obvious a difficulty could not have been unforeseen. Under the old law of the Church the dissolution of marriage was so frequent and facile, that by a kind of tacit agreement children born from connections assumed at the time to be lawful were, like Mary and Elizabeth of England, allowed to pass as legitimate, and to succeed to their fathers' estates. The Earl of Angus and Queen Margaret were divorced, yet the English council had tried in vain to fix a stigma on the birth of Lady Lennox. Archbishop Parker more recently had

divorced Hertford and Lady Catherine Grey, yet their son was still the favourite for the succession of the English Protestants. Bothwell was ready with an instance from his own experience. The marriage between his own father and mother had been declared invalid, yet he had inherited the earldom without challenge.

The interests which depended on the young Prince of Scotland however were too vast to be lightly put in hazard; there was another and a shorter road out of the difficulty.

"Madam," said Maitland, "we are here the chief of your grace's council and nobility; we shall find the means that your majesty shall be quit of your husband without prejudice of your son, and albeit that my Lord of Murray here present be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing to the same."

The words were scarcely ambiguous, yet Murray said nothing. Such subjects are not usually discussed in too loud a tone, and he may not have heard them distinctly. He himself swore afterwards "that if any man said he was present when purposes were held in his audience tending to any unlawful or dishonourable end he spoke wickedly and untruly." [1]

But Mary herself—how did she receive the dark suggestion? This part of the story rests on the evidence of her own friends, and was drawn up in her excuse and defence. According to Argyle and Huntly she said she "would do nothing to touch her honour and conscience;" "they had better leave it alone;" "meaning to do her good it might turn to her hurt and displeasure." [2]

She may be credited with having refused her consent to the proposals then made to her; and yet that such a conversation should have passed in her presence (of the truth of the main features of it there is no room for doubt) were serious and significant. The secret was ill kept: it reached the ears of the Spanish ambassador, who though he could not believe it true wrote an account of it to Philip.[3] The queen was perhaps

[1] Reply of Murray to the declarations of the Earls of Huntly and Argyle: KEITH.

[2] Declarations of Huntly and Argyle: KEITH.

[3] "Habia entendido que viendo algunos el desgusto que habia entre estos Reyes, habian ofrecido á la Reyna de hacer algo contra su marido, y que ella no habia venido en ello. Aunque tuve este aviso de buena parte, parecióme cosa que no se debia creer que se hubiese tratado con la Reyna semejante platica."—De Silva to Philip, January 18: *MS. Simancas.*

serious in her reluctance; perhaps she desired not to know what was intended till the deed was done.

> "This they should have done,
> And not have spoken of it. In her 'twas villainy;
> In them it had been good service."

Those among the lords at all events who were most in Mary Stuart's confidence concluded that if they went their own way they had nothing to fear from her resentment. Four of the party present—Argyle, Huntly, Maitland, and Bothwell, with a cousin of Bothwell, Sir James Balfour—signed a bond immediately afterwards, while the court was still at Craigmillar, to the following purpose:—

"That for sae meikle as it was thought expedient and profitable for the commonweal, by the nobility and lords underwritten, that sic an young fool and proud tyran (as the king) should not bear rule of them—for divers causes therefore they all had concluded that he should be put forth by one way or other—and whosoever should take the deed in hand or do it, they should defend and fortify it, for it should be by every one of them reckoned and holden done by themselves."[1]

The curtain which was thus for a moment drawn aside again closes. The queen went in the first week of December to Stirling, where Darnley was allowed to join her; and the English Catholics, who had been alarmed at the rumours which had gone abroad, flattered themselves into a hope that all would again go well. The king would make amends for the past by affection and submission; Mary Stuart would in time obliterate the painful feelings which her neglect of him had aroused.[2]

A few days after, the Earl of Bedford arrived from England; the Parliament was then approaching its conclusion; the storm had subsided, and Elizabeth, free to act for herself, had commissioned Bedford to tell the Queen of Scots that her claims should be investigated as soon as possible, and "should receive as much favour as she could desire to her contentation."[3] The ambassador had brought with him a magnificent font of gold weighing 330 ozs. as a splendid present to the heir of the English

[1] Ormeston's confession: PITCAIRN'S *Criminal Trials of Scotland.*

[2] "El Rey de Escocia ha ya viente dias que esta con la Reyna, y comen juntos; y aunque parece que no perderá tan presto del todo el desgusto del Rey por las cosas pasadas, todavia piensa que el tiempo, y estar juntos, y el Rey determinado de complacerle, hará mucho en la buena reconciliacion."—De Silva to Philip, December 18: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] Instructions to the Earl of Bedford going to Scotland: KEITH.

throne. The prince, who was to have been dipped in it at his baptism, had grown too large by the delay of the ceremony; but Elizabeth suggested that it might be used for "the next child."[1]

The time had been when these things would have satisfied Mary Stuart's utmost hopes, and have filled her with exultation. Her thoughts, interests, and anxieties were now otherwise occupied. On the 15th, at five in the evening the prince was baptised by torch-light in Stirling Chapel; the service was that of the Catholic Church; the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the most abandoned of all Episcopal scoundrels, officiated, supported by three of his brethren. The French ambassador carried the child into the aisle; the Countess of Argyle, the same who had been present at Ritzio's murder, held him at the font as Elizabeth's representative; and three of the Scottish noblemen—Eglinton, Athol, and Ross—were present at the ceremony. The rest, with the English ambassador, stood outside the door. It boded ill for the supposed reconciliation that the prince's father, though in the castle at the time, remained in his own room, either still brooding over his wrongs and afraid that some insult should be passed upon him, or else forbidden by the queen to appear.

As soon as the baptism was over the suit for the restoration of Morton was continued: Bedford added his intercession to that of Murray; Bothwell, Athol, and all the other noblemen joined in the entreaty; and on the 24th the queen with some affectation of reluctance gave way. George Douglas, who had been the first to strike Ritzio, and Faldonside, who had held a pistol to her breast, were alone excepted from a general and final pardon.[2]

Under any circumstances it could only have been with terror that Darnley could have encountered Morton and young Ruthven; but the conversation at Craigmillar which had stolen into England, had been carried equally to his own ear. He knew that the pardon of Ritzio's murderers had been connected with his own destruction; and a whisper had reached him also of the bond which, though unsigned by the queen, had been "drawn by her own device."[3] So long as Morton remained in exile he could hope that the conspiracy against him was incomplete. The proclamation of the pardon was his death-knell,

[1] Instructions to the Earl of Bedford going to Scotland: KEITH.
[2] Bedford to Cecil, December 30: *Scotch MS. Rolls House.*
[3] Deposition of Thomas Crawford: *MS.* Ibid.

and the same night, swiftly, "without word spoken or leave taken, he stole away from Stirling and fled to his father."

That at such a crisis he should have been attacked by a sudden and dangerous illness was to say the least of it a singular coincidence. A few miles from the castle blue spots broke out over his body, and he was carried into Glasgow languid and drooping, with a disease which the court and the friends of the court were pleased to call small-pox.

There for a time he lay, his father absent, himself hanging between life and death, attended only by a few faithful servants, while the queen with recovered health and spirits spent her Christmas with Bothwell at Drummond Castle and Tullibardine, waiting the issue of the disease.

Unfortunately for all parties concerned, the king after a few days was reported to be slowly recovering. Either the natural disorder was too weak to kill him, or the poison had failed of its work. The queen returned to Stirling: the favourite rode south to receive the exiles on their way back from England. "In the yard of the hostelry of Whittingham," Bothwell and Morton met; and Morton, long after—on the eve of his own execution, when to speak the truth might do him service where he was going, and could do him no hurt in this world—thus described what passed between them:—

"The Earl of Bothwell," said Morton, "proposed to me the purpose of the king's murder, seeing that it was the queen's mind that he should be taken away, because she blamed the king of Davie's slaughter more than me."

Morton "but newly come from one trouble, said that he was in no haste to enter into a new," and required to be assured that the queen indeed desired it.

Bothwell said "he knew what was in the queen's mind, and she would have it done."

"Bring me the queen's hand for a warrant," Morton said that he replied, "and then I will answer you." [1]

Rash and careless as Mary Stuart's passion made her, she was not so blind to prudence as to commit her signature as her husband had done. Bothwell promised that he would produce an order from her, but it never came, and Morton was saved from further share in the conspiracy.

On the 14th of January the queen brought the prince to Edinburgh; on the 20th she wrote a letter to the Archbishop

[1] The Earl of Morton's confession: *Illustrations of Scottish History*, p. 494.

of Glasgow at Paris complaining of her husband's behaviour to her, while the poor wretch was still lying on his sick bed;[1] and about the same time she was rejoined by Bothwell on his return from the border. So far the story can be traced with confidence. At this point her conduct passes into the debateable land, where her friends meet those who condemn with charges of falsehood and forgery. The evidence is neither conflicting nor insufficient: the dying depositions of the instruments of the crime taken on the steps of the scaffold, the "undesigned coincidences" between the stories of many separate witnesses, with letters which after the keenest inquiry were declared to be in her own handwriting, shed a light upon her proceedings as full as it is startling; but the later sufferings of Mary Stuart have surrounded her name with an atmosphere of tenderness, and half the world has preferred to believe that she was the innocent victim of a hideous conspiracy.

The so-called certainties of history are but probabilities in varying degrees; and when witnesses no longer survive to be cross-questioned, those readers and writers who judge of truth by their emotions can believe what they please. To assert that documents were forged, or that witnesses were tampered with, costs them no effort; they are spared the trouble of reflection by the ready-made assurance of their feelings.

The historian who is without confidence in these easy criteria of certainty can but try his evidence by such means as remain. He examines what is doubtful by the light of what is established, and offers at last the conclusions at which his own mind has arrived, not as the demonstrated facts either of logic or passion, but as something which after a survey of the whole case appears to him to be nearest to the truth.[2]

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, January 20: KEITH.

[2] The story in the text is taken from the depositions in ANDERSON and PITCAIRN; from the deposition of Crawford, in the Rolls House; and from the celebrated casket letters of Mary Stuart to Bothwell. The authenticity of these letters will be discussed in Chapter XVI. in connection with their discovery, and with the examination of them which then took place. Meantime I shall assume the genuineness of documents, which, without turning history into a mere creation of imaginative sympathies, I do not feel at liberty to doubt. They come to us after having passed the keenest scrutiny both in England and Scotland. The handwriting was found to resemble so exactly that of the queen that the most accomplished expert could detect no difference. One of the letters could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare; and that one once accomplished, would have been so overpoweringly sufficient for its purpose that no forger would have multiplied the chances of detection by adding the rest. The inquiry at the time appears to me to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures. The English council, among

The queen then, after writing the letter of complaint against her husband to the Archbishop of Glasgow, suddenly determined to visit his sick bed. On Thursday the 23rd of January she set out to Glasgow attended by her lover. They spent the night at Callendar together.[1] In the morning they parted; the earl returned to Edinburgh; Mary Stuart pursued her journey attended by Bothwell's French servant Paris, through whom they had arranged to communicate.

The news that she was on her way to Glasgow anticipated her appearance there. Darnley was confined to his bed; Lennox, who suspected mischief, when he heard that she was coming, sent a gentleman, named Crawford, a noble, fearless kind of person, to apologise for his inability to meet her. It seems that after hearing of the bond at Craigmillar Darnley had written some letter to her, the inconvenient truths of which had been irritating; and she had used certain bitter expressions about him which had been carried to his ears. Both father and son believed that she intended to be revenged; and Crawford when he gave his message did not hide from her that his master was afraid of her.

"There is no remedy against fear," the queen said shortly.

"Madam," Crawford answered, "I know so far of my master that he desires nothing more than that the secrets of every creature's heart were writ in their faces."[2]

Crawford's suspicions were too evident to be concealed. The queen did not like them; she asked sharply if he had more to say; and when he said he had discharged his commission, she bade him "hold his peace."

Lord Darnley had made some use of his illness; as he lay between life and death he had come to understand that he had been a fool, and for the first time in his life had been thinking seriously. When the queen entered his room she found him lying on his couch, weak and unable to move. Her first question was about his letter; it was not her cue to irritate him, and she seemed to expostulate on the credulity with which he had listened to calumnies against her. He excused himself faintly.

whom were many friends of Mary Stuart, had the French originals before them, while we have only translations, or translations of translations.

[1] "When Bothwell was conducting the queen to Glasgow, where she was going to the king, at Callendar after supper, late, Lady Reres came to Bothwell's room, and seeing me there, said, 'What does M. Paris here?' 'It is all the same,' said he, 'Paris will say nothing.' And thereupon she took him to the queen's room."—Examination of French Paris: Anderson's *Collection*. Paris was Bothwell's servant.

[2] Crawford's deposition: *MS. Rolls House.*

She allowed her manner to relax, and she inquired about the cause of his illness.

A soft word unlocked at once the sluices of Darnley's heart; his passion gushed out uncontrolled, and with a wild appeal he threw himself on his wife's forgiveness.

"You are the cause of it," he said; "it comes only from you who will not pardon my faults when I am sorry for them. I have done wrong, I confess it; but others besides me have done wrong, and you have forgiven them, and I am but young. You have forgiven me often you may say; but may not a man of my age for want of counsel, of which I am very destitute, fall twice or thrice and yet repent and learn from experience? Whatever I have done wrong forgive me; I will do so no more. Take me back to you; let me be your husband again or may I never rise from this bed. Say that it shall be so," he went on with wild eagerness; "God knows I am punished for making my god of you—for having no thought but of you." [1]

He was flinging himself into her arms as readily as she could hope or desire; but she was afraid of exciting his suspicions by being too complaisant. She answered kindly that she was sorry to see him so unwell; and she asked him again why he had thought of leaving the country.

He said that "he had never really meant to leave it; yet had it been so there was reason enough; she knew how he had been used."

She went back to the bond of Craigmillar. It was necessary for her to learn who had betrayed the secret and how much of it was known.

Weak and facile as usual Darnley gave up the name of his informant; it was the Laird of Minto; and then he said that "he could not believe that she who was his own proper flesh would do him harm;" "if any other would do it," he added with something of his old bravado, "they should buy him dear unless they took him sleeping."

Her part was difficult to act. As she seemed so kind he begged that she would give him his food; he even wished to kiss her, and his breath after his illness was not pleasant. "It almost killed me," she wrote to Bothwell, "though I sate as far from him as the bed would allow: he is more gay than ever you saw him; in fact he makes love to me, of the which I take so great

[1] Crawford's deposition. The conversation, as related by Darnley to Crawford, tallies exactly with that given by Mary herself to Bothwell in the casket letters.

pleasure that I enter never where he is but incontinent I take the sickness of my sore side which I am so troubled with." [1]

When she attempted to leave the room he implored her to stay with him. He had been told, he said, that she had brought a litter with her; did she mean to take him away?

She said she thought the air of Craigmillar would do him good; and as he could not sit on horseback she had contrived a means by which he could be carried.

The name of Craigmillar had an ominous sound. The words were kind, but there was perhaps some odd glitter of the eyes not wholly satisfactory.

He answered that if she would promise him on her honour to live with him as his wife and not to leave him any more he would go with her to the world's end, and care for nothing; if not he would stay where he was.

It was for that purpose, she said tenderly, that she had come to Glasgow; the separation had injured both of them, and it was time that it should end; "and so she granted his desire and promised it should be as he had spoken, and thereupon gave him her hand and faith of her body that she would love him and use him as her husband;" she would wait only till his health was restored; he should use cold baths at Craigmillar, and then all should be well.

Again she returned to his letter; she was still uneasy about his knowledge of the bond, and she asked whether he had any particular fear of either of the noblemen. He had injured Maitland most, and he shivered when she named him. He felt but too surely with what indifference Maitland would set his heel on such a worm as he was.

She spoke of Lady Reres, Bothwell's evil friend. Darnley knew what that woman had been and suspected what she might be. He said he liked her not, and wished to God she might serve the queen to her honour; but he would believe her promise, he would do all that she would have him do, and would love all that she loved.

She had gained her point; he would go with her, and that was all she wanted. A slight cloud rose between them before she left the room. He was impatient at her going, and complained that she would not stay with him: she on her part said that he must keep her promise secret; the lords would be suspicious of their agreement, and must not know of it.

He did not like the mention of the lords; the lords, he said,

[1] Mary Stuart to Bothwell: Anderson's *Collection*.

had no right to interfere; he would never excite the lords against her, and she, he trusted, would not again make a party against him.

She said that their past disagreements had been no fault of hers. He and he alone was to blame for all that had gone wrong.

With these words she left him. Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely perhaps on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player. But the game was a difficult one; she had still some natural compunction, and the performance was not quite perfect.

Darnley, perplexed between hope and fear, affection and misgiving, sent for Crawford. He related the conversation which had passed, so far as he could recollect it, word for word, and asked him what he thought.

Crawford, unblinded by passion, answered at once "that he liked it not;" if the queen wished to have him living with her, why did she not take him to Holyrood? Craigmillar—a remote and lonely country house—was no proper place for him; if he went with her he would go rather as her prisoner than her husband.

Darnley answered that he thought little less himself; he had but her promise to trust to, and he feared what she might mean; he had resolved to go however; "he would trust himself in her hands though she should cut his throat."[1]

And Mary, what was her occupation after parting thus from her husband? Late into the night she sat writing an account of that day's business to her lover, "with whom," as she said, "she had left her heart." She told him of her meeting with Crawford, and of her coming to the king; she related with but slight verbal variations Darnley's passionate appeal to her, as Darnley himself had told it to his friend.

"I pretend," she wrote, "that I believe what he says; you never saw him better or heard him speak more humbly. If I did not know his heart was wax, and mine a diamond whereinto no shot can enter but that which comes from your hand, I could almost have had pity on him; but fear not, the plan shall hold to the death."

If Mary Stuart was troubled with a husband, Bothwell was inconvenienced equally with a wife.

"Remember in return," she continued, "that you suffer not yourself to be won by that false mistress of yours, who will travel no less with you for the same; I believe they learnt their lesson

[1] Crawford's deposition: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

together. He has ever a tear in his eye. He desires I should feed him with my own hands. I am doing what I hate. Would you not laugh to see me lie so well and dissemble so well, and tell truth betwixt my hands? We are coupled with two bad companions. The devil sunder us and God knit us together to be the most faithful couple that ever he united. This is my faith—I will die in it. I am writing to you while the rest are sleeping, since I cannot sleep as they do, and as I would desire —that is in your arms, my dear love; whom I pray God preserve from all evil and send you repose."

Without much moral scrupulousness about her, Mary Stuart had still feelings which answer to a loose man's "sense of honour."

"I must go forward," she said, "with my odious purpose. You make me dissemble so far that I abhor it, and you cause me to do the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey you I had rather die than do it; my heart bleeds at it. He will not come with me except I promise him that I shall be with him as before, and doing this he will do all I please and come with me. To make him trust me I had to fence in some things with him; so when he asked that when he was well we should both have but one bed, I said that if he changed not purpose between now and then it should be so; but in the meantime I bade him take care that he let nobody know of it, because the lords would fear if we agreed together, he would make them feel the small account they made of him. In fine, he will go anywhere that I ask him. Alas! I never deceived anybody; but I remit me altogether to your pleasure. Send me word what to do and I will do it. Consider whether you can contrive anything more secret by medicine. He is to take medicine and baths at Craigmillar. He suspects greatly, and yet he trusts me. I am sorry to hurt any one that depends on me; yet you may command me in all things. About Lady Reres he said, I pray God she may serve you to your honour. He suspects the thing you know, and of his life; but as to the last when I speak two or three kind words he is happy and out of doubt. Burn this letter, for it is dangerous and nothing well said in it."

Then following the ebb and flow of her emotions to that strange point where the criminal passion of a woman becomes almost virtue in its utter self-abandonment, she appealed to Bothwell not to despise her for the treachery to which for his sake she was condescending.

"Have no evil opinion of me for this," she concluded; "you

yourself are the cause of it; for my own private revenge I would not do it to him. Seeing then that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, take it I pray you in good part. Look not at that woman whose false tears should not be so much regarded as the true and faithful labour which I am bearing to deserve her place; to obtain which—against my nature—I betray those that may hinder me. God forgive me, and God give you, my only love, the happiness and prosperity which your humble and faithful friend desires for you. She hopes soon to be another thing to you. It is late. I could write to you for ever; yet now I will kiss your hand and end." [1]

With these thoughts in her mind Mary Stuart Queen of Scotland lay down upon her bed—to sleep, doubtless—sleep with the soft tranquillity of an innocent child. Remorse may disturb the slumbers of the man who is dabbling with his first experiences of wrong. When the pleasure has been tasted and is gone, and nothing is left of the crime but the ruin which it has wrought, then too the Furies take their seats upon the midnight pillow. But the meridian of evil is for the most part left unvexed; and when a man has chosen his road he is let alone to follow it to the end.

The next morning the queen added a few closing words:

"If in the meantime I hear nothing to the contrary, according to my commission I will bring the man to Craigmillar on Monday—where he will be all Wednesday—and I will go to Edinburgh to draw blood of me. Provide for all things and discourse upon it first with yourself."

This letter and another to Maitland she gave in charge to Paris to take to Edinburgh. In delivering them she bade him tell Bothwell that she had prevented the king from kissing her, as Lady Reres could witness; and she told him to ask Maitland whether Craigmillar was to be the place, or whether they had changed their plan. They would give him answers with which he would come back to her immediately. She would herself wait at Glasgow with the king till his return.

Paris after being a day upon the road, reached Edinburgh with his despatches on the night of Saturday the 25th. On going to Bothwell's room the next morning he found the earl absent, and a servant directed him to a house belonging to Sir Robert Balfour, brother of James Balfour who signed the Craigmillar bond.

[1] Mary Stuart to Bothwell: ANDERSON'S *Collection*.

St. Mary's-in-the-Fields called commonly Kirk-a-Field was a roofless and ruined church, standing just inside the old town walls of Edinburgh, at the north-western corner of the present college. Adjoining it there stood a quadrangular building which had at one time belonged to the Dominican monks. The north front was built along the edge of the slope which descends to the Cowgate; the south side contained a low range of unoccupied rooms which had been "priests' chambers;" the east consisted of offices and servants' rooms; the principal apartments in the dwelling into which the place had been converted were in the western wing, which completed the square. Under the windows there was a narrow strip of grass-plat dividing the house from the town wall; and outside the wall were gardens into which there was an opening through the cellars by an underground passage. The principal gateway faced north and led direct into the quadrangle.

Here it was that Paris found Bothwell with Sir James Balfour. He delivered his letter and gave his message. The earl wrote a few words in reply. "Commend me to the queen," he said as he gave the note, "and tell her that all will go well. Say that Balfour and I have not slept all night, that everything is arranged, and that the king's lodgings are ready for him. I have sent her a diamond. You may say I would send my heart too were it in my power—but she has it already."

A few more words passed, and from Bothwell Paris went to Maitland, who also wrote a brief answer. To the verbal question he answered, "Tell her majesty to take the king to Kirk-a-Field;" and with these replies the messenger rode back through the night to his mistress.

She was not up when he arrived; her impatience could not rest till she was dressed, and she received him in bed. He gave his letters and his message. She asked if there was anything further. He answered that Bothwell bade him say "he would have no rest till he had accomplished their enterprise, and that for love of her he would train a pike all his life." The queen laughed. "Please God," she said, "it shall not come to that."[1]

A few hours later she was on the road with her victim. He could be moved but slowly. She was obliged to rest with him two days at Linlithgow; and it was not till the 30th that she was able to bring him to Edinburgh. As yet he knew nothing of the change of his destination, and supposed that he was going on to

[1] Examination of Paris: PITCAIRN'S *Criminal Trials*. vol. i.

Craigmillar. Bothwell however met the cavalcade outside the gates and took charge of it. No attention was paid to the exclamations of the attendants or the remonstrances of Darnley himself; he was informed that the Kirk-a-Field house was most convenient for him, and to Kirk-a-Field he was conducted.

"The lodgings" prepared for him were in the west wing which was divided from the rest of the house by a large door at the foot of the staircase. A passage ran along the ground floor from which a room opened which had been fitted up for the queen. At the head of the stairs a similar passage led first to the king's room—which was immediately over that of the queen—and further on to closets and rooms for the servants.

Here it was that Darnley was established during the last hours which he was to know on earth. The keys of the doors were given ostentatiously to his groom of the chamber, Thomas Nelson; the Earl of Bothwell being already in possession of duplicates. The door from the cellar into the garden had no lock, but the servants were told that it could be secured with bolts from within. The rooms themselves had been comfortably furnished, and a handsome bed had been set up for the king with new hangings of black velvet. The queen however seemed to think that they would be injured by the splashing from Darnley's bath, and desired that they might be taken down and changed. Being a person of ready expedients too she suggested that the door at the bottom of the staircase was not required for protection. She had it taken down and turned into a cover for the bath-vat; "so that there was nothing left to stop the passage into the said chamber but only the portal door."[1]

After this little attention she left her husband in possession; she intended herself to sleep from time to time there, but her own room was not yet ready.

The further plan was still unsettled. Bothwell's first notion was to tempt Darnley out into the country some sunny day for exercise and then to kill him. "But this purpose was changed because it would be known;"[2] and was perhaps abandoned with the alteration of the place from Craigmillar.

The queen meanwhile spent her days at her husband's side, watching over his convalescence with seemingly anxious affection, and returning only to sleep at Holyrood. In the starry even-

[1] Examination of Thomas Nelson: PITCAIRN.
[2] Hepburn's confession: ANDERSON.

ings, though it was mid-winter, she would go out into the garden with Lady Reres, and "there sing and use pastime."[1] After a few days her apartment at Kirk-a-Field was made habitable; a bed was set up there in which she could sleep, and particular directions were given as to the part of the room where it was to stand. Paris through some mistake misplaced it. "Fool that you are," the queen said to him when he saw it, "the bed is not to stand there; move it yonder to the other side."[2] She perhaps meant nothing, but the words afterwards seemed ominously significant. A powder barrel was to be lighted in that room to blow the house and every one in it into the air. They had placed the bed on the spot where the powder was to stand, immediately below the bed of the king.

Whatever she meant, she contrived when it was moved to pass two nights there. The object was to make it appear as if in what was to follow her own life had been aimed at as well as her husband's. Wednesday the 5th she slept there, and Friday the 7th, and then her penance was almost over, for on Saturday the thing was to have been done.

Among the wild youths who followed Bothwell's fortunes three were found who consented to be the instruments—young Hay the Laird of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and the Laird of Ormeston—gentlemen retainers of Bothwell's house, and ready for any desperate adventure.[3] Delay only created a risk of discovery, and the earl on Friday arranged his plans for the night ensuing.[4]

It seems however that at the last moment there was an impression either that the powder might fail or that Darnley could be more conveniently killed in a scuffle with an appearance of accident. Lord Robert Stuart, Abbot of St. Cross, one of James V.'s wild brood of children whom the Church had provided with land and title, had shared in past times in the king's riots, and retaining some regard for him had warned the poor creature to be on his guard. Darnley, making love to

[1] Depositions of Thomas Nelson: PITCAIRN.

[2] "Sot que tu es, je ne veulx pas que mon lit soyt en cest endroyt la, et du fait le feist oster."—Examination of Paris: PITCAIRN.

[3] Hepburn on his trial said that when Bothwell first proposed the murder to him, "he answered it was an evil purpose, but because he was servant to his lordship he would do as the rest." So also said Hay and Ormeston. Paris, according to his own story, was alike afraid to refuse and to consent. Bothwell told him the lords were all agreed. He asked what Murray said. "Murray, Murray!" said the earl, "il ne se veult n'ayder ni nuyre, mais c'est tout ung." "Monsieur," Paris replied, "il est sage."—Examination of Paris: PITCAIRN.

[4] Examination of Hay of Tallo: ANDERSON.

destruction, told the queen; and Stuart, knowing that his own life might pay the forfeit of his interference, either received a hint that he might buy his pardon by doing the work himself, or else denied his words and offered to make the king maintain them at the sword's point. A duel, could it be managed, would remove all difficulty; and Bothwell would take care how it should end.

Something of this kind was in contemplation on the Saturday night, and the explosion was deferred in consequence. The queen that evening at Holyrood bade Paris tell Bothwell "that the Abbot of St. Cross should go to the king's room and do what the earl knew of." Paris carried the message, and Bothwell answered, "Tell the queen that I will speak to St. Cross and then I will see her."[1]

But this too came to nothing. Lord Robert went, and angry words, according to some accounts, were exchanged between him and Darnley; but a sick man unable to leave his couch was in no condition to cross swords; and for one more night he was permitted to survive.

So at last came Sunday, eleven months exactly from the day of Ritzio's murder; and Mary Stuart's words that she would never rest till that dark business was revenged were about to be fulfilled. The Earl of Murray knowing perhaps what was coming, yet unable to interfere, had been long waiting for an opportunity to leave Edinburgh. Early that morning he wrote to his sister to say that Lady Murray was ill at St. Andrew's, and that she wished him to join her; the queen with some reluctance gave him leave to go.

It was a high day at the court: Sebastian, one of the musicians, was married in the afternoon to Margaret Cawood, Mary Stuart's favourite waiting-woman. When the service was over the queen took an early supper with the Bishop of Argyle, and afterwards accompanied by Cassilis, Huntly, and the Earl of Argyle, she went as usual to spend the evening with her husband, and professed to intend to stay the night with him. The hours passed on. She was more than commonly tender; and Darnley absorbed in her caresses paid no attention to sounds in the room below him, which had he heard them might have disturbed his enjoyment.

At ten o'clock that night two servants of Bothwell, Powrie and Patrick Wilson, came by order to the earl's apartments in Holyrood. Hepburn, who was waiting there, pointed to a

[1] Examination of Paris: ANDERSON.

heap of leather bags and trunks upon the floor, which he bade them carry to the gate of the gardens at the back of Kirk-a-Field. They threw the load on a pair of pack-horses and led the way in the dark as they were told; Hepburn himself went with them, and at the gate they found Bothwell, with Hay, Ormeston, and another person, muffled in their cloaks. The horses were left standing in the lane. The six men silently took the bags on their shoulders and carried them to the postern door which led through the town wall. Bothwell then went in to join the queen, and told the rest to make haste with their work and finish it before the queen should go. Powrie and Wilson were dismissed; Hepburn and the three others dragged the bags through the cellar into Mary Stuart's room. They had intended to put the powder into a cask, but the door was too narrow, so they carried it as it was and poured it out in a heap upon the floor.

They blundered in the darkness. Bothwell, who was listening in the room above, heard them stumbling at their work, and stole down to warn them to be silent; but by that time all was in its place. The dark mass in which the fire-spirit lay imprisoned rose dimly from the ground; the match was in its place, and the earl glided back to the queen's side.

It was now past midnight. Hay and Hepburn were to remain with the powder alone. "You know what you have to do," Ormeston whispered; "when all is quiet above, you fire the end of the lint and come away."

With these words Ormeston passed stealthily into the garden. Paris, who had been assisting in the arrangement, went upstairs to the king's room, and his appearance was the signal concerted beforehand for the party to break up. Bothwell whispered a few words in Argyle's ear; Argyle touched Paris on the back significantly: there was a pause—the length of a paternoster [1] —when the queen suddenly recollected that there was a masque and a dance at the palace on the occasion of the marriage, and that she had promised to be present. She rose, and with many regrets that she could not stay as she intended, kissed her husband, put a ring on his finger, wished him good-night, and went. The lords followed her. As she left the room, she said as if by accident, "It was just this time last year that Ritzio was slain." [2]

In a few moments the gay train was gone. The queen walked

[1] Examination of Paris: Pitcairn.
[2] [Buchanan: History of Scotland.]

back to the glittering halls in Holyrood; Darnley was left alone with his page, Taylor, who slept in his room, and his two servants, Nelson and Edward Seymour. Below in the darkness, Bothwell's two followers shivered beside the powder heap, and listened with hushed breath till all was still.

The king, though it was late, was in no mood for sleep, and Mary's last words sounded awfully in his ears. As soon as she was gone he went over "her many speeches," he spoke of her soft words and her caresses which had seemed sincere, "but the mention of Davie's slaughter marred all his pleasure."[1]

"What will she do?" said he, "it is very lonely." The shadow of death was creeping over him; he was no longer the random boy who two years before had come to Scotland filled with idle dreams of vain ambition. Sorrow, suffering, disease, and fear had done their work. That night before or after the queen's visit he was said to have opened the Prayer-book, and to have read over the 55th Psalm,[2] which by a strange coincidence was in the English service for the day that was dawning.

True or false such was the tale at the time; and the words have a terrible appropriateness.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and hide not thyself from my petition.

"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

"Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it.

"It was even thou my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend."

Forlorn victim of a cruel age! Twenty-one years old—no more. At the end of an hour he went to bed, with his page at his side. An hour later they two were lying dead in the garden under the stars.

The exact facts of the murder were never known—only at two o'clock that Monday morning, a "crack" was heard which made the drowzy citizens of Edinburgh turn in their sleep, and brought down all that side of Balfour's house of Kirk-a-Field in a confused heap of dust and ruin. Nelson, the sole survivor,

[1] [CALDERWOOD, vol. ii. p. 344.]

[2] [Sir William Drury, the authority for this statement, says that "he went over the 55th Psalm a few hours before his death."—Drury to Cecil, March, 1567: *Border MSS. Rolls House.*]

went to bed and slept when he left his master, and "knew nothing till he found the house falling about him;" Edward Seymour was blown in pieces; but Darnley and his page were found forty yards away, beyond the town wall, under a tree, with "no sign of fire on them," and with their clothes scattered at their side.

Some said that they were smothered in their sleep; some that they were taken down into a stable and "wirried;" some that "hearing the keys grate in the doors below them, they started from their beds and were flying down the stairs, when they were caught and strangled." Hay and Hepburn told one consistent story to the foot of the scaffold:—When the voices were silent overhead they lit the match and fled, locking the doors behind them. In the garden they found Bothwell watching with his friends, and they waited there till the house blew up, when they made off and saw no more. It was thought however that in dread of torture they left the whole dark truth untold; and over the events of that night a horrible mist still hangs unpenetrated and unpenetrable for ever.

This only was certain, that with her husband Mary Stuart's chances of the English throne perished also, and with them all serious prospect of a Catholic revolution. With a deadly instinct the world divined the author of the murder; and more than one nobleman on the night on which the news reached London, hastened to transfer his allegiance to Lady Catherine Grey.[1]

The faithful Melville hurried up to defend his mistress—but to the anxious questions of de Silva, though he called her innocent, he gave confused answers.[2] "Lady Lennox demands vengeance upon the Queen of Scots," de Silva said; "nor is Lady Lennox alone in the belief of her guilt; they say it is revenge for the Italian secretary. The heretics denounce her with one voice; the Catholics are divided; her own friends acquit her; the connections of the king cry out upon her without exception."[3]

On the 1st of March, Moret, the Duke of Savoy's ambassador at the Scotch court, passed through London on his way to the Continent. He had been in Edinburgh at the time of the murder; and de Silva turned to him for comfort. But Moret

[1] De Silva to Philip, February 17: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Aunque este salvó á la Reyna, veo le algo confuso."—De Silva to Philip, February 22: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] De Silva to Philip, February 22: *MS.* Ibid.

had no comfort to give. "I pressed him," said de Silva, "to tell me whether he thought the queen was innocent; he did not condemn her in words, but he said nothing in her favour;" [1] "the spirits of the Catholics are broken; [2] should it turn out that she is guilty, her party in England is gone, and by her means there is no more chance of a restoration of religion." [3]

[1] "Apretandole que me dixese lo que le parecia conforme á lo que el habia visto y colegido si la Reyna tenia culpa dello, aunque no la le condeño de palabra, no le salbó nada."—De Silva to Philip, March 1: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Mucho ha este caso enflaquecido los animos de los Catolicos."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

CHAPTER XI

THE ENGLISH ARMY IN IRELAND—DEATH OF O'NEIL

The Earl of Sussex having failed alike to beat Shan O'Neil in the field or to get him satisfactorily murdered, had at last been recalled, leaving the government of Ireland in the hands of Sir Nicholas Arnold. An unsuccessful public servant never failed to find a friend in Elizabeth, whose disposition to quarrel with her ministers was usually in proportion to their ability. She had shared the confidence of the late deputy in what to modern eyes appears unpardonable treachery; she received him on his return to England with undiminished confidence, and she allowed him to confirm her in her resolution to spend no more money in the hopeless enterprise of bringing the Irish into order; while she left Arnold to set the bears and bandogs to tear each other, and watched contentedly the struggle in Ulster between O'Neil and the Scots of the Isles.

The breathing-time would have been used to better advantage had the reform been carried to completeness which had been commenced with the mutinous miscreants miscalled the English army. But the bands could not be discharged with decency till they had received their wages; without money they could only continue to maintain themselves on the plunder of the farmers of the Pale; and the queen, provoked with the past expenses to which she had so reluctantly assented, knotted her purse-strings, and seemed determined that Ireland should in future bear the cost of its own government. The worst peculations of the principal officers were inquired into and punished: Sir Henry Ratcliff, Sussex's brother, was deprived of his command and sent to the castle; but Arnold's vigour was limited by his powers. The paymasters continued to cheat the government in the returns of the number of their troops; the government defended themselves by letting the pay run into arrear; the soldiers revenged their ill-usage on the people; and so it came to pass that in O'Neil's country alone in Ireland—defended as it was from attacks from without, and enriched with the plunder of the Pale—were the peasantry prosperous, or life or property secure.

Munster was distracted by the feuds between Ormond and Desmond; while the deep bays and creeks of Cork and Kerry were the nests and hiding-places of English pirates, whose numbers had just received a distinguished addition in the person of Sir Thomas Stukely, with a barque of four hundred tons and "a hundred tall soldiers, besides mariners."

Stukely had been on his way to Florida with a licence from the crown to make discoveries and to settle there; but he had found a convenient halting-place in an Irish harbour, from which he could issue out and plunder the Spanish galleons.[1] He had taken up his quarters at Kinsale, "to make the sea his Florida;"[2] and in anticipation of the terms on which he was likely to find himself with Elizabeth, he contrived to renew an acquaintance which he had commenced in England with Shan O'Neil. The friendship of a buccaneer who was growing rich on Spanish plunder might have seemed inconvenient to a chief who had offered Ireland as a fief to Philip; but Shan was not particular: Philip had as yet shown but a cold interest in Irish rebellion, and Stukely filled his cellars with sherry from Cadiz, amused him with his magniloquence, and was useful to him by his real dexterity and courage. So fond Shan became of him that he had the impertinence to write to Elizabeth in favour "of that his so dearly loved friend and her majesty's worthy subject," with whom he was grieved to hear that her majesty was displeased. He could not but believe that she had been misinformed; but if indeed so good and gallant a gentleman had given her cause of offence, Shan entreated that her majesty, for his sake and in the name of the services which he had himself rendered to England, would graciously pardon him; and he, with Stukely for a friend and confidant, would make Ireland such as Ireland never was since the world began.[3]

Among so many mischiefs "religion" was naturally in a bad way. "The lords and gentlemen of the Pale went habitually to mass."[4] The Protestant bishops were chiefly agitated by the vestment controversy. Adam Loftus, the titular primate, to whom sacked villages, ravished women, and famine-stricken skeletons crawling about the fields were matters of every-day

[1] "Stukely's piracies are much railed at here in all parts. I hang down my head with shame. Alas! though it cost the queen roundly, let him for honour's sake be fetched in. These pardons to such as be *hostes humani generis* I like not."—Chaloner to Cecil, Madrid, December 14, 1564: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Sir Thomas Wroth to Cecil, November 17: *Irish MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Shan O'Neil to Elizabeth, June 18, 1565: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Adam Loftus to Elizabeth, May 17: *MS.* Ibid.

indifference, shook with terror at the mention of a surplice.[1] Robert Daly wrote in anguish to Cecil, in dismay at the countenance to "Papistry" and at his own inability to prolong a persecution which he had happily commenced.[2]

Some kind of shame was felt by statesmen in England at the condition in which Ireland continued. Unable to do anything real towards amending it, they sketched out among them about this time a scheme for a more effective government. The idea of the division of the country into separate presidencies lay at the bottom of whatever hopes they felt for an improved order of things. So long as the authority of the sovereign was represented only by a deputy residing at Dublin, with a few hundred ragged marauders called by courtesy "the army," the Irish chiefs would continue, like O'Neil, to be virtually independent; while by recognising the reality of a power which could not be taken from them, the English government could deprive them of their principal motive for repudiating their allegiance.

The aim of the Tudor sovereigns had been from the first to introduce into Ireland the feudal administration of the English counties; they had laboured to persuade the chiefs to hold their lands under the crown, with the obligations which landed tenures in England were supposed always to carry with them. The large owner of the soil, to the extent that his lordship extended, was in the English theory the ruler of its inhabitants, magistrate from the nature of his position, and representative of the majesty of the crown. Again and again they had endeavoured to convince the Irish that order was better than anarchy; that their faction fights, their murders, their petty wars and robberies, were a scandal to them; that till they could

[1] Adam Loftus to Cecil, July 16: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "The bruit of the alteration in religion is so talked of here among the Papists, and they so triumph upon the same, it would grieve any good Christian heart to hear of their rejoicing; yea, in so much that my Lord Primate, my Lord of Meath, and I, being the queen's commissioners in ecclesiastical causes, dare not be so bold now in executing our commissions in ecclesiastical causes as we have been to this time. To what end this talk will grow I am not able to say. I fear it will grow to the great contempt of the Gospel and of the ministers of the same, except that spark be extinguished before it grow to flame. The occasion is that certain learned men of our religion are put from their livings in England; upon what occasion is not known here as yet. The poor Protestants, amazed at the talk, do often resort to me to learn what the matter means; whom I comfort with the most faithful texts of Scripture that I can find. . . . But I beseech you send me some comfortable words concerning the stablishing of our religion, wherewith I may both confirm the wavering hearts of the doubtful, and suppress the stout brags of the sturdy and proud Papists."—Robert Daly to Cecil, July 2: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

amend their ways they were no better than savages. Fair measures and foul had alike failed so far. Once more a project was imagined of some possible reformation, which might succeed at least on paper.

In the system which was at last to bring a golden age to Ireland, the four provinces were to be governed each by a separate president and council. Every county was to have its sheriff; and the Irish noblemen and gentlemen were to become the guardians of the law which they had so long defied. The poor should no longer be oppressed by the great; and the wrongs which they had groaned under so long should be put an end to for ever by their own Parliament. "No poor persons should be compelled any more to work or labour by the day or otherwise without meat, drink, wages, or some other allowance during the time of their labour;" no "earth-tillers, nor any others inhabiting a dwelling under any lord should be distrained or punished in body or goods for the faults of their landlord;" nor any honest man lose life or lands without fair trial, by parliamentary attainder, "according to the antient laws of England and Ireland." Noble provisions were pictured out for the rebuilding of the ruined churches at the queen's expense, with "twelve free grammar schools," where the Irish youth should grow into civility, and "twelve hospitals for aged and impotent folk." A university should be founded in Elizabeth's name, and endowed with lands at Elizabeth's cost; and the devisers of all these things, warming with their project, conceived the Irish nation accepting willingly a reformed religion, in which there should be no more pluralities, no more abuse of patronage, no more neglect, or idleness, or profligacy. The bishops of the Church of Ireland were to be chosen among those who had risen from the Irish schools through the Irish University. The masters of the grammar schools should teach the boys "the New Testament, Paul's Epistles, and David's Psalms, in Latin, that they being infants might savour of the same in age, as an old cask doth of its first liquor." In every parish, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, there should be a true servant of God for a pastor, who would bring up the children born in the same in the knowledge of the Creeds, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Catechism; "the children to be brought to the bishop for confirmation at seven years of age, if they could repeat them, or else to be rejected by the bishop for the time with reproach to their parents." [1]

[1] Device for the better government of Ireland: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

Here was an ideal Ireland, painted on the retina of some worthy English minister; but the real Ireland was still the old place: as it was in the days of Brian Boroihme and the Danes, so it was in the days of Shan O'Neil and Sir Nicholas Arnold; and the queen who was to found all these fine institutions cared chiefly to burden her exchequer no further in the vain effort to drain the black Irish morass—fed as it was from the perennial fountains of Irish nature.

The pope might have been better contented with the condition of his children: yet he too had his grounds of disquiet, and was not wholly satisfied with Shan, or with Shan's rough-riding primate. A nuncio had resided secretly for four years at Limerick, who from time to time sent information of the state of the people to Rome; and at last an aged priest named Creagh, who in past days had known Charles V., and had been employed by him in relieving English Catholic exiles, went over with letters from the nuncio recommending the pope to refuse to recognise the appointment of Terence Daniel to the primacy, and to substitute Creagh in his place. The old man, according to his own story, was unambitious of dignity, and would have preferred "to enter religion" and end his days in a monastery. The pope however decided otherwise. Creagh was consecrated Archbishop of Armagh in the Sistine Chapel, and was sent back "to serve among those barbarous wild uncivil folk," taking with him a letter from Pius to Shan O'Neil, "whom he did not know whether to repute for his foe or his friend."

Thus Ireland had three competing primates: Adam Loftus, the nominee of Elizabeth; Shan's archbishop, Terence Daniel; and Creagh, sent by the pope. The latter however had the misfortune to pass through London on his way home, where Cecil heard of him. He was seized and sent to the Tower, where "he lay in great misery, cold, and hunger," "without a penny," "without the means of getting his single shirt washed, and without gown or hose."

The poor old man petitioned "to be let go to teach youth." "He would do it for nothing," he said, "as he had done all the days of his life, never asking a penny of the Church or any benefice of any man;" [1] and so modest a wish might have been granted with no great difficulty, considering that half the preferments in England were held by men who scarcely affected to conceal that they were still Catholics. Either Creagh how-

[1] Questions for Creagh, with Creagh's answers, February 22, 1565; Further answers of Creagh, March 17: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

ever was less simple than he pretended, or Cecil had reason to believe that his presence in Ireland would lead to mischief; he was kept fast in his cage, and would have remained there till he died, had he not contrived one night to glide over the walls into the Thames.

His imprisonment was perhaps intended as a gratification to Shan O'Neil. No sooner had he escaped than Elizabeth considered that of the two Catholic archbishops Terence Daniel might be the least dangerous, and that to set Shan against the pope might be worth a sacrifice of dignity. It was intimated that if Shan would be a good subject he should have his own primate, and Adam Loftus should be removed to Dublin.[1] Shan on his part gave the queen to understand that when Terence was installed at Armagh, and he himself was created Earl of Tyrone, she should have no more trouble; and the events of the spring of 1565 made the English government more than ever anxious to come to terms with a chieftain whom they were powerless to crush.

Since the defeat of the Earl of Sussex, Shan's influence and strength had been steadily growing. His return unscathed from London, and the fierce attitude which he assumed on the instant of his reappearance in Ulster, convinced the petty leaders that to resist him longer would only ensure their ruin. O'Donnell was an exile in England, and there remained unsubdued in the north only the Scottish colonies of Antrim, which were soon to follow with the rest. O'Neil lay quiet through the winter. With the spring and the fine weather, when the rivers fell and the ground dried, he roused himself out of his lair, and with his galloglasse and kern, and a few hundred "harquebussmen," he dashed suddenly down upon the "Redshanks," and broke them utterly to pieces. Six or seven hundred were killed in the field; James M'Connell and his brother Sorleboy[2] were taken prisoners; and for the moment the whole colony was swept away. James M'Connell himself, badly wounded in the action, died a few months later, and Shan was left undisputed sovereign of Ulster.

The facile pen of Terence Daniel was employed to communicate to the queen this "glorious victory," for which "Shan thanked God first, and next the queen's majesty; affirming the same to come of her good fortune."[3] The English

[1] Private instructions to Sir Henry Sidney. Cecil's hand, 1565: *Irish MSS.*
[2] Spelt variously Sorleboy, Sarlebos, Surlebois, and Surlyboy.
[3] Terence Daniel to Cecil, June 24: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

government, weary of the ill success which had attended their own dealings with the Scots, were disposed to regard them as a "malicious and dangerous people, who were gradually fastening on the country;"[1] and with some misgivings they were inclined to accept Shan's account of himself; while Shan finding Elizabeth disinclined to quarrel with him, sent Terence over to her to explain more fully the excellence of his intentions. Sir Thomas Cusack added his own commendations both of Terence and his master, and urged that now was the time to make O'Neil a friend for ever. Sir Nicholas Arnold, with more discrimination, insisted that it was necessary to do one thing or the other, but he too seemed to recommend the queen, as the least of two evils, to be contented with Shan's nominal allegiance, and to leave him undisturbed.

"If," he said, "you use the opportunity to make O'Neil a good subject, he will hardly swerve hereafter. The Pale is poor and unable to defend itself. If he do fall out before the beginning of next summer there is neither outlaw, rebel, murderer, thief, nor any lewd or evil-disposed person—of whom God knoweth there is plenty swarming in every corner amongst the wild Irish, yea, and in our own border too—which would not join to do what mischief they might."[2]

Alas! while Arnold wrote there came news that Shan's ambition was still unsatisfied. He had followed up his successes against the Scotch by seizing the queen's castles of Newry and Dundrum. Turning west he had marched into Connaught "to require the tribute due of owld time to them that were kings in that realm." He had exacted pledges of obedience from the western chiefs, frightened Clanrickard into submission, "spoiled O'Rourke's country," and returned to Tyrone driving before him four thousand head of cattle. Instead of the intended four presidencies in Ireland, there would soon be only one; and Shan O'Neil did not mean to rest till he had revived the throne of his ancestors, and reigned once more in "Tara's halls."

"Excuse me for writing plainly what I think," said Lord Clanrickard to Sir William Fitzwilliam. "I assure you it is an ill likelihood toward—that the realm if it be not speedily looked unto will be at a hazard to come as far out of her majesty's hands as ever it was out of the hands of any of her

[1] Opinion of Sir H. Sidney, May 20: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Sir T. Cusack to Cecil, August 23; O'Neil to Elizabeth, August 25; Sir N. Arnold to the English Council, August 31: *MS.* Ibid.

predecessors. Look betimes to these things, or they will grow to a worse end." [1]

The evil news reached England at the crisis of the convulsion which had followed the Darnley marriage. The Protestants in Scotland had risen in rebellion, relying on Elizabeth's promises; and Argyle, exasperated at her desertion of Murray, was swearing that he would leave his kinsmen unrevenged, and would become Shan's ally and friend. Mary Stuart was shaking her sword upon the border at the head of 20,000 men; and Elizabeth, distracted between the shame of leaving her engagements unredeemed or bringing the Irish and Spaniards upon her head, was in no humour to encounter fresh troubles. Shan's words were as smooth as ever; his expedition to Connaught was represented as having been undertaken in the English interest. On his return he sent "a petition" to have "his title and rule" determined without further delay; while "in consideration of his good services" he begged "to have some augmentation of living granted him in the Pale," and "her majesty to be pleased not to credit any stories which his evil-willers might spread abroad against him." [2]

Elizabeth allowed herself to believe what it was most pleasant to her to hope. "We must allow something," she wrote to Sir Henry Sidney, "for his wild bringing up, and not expect from him what we should expect from a perfect subject; if he mean well he shall have all his reasonable requests granted." [3]

But it was impossible to leave Ireland any longer without the presence of a deputy. Sir Nicholas Arnold had gone over with singular and temporary powers; the administration was out of joint, and the person most fitted for the government by administrative and military capacity was Leicester's brother-in-law Sir Henry Sidney, President of Wales.

Sidney knew Ireland well from past experience. He had held command there under Sussex himself; he had seen deputy after deputy depart for Dublin with the belief that he at last was the favoured knight who would break the spell of the enchantment; and one after another he had seen them return with draggled plumes and broken armour. Gladly would he have declined the offered honour. "If the queen would but grant him leave to serve her in England, or in any place in the world else saving Ireland, or to live private, it should be more

[1] Clanrickard to Fitzwilliam, October 11: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Shan O'Neil to Elizabeth, October 27: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Elizabeth to Sir H. Sidney, November 11: *MS.* Ibid.

joyous to him than to enjoy all the rest and to go thither." It was idle to think that O'Neil could be really "reformed" except by force; and "the Irishry had taken courage through the feeble dealing with him." If he was to go, Sidney said, he would not go without money. Ten or twelve thousand pounds must be sent immediately to pay the outstanding debts. He must have more and better troops; two hundred horse and five hundred foot at least, in addition to those which were already at Dublin. He would keep his patent as President of Wales; he would have leave to return to England at his discretion if he saw occasion; and for his personal expenses, as he could expect nothing from the queen, he demanded—strange resource to modern eyes—permission to export six thousand kerseys and clothes free of duty.[1]

His requests were made excessive perhaps to ensure their refusal; but the condition of Ireland could not be trifled with any longer, and if he hoped to escape he was disappointed.

"In the matter of Ireland was found such an example as was not to be found again in any place; that a sovereign prince should be owner of such a kingdom, having no cause to fear the invasion of any foreign prince, neither having ever found the same invaded by any foreign power, neither having any power born or resident within that realm that denied or ever had directly or indirectly denied the sovereignty of the crown to belong to her majesty; and yet, contrary to all other realms, the realm of Ireland had been and yet continued so chargeable to the crown of England, and the revenues thereof so mean, and those which were, so decayed and so diminished, that great yearly treasures were carried out of the realm of England to satisfy the stipends of the officers and soldiers required for the governance of the same."[2]

Sir Henry Sidney paid the penalty of his ability in being selected to terminate in some form or other a state of things which could no longer be endured. Again before he would consent he repeated and even exaggerated his conditions. He would not go as others had gone, "fed on the chameleon's dish," to twine ropes of sand and sea-slime to bind the Irish rebels with. He would go with a force to back him, or he would not go at all. He must have power, he said, to raise as many men as the queen's service required; and she must trust his honour to keep them no longer than they were absolutely wanted. No

[1] Petition of Sir H. Sidney going to Ireland: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Instructions to Sir H. Sidney, October 5: *MS.* Ibid.

remedial measures could be attempted till anarchy had been trampled down; and then the country would prosper of itself.

"To go to work by force," he said, "will be chargeable it is true; but if you will give the people justice and minister law among them, and exercise the sword of the sovereign, and put away the sword of the subject—omnia hæc adjicientur vobis—you shall drive the now man of war to be an husbandman, and he that now liveth like a lord to live like a servant; and the money now spent in buying armour and horses and waging of war should be bestowed in building of towns and houses. By ending these incessant wars ere they be aware, you shall bereave them both of force and beggary, and make them weak and wealthy. Then you can convert the military service due from the lords into money; then you can take up the fisheries now left to the French and the Spaniards; then you can open and work your mines, and the people will be able to grant you subsidies." [1]

The first step towards the change was to introduce a better order of government: and relapsing upon the scheme for the division into presidencies, Sidney urged Elizabeth to commence with appointing a President of Munster, where Ormond and Desmond were tearing at each other's throats. The expense—the first consideration with her—would be moderate. The president would be satisfied with a mark (13*s.* 4*d.*) a day; fifty men—horse and foot—would suffice for his retinue, with 9*d.* and 8*d.* a day respectively; and he would require two clerks of the signet, with salaries of a hundred pounds a year. The great Munster noblemen—Ormond, Desmond, Thomond, Clancarty, with the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishops of Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, would form a standing council; and a tribunal would be established where disputes could be heard and justice administered without the perpetual appeal to the sword.[2]

[1] Opinions of Sir H. Sidney: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] It is noticeable that we find in an arrangement which was introduced as a reform and as a means of justice the following clause:—

"Also it shall be lawful for the president and council or any three of them, the president being one, in cases necessary, upon vehement suspicion and presumption of any great offence in any party committed against the queen's majesty, to put the same party to torture as they shall think convenient."—Presidency of Munster, February 1, 1566: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

Even in England torture continued to be freely used. On December 28, 1566, a letter was addressed by the Privy Council to the Attorney-General and others, that:—

"Where they were heretofore appointed to put Clement Fisher, now

A clause was added to the first sketch in Cecil's hand: "The lord president to be careful to observe divine service and to exhort others to observe it; and also to keep a preacher who shall be allowed his diet in the household, to whom the said president shall cause due reverence to be given in respect of his office which he shall have for the service of God."

With an understanding that this arrangement for Munster should be immediately carried out, that the precedent, if successful in the south, should be followed out in the other provinces, and that his other requests should be complied with, Sidney left London for Ireland in the beginning of December. Every hour's delay had increased the necessity for his presence. Alarmed at the approach of another deputy, and excited on the other hand by the Queen of Scots' successes, Shan O'Neil had attached himself eagerly to her fortunes. In October he offered to assist her against Argyle, who was then holding out against her in the Western Highlands.[1] His pleasure was as great as his surprise when he found Argyle ready to allow the Western Islanders to join with him to drive the English out of Ireland, and punish Elizabeth for her treachery to Murray. So far Argyle carried his resentment, that he met Shan somewhere in the middle of the winter, and to atone for the disgrace of his half sister, he arranged marriages between a son and daughter which she had borne to Shan, and two children of James M'Connell, whom Shan had killed; O'Neil undertook to settle on them the disputed lands of Antrim, and Argyle consented at last to the close friendship in the interest of the Queen of Scots for which the Irish chief had so long been vainly suing.

No combination could be more ominous to England. Foul weather detained Sidney for six weeks at Holyhead. In the middle of January, but not without "the loss of all his stuff

prisoner in the Tower, in some fear of torture whereby his lewdness and such as he might detect might the better come to light, they are requested, for that the said Fisher is not minded to be plain, as thereby the faults of others might be known, to cause the said Fisher according to their discretion to feel some touch of the rack, for the better boulting out and opening of that which is requisite to be known."—*Council Register, Elizabeth, MSS.*

And again, January 18, 1567. A letter to the lieutenant of the Tower:—"One Rice, a buckler-maker, committed there, is discovered to have been concerned in a robbery of plate four years before; the lieutenant to examine the said Rice about this robbery, and if they shall perceive him not willing to confess the same then to put him in fear of the torture, and to let him feel some smart of the same whereby he may be the better brought to confess the truth."—*Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] Adam Loftus to Leicester, November 20: *MS.* Ibid.

and horses," which were wrecked on the coast of Down, he contrived to reach Dublin. The state of things which he discovered on his arrival was worse than the worst which he had looked for. The English Pale he found "as it were overwhelmed with vagabonds; stealth and spoils daily carried out of it; the people miserable; not two gentlemen in the whole of it able to lend twenty pounds; without horse, armour, apparel, or victual." "The soldiers were worse than the people: so beggarlike as it would abhor a general to look on them." "Never a married wife among them," and therefore "so allied with Irish women," that they betrayed secrets, and could not be trusted on dangerous service; "so insolent as to be intolerable; so rooted in idleness as there was no hope by correction to amend them."

So much for the four shires. "In Munster," as the fruit of the Ormond and Desmond wars, "a man might ride twenty or thirty miles and find no houses standing," in a county which Sidney had known "as well inhabited as many counties in England." Connaught was quiet so far, and Clanrickard was probably loyal; but he was weak and was in constant expectation of being overrun.

"In Ulster," Sidney wrote, "there tyranniseth the prince of pride; Lucifer was never more puffed up with pride and ambition than that O'Neil is; he is at present the only strong and rich man in Ireland, and he is the dangerousest man and most like to bring the whole estate of this land to subversion and subjugation either to him or to some foreign prince, that ever was in Ireland." [1]

The deputy's first step after landing was to ascertain the immediate terms on which the dreaded chief of the north intended to stand towards him. He wrote to desire Shan to come into the Pale to see him, and Shan at first answered with an offer to meet him at Dundalk; but a letter followed in which he subscribed himself as Sidney's "loving gossip to command," the contents of which were less promising. For himself, Shan said, he had so much affection and respect for Sir Henry, that he would gladly go to him anywhere; but certain things had happened in past years which had not been wholly forgotten. The Earl of Sussex had twice attempted to assassinate him. Had not the Earl of Kildare interfered the Earl of Sussex when he went to Dublin to embark for England, "would have put a lock upon his hands, and have carried him over as a prisoner."

[1] Sidney to Leicester, March 5: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

His "timorous and mistrustful people" after these experiences would not trust him any more in English hands.[1]

All this was unpleasantly true, and did not diminish Sidney's difficulties. It was none the less necessary for him however to learn what he was to expect from Shan. Straining a point at the risk of offending Elizabeth, he accepted the services of Stukely, which gave the latter an opportunity of covering part of his misdoings by an act of good service, and sent him with another gentleman to Shan's castle, "to discover if possible what he was, and what he was like to attempt."[2] A better messenger, supposing him honest, could not have been chosen. Shan was at his ease with a person whose life was as lawless as his own. He had ceased to care for concealment, and spoke out freely. At first "he was very flexible but very timorous to come to the deputy, apprehending traitorous practices." One afternoon "when the wine was in him," he put his meaning in plainer language. Stukely had perhaps hinted that there would be no earldom for him unless his doings were more satisfactory. The Irish heart and the Irish tongue ran over.

"I care not," he said, "to be made an earl unless I may be better and higher than an earl, for I am in blood and power better than the best of them; and I will give place to none but my cousin of Kildare, for that he is of my house. You have made a wise earl of M'Carty More. I keep as good a man as he. For the queen I confess she is my sovereign, but I never made peace with her but by her own seeking. Whom am I to trust? When I came to the Earl of Sussex on safe conduct he offered me the courtesy of a handlock. When I was with the queen, she said to me herself that I had, it was true, safe conduct to come and go, but it was not said when I might go; and they kept me there till I had agreed to things so far against my honour and profit, that I would never perform them while I live. That made me make war, and if it were to do again I would do it. My ancesters were kings of Ulster; and Ulster is mine, and shall be mine. O'Donnell shall never come into his country, nor Bagenal into Newry, nor Kildare into Dundrum or Lecale. They are now mine. With this sword I won them; with this sword I will keep them."

"My lord," Sidney wrote to Leicester, "no Attila nor Totila, no Vandal or Goth that ever was, was more to be doubted for overrunning any part of Christendom than this man is for over-

[1] Shan O'Neil to Sidney, February 18: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Sidney to Leicester, March 5: *MS.* Ibid.

running and spoiling of Ireland. If it be an angel of heaven that will say that ever O'Neil will be a good subject till he be thoroughly chastised, believe him not, but think him a spirit of error. Surely if the queen do not chastise him in Ulster, he will chase all hers out of Ireland. Her majesty must make up her mind to the expense, and chastise this cannibal. She must send money in such sort as I may pay the garrison throughout. The present soldiers who are idle, treacherous, and incorrigible, must be changed. Better have no soldiers than those that are here now—and the wages must be paid. It must be done at last, and to do it at once will be a saving in the end. My dear lord, press these things on the queen. If I have not money, and O'Neil make war, I will not promise to encounter with him till he come to Dublin. Give me money, and though I have but five hundred to his four thousand, I will chase him out of the Pale in forty-eight hours. If I may not have it, for the love you bear me have me home again. I have great confidence in Lord Kildare. As to Sussex and Arnold, it is true that all things are in disorder and decay; but the fault was not with them—impute it to the iniquity of the times. These malicious people so hated Sussex as to ruin him, they would have ruined all. Arnold has done well and faithfully; and Kildare very well. Remember this, and if possible let him have the next garter that is vacant." [1]

To the long letter to his brother-in-law, Sidney added a few words equally anxious and earnest to Cecil. "Ireland," he said, "would be no small loss to the English crown, and it was never so like to be lost as now. O'Neil has already all Ulster, and if the French were so eager about Calais, think what the Irish are to recover their whole island. I love no wars; but I had rather die than Ireland should be lost in my government." [2]

Evidently, notwithstanding all his urgency before he left England, notwithstanding the promises which he extracted from Elizabeth, the treasury doors were still locked. Months had passed; arrears had continued to grow; the troops had become more disorganised than ever, and the summer was coming, which would bring O'Neil and his galloglasse into the Pale, while the one indispensable step was still untaken which must precede all preparations to meet him. Nor did these most pressing letters work any speedy change. March went by and April came; and the smacks from Holyhead sailed up the Liffey, but they brought no money for Sidney and no despatches. At

[1] Sidney to Leicester, March 5 (condensed): *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Sidney to Cecil, March, 1566: *MS.* Ibid.

length, unable to bear his suspense and disappointment longer, he wrote again to Leicester:—

"My lord, if I be not speedier advertised of her highness's pleasure than hitherto I have been, all will come to naught here, and before God and the world I will lay the fault on England, for there is none here. By force or by fair means the queen may have anything that she will in this country if she will minister means accordingly, and with no great charge. If she will resolve of nothing, for her majesty's advantage and for the benefit of this miserable country, persuade her highness to withdraw me, and pay and discharge this garrison. As I am, and as this garrison is paid, I undo myself; the country is spoiled by the soldiers, and in no point defended. Help it, my lord, for the honour of God one way or the other." [1]

Two days later a London post came in, and with it letters from the council. The help would have come long since had it rested with them. On the receipt of his first letter, they had agreed unanimously that every wish should be complied with. Money, troops, discretionary power—all should have been his—"so much was every man's mind inclined to the extirpation of that proud rebel, Shan." The Munster council, which had hung fire also, should have been set on foot without a day's delay; and Sir Warham St. Leger, according to Sidney's recommendation, would have been appointed the first president. Elizabeth only had fallen into one of her periodic fits of ill-humour and irresolution, and would neither consent nor refuse. She had not questioned the justice of Sidney's report; she was "heated and provoked with the monster" who was the cause of so much difficulty. Yet to ask her for money was to ask her for her heart's blood. "Your lordship's experience of negotiation here in such affairs with her majesty," wrote Cecil, "can move you to bear patiently some storms in the expedition;" "the charge was the hindrance;" and while she could not deny that it was necessary, she could not forgive the plainness with which the necessity had been forced upon her.

She quarrelled in detail with everything which Sidney did; she disapproved of the Munster council because Ireland could not pay for it; and it was useless to tell her that Ireland must be first brought into obedience. She was irritated because Sidney, unable to see with sufficient plainness the faults of Desmond and the exclusive virtues of Ormond, had refused to adjudicate without the help of English lawyers, in a quarrel

[1] Sidney to Leicester, April 13: *Irish MSS. Rolls House*

which he did not understand. She disapproved of Sir Warham St. Leger because his father Sir Antony had been on bad terms with the father of Ormond; she insisted that Sidney should show favour to Ormond, "in memory of his education with that holy young Solomon King Edward;"[1] and she complained bitterly of the employment of Stukely.

It was not till April was far advanced that the council forced her by repeated importunities to consent that "Shan should be extirpated;" and even then she would send only half of what was wanted to pay the arrears of the troops. "Considering the great sums of money demanded and required of her in Ireland and elsewhere, she would be most glad that for reformation of the rebel any other way might be devised," and she affronted the deputy by sending Sir Francis Knolles to control his expenditure. If force could not be dispensed with, Sir Francis might devise an economical campaign. "The cost of levying troops in England was four times as great as it used to be;" and it would be enough, she thought, if five or six hundred men were employed for a few weeks in the summer. O'Donnell, O'Reilly, and M'Guyre might be restored to their castles, and they could then be disbanded.[2] Such at least was her own opinion; should those, however, who had better means of knowing the truth, conclude that the war so conducted would be barren of result, she agreed with a sigh that they must have their way. She desired only that the cost might be as small as possible; "the fortification of Berwick and the payment of our foreign debts falling very heavily on her."[3]

Such was ever Elizabeth's character. She had received the crown encumbered with a debt which with self-denying thrift she was laboriously reducing, and she had her own reasons for disliking over frequent sessions of Parliament. At the last extremity she would yield usually to what the public service demanded, but she gave with grudging hand and irritated temper; and while she admitted the truth, she quarrelled with those who brought it home to her.

Shan meanwhile was preparing for war. He doubted his ability to overreach Elizabeth any more by words and promises, while the growth of the party of the Queen of Scots, his own connection with her, and the Catholic reaction in England and Scotland, encouraged him to drop even the faint disguise behind

[1] Cecil to Sidney, March 27: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Instructions to Sir F. Knolles. By the Queen, April 18: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[3] Ibid.

which he had affected to shield himself. He mounted brass "artillery" in Dundrum Castle, and in Lifford at the head of Lough Foyle. The friendship with Argyle grew closer, and another wonderful marriage scheme was in progress for the alliance between the houses of M'Callum-More and O'Neil. "The countess" was to be sent away, and Shan was to marry the widow of James M'Connell whom he had killed—who was another half-sister of Argyle, and whose daughter he had married already and divorced. This business "was said to be the earl's practice."[1] The Irish chiefs it seemed, three thousand years behind the world, retained the habits and the moralities of the Greek princes in the tale of Troy, when the bride of the slaughtered husband was the willing prize of the conqueror; and when only a rare Andromache was found to envy the fate of a sister

"Who had escaped the bed of some victorious lord."

Aware that Sidney's first effort would be the restoration of O'Donnell, O'Neil commenced the campaign with a fresh invasion of Tyrconnell, where O'Donnell's brother still held out for England; he swept round by Lough Erne, swooped on the remaining cattle of M'Guyre, and "struck terror and admiration into the Irishry."[2] Then stretching out his hands for foreign help, he wrote in the style of a king to Charles IX. of France.

"Your majesty's father King Henry in times past required the lords of Ireland to join with him against the heretic Saxon, the enemies of Almighty God, the enemies of the Holy Church of Rome, your majesty's enemies and mine.[3] God would not permit that alliance to be completed, notwithstanding the hatred borne to England by all of Irish blood, until your majesty had become king in France, and I was lord of Ireland. The time is come however when we all are confederates in a common bond to drive the invader from our shores; and we now beseech your majesty to send us six thousand well armed men. If you will grant our request there will soon be no Englishman left alive among us, and we will be your majesty's subjects evermore. Help us, we implore you, to expel the heretics and schismatics, and to bring back our country to the holy Roman see."[4]

The letter never reached its destination; it fell into English

[1] Sidney to the English Council, April 15: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] The Bishop of Meath to Sussex, April 27, 1566: Wright, vol. i.
[3] "Vestræ Majestatis et nostræ simul inimicos."
[4] O'Neil to Charles IX., 1566: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

hands. Yet in the "tickle" state of Europe and with the progress made by Mary Stuart, French interference was an alarming possibility. More anxious and more disturbed than ever, Elizabeth made Sidney her scapegoat. Lord Sussex, ill repaying Sir Henry's generous palliation of his own shortcomings, envious of the ability of Leicester's brother-in-law, and wishing to escape the charge which he had so well deserved of being the cause of Shan's "greatness," whispered in her ear that in times past Sidney had been thought to favour "that great rebel;" that he had addressed him long before in a letter by the disputed title of "O'Neil," and was perhaps his secret ally.

Elizabeth did not seriously believe this preposterous story; but it suited her humour to listen to a suspicion which she could catch at as an excuse for economy. The preparations for war were suspended, and instead of receiving supplies, Sidney learnt only that the queen had spoken unworthy words of him.

Sidney's blood was hot; he was made of bad materials for a courtier. He wrote at once to Elizabeth herself, "declaring his special grief at hearing that he was fallen from her favour," and "that she had given credit to that improbable slander raised upon him by the Earl of Sussex." He wrote to the council, entreating them not to allow these idle stories to relax their energies in suppressing the rebellion; but he begged them at the same time to consider his own "unaptness to reside any longer in Ireland, or to be an actor in the war." The words which the queen had used of him were gone abroad in the world. "He could find no obedience." "His credit being gone, his power to be of service was gone also." He therefore demanded his immediate recall "that he might preserve the small remnant of his patrimony already much diminished by his coming to Ireland." As for the charge brought against him by the Earl of Sussex, he would reply with his sword and body "against an accusation concealed hitherto he knew not with what duty, and uttered at last with impudency and unshamefastness." [1]

But Elizabeth meant nothing less than to recall Sidney. She neither distrusted his loyalty nor questioned his talents; she chose merely to find fault with him while she made use of his services. It was her habit towards those among her subjects whom she particularly valued. Sir Francis Knolles when he arrived at Dublin could report only that Sidney had gained the

[1] Sidney to the English Council, May 18: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

love and the admiration of every one; and that his plan for proceeding against O'Neil was the first which had ever promised real success. Campaigns in Ireland had hitherto been no more than summer forays—mere inroads of devastation during the few dry weeks of August and September. Sidney proposed to commence at the end of the harvest, when the corn was gathered in, and could either be seized or destroyed; and to keep the field through the winter and spring. It would be expensive; but money well laid out was the best economy in the end, and Sidney undertook, if he was allowed as many men as he thought requisite, and was not interfered with, "to subdue, kill, or expel Shan, and reduce Ulster to as good order as any part of Ireland." [1]

At first Elizabeth would not hear of it; she would not ruin herself for any such hairbrained madness. The deputy must defend the Pale through the summer, and the attack on O'Neil, if attempted at all, should be delayed till the spring ensuing. But Sir Francis, who was sent to prevent expense, was the foremost to insist on the necessity of it. He explained that in the cold Irish springs the fields were bare, the cattle were lean, and the weather was so uncertain, that neither man nor horse could bear it; whereas in August food everywhere was abundant, and the soldiers would have time to become hardened to their work. They could winter somewhere on the Bann, harry Tyrone night and day without remission, and so break Shan to the ground and ruin him. Two brigantines would accompany the army with supplies, and control the passage between Antrim and the Western Isles; and beyond all, Knolles re-echoed what Sidney had said before him on the necessity of paying wages to the troops instead of leaving them to pay themselves at the expense of the people. Nothing was really saved, for the debts would have eventually to be paid, and paid with interest—while meanwhile the "inhabitants of the Pale were growing hostile to the English rule." [2]

The danger to the state could hardly be exaggerated. M'Guyre had come into Dublin, with his last cottage in ashes, and his last cow driven over the hills into Shan's country; Argyle, with the whole disposable force of the Western Isles, was expected in person in Ulster in the summer.

Elizabeth's irritation had been unable to wait till she had received Knolles's letters. She made herself a judge of Sidney's

[1] Sidney to Cecil, April 17: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Sir F. Knolles to Cecil, May 19: *MS.* Ibid.

projects; she listened to Sussex who told her that they were wild and impossible. Whether Sussex was right or Sidney was right, she was called upon to spend money; and while she knew that she would have to do it, she continued to delay and make difficulties, and to vex Sidney with her letters.

His temper boiled over again.

"I testify to God, to her highness, and to you," he wrote on the 3rd of June to Cecil, "that all the charge is lost that she is at with this manner of proceeding. O'Neil will be tyrant of all Ireland if he be not speedily withstood. He hath as I hear won the rest of O'Donnell's castles; he hath confederated with the Scots; he is now in M'Guyre's country. All this summer he will spend in Connaught; next winter in the English Pale. It may please the queen to appoint some order for Munster—for it will be a mad Munster in haste else. I will give you all my land in Rutlandshire to get me leave to go into Hungary, and think myself bound to you while I live. I trust there to do my country some honour: here I do neither good to the queen, to the country, nor myself. I take my leave in haste, as a thrall forced to live in loathsomeness of life." [1]

The council finding Sidney's views accepted and endorsed by Knolles, united to recommend them; a schedule was drawn out of the men, money, and stores which would be required; a thousand of the best troops in Berwick, with eight hundred Irish, was the increase estimated as necessary for the army; and the wages of eighteen hundred men for six months would amount to ten thousand four hundred and eighty pounds. Sixteen thousand pounds was already due to the Irish garrison. The provisions, arms, clothes, and ammunition would cost four thousand five hundred pounds; and four thousand pounds in addition would be wanted for miscellaneous services.[2]

The reluctance of Elizabeth to engage in an Irish campaign was not diminished by a demand for thirty-four thousand nine hundred pounds. Sussex continued malignant and mischievous, and there was many a Catholic about the court who secretly wished O'Neil to succeed. "The court," wrote Cecil to Sidney, "is not free from many troubles—amongst others none worse than emulations, disdains, backbitings, and such like, whereof I see small hope of diminution."

The queen at the beginning refused to allow more than six hundred men to be sent from England or more than four hundred

[1] Sidney to Cecil, June 3: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Notes for the army in Ireland, May 30. In Cecil's hand: *MS.* Ibid.

to be raised in Ireland. To no purpose Cecil insisted; in vain Leicester challenged Sussex and implored his mistress to give way. "Her majesty was absolutely determined." The Ormond business had created fresh exasperation. Sir Henry, though admiring and valuing the Earl of Ormond's high qualities, had persisted in declaring himself unable to decide the litigated questions between the house of Butler and the Desmonds. Archbishop Kirwan, the Irish chancellor, was old and incapable; the deputy had begged for the assistance of some English lawyers; "but such evil report had Ireland that no English lawyer would go there."[1] The queen flew off from the campaign to the less expensive question. Lawyer or no lawyer, she insisted that judgment should be given in Ormond's favour. She complained that the deputy was partial to Desmond, and —especially wounding Sidney, whose chief success had been in the equity of his administration, and whose first object had been to check the tyrannical exactions of the Irish noblemen— she required him to make an exception in Ormond's favour, and permit "coyn and livery," the most mischievous of all the Irish imposts, to be continued in Kilkenny.

"I am extremely sorry," Sidney replied to Cecil, when the order reached him; "I am extremely sorry to receive her majesty's command to permit the Earl of Ormond to exercise coyn and livery, which have been the curse of this country, and which I hoped to have ended wholly. I would write more, if I did not hope to have my recall by the next east wind. Only weigh what I have said. Whatever becomes of me you will have as woeful a business here as you had in Calais if you do not look to it in time."[2]

Elizabeth was not contented till she had written out her passion to Sidney with her own hand. She told him that she disapproved of all that he was doing. If he chose to persist, she would give him half the men that he required, and with those he might do what he could on his own responsibility.[3] It seemed however that she had relieved her feelings as soon as she had expressed them. A week later she yielded to all that was required of her. Cecil soothed Sidney's anger with a gracious message;[4] Sidney, since she was pleased to have it so, consented to remain and do his duty; and thus after two

[1] Cecil to Sidney, June 16: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Sidney to Cecil, June 24: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Elizabeth to Sidney, June 15: *MS.* Ibid.
[4] Cecil to Sidney, June 24: *MS.* Ibid.

months had been consumed in quarrels, the preparations for the war began in earnest.

The troops from England were to go direct to Lough Foyle; to land at the head of the lake and to move up to Lifford, where they were to entrench themselves and wait for the deputy, who would advance from the Pale to join them. The command was given to Colonel Edward Randolph, an extremely able officer who had served at Havre; and the men were marched as fast as they could be raised to Bristol, the port from which the expedition was to sail, while Sidney was setting a rare example in Dublin, and spending the time till he could take the field "in hearing the people's causes."

Shan O'Neil finding that no help was to be looked for from France and that mischief was seriously intended against him, tried a stroke of treachery. He wrote to Sidney to say that he wished to meet him, and a spot near Dundalk being chosen for a conference, he filled the woods in the neighbourhood with his people and intended to carry off the deputy as a prize. Sir Henry was too wary to be caught. He came to the border on the 25th of July; but he came in sufficient strength to defend himself; Shan did not appear, and waiting till Sidney had returned to Dublin, made a sudden attempt on the 29th to seize Dundalk. Young Fitzwilliam, who was in command of the English garrison there, was on the alert. The surprise failed. The Irish tried an assault but were beaten back, and eighteen heads were left behind to grin hideously over the gates. Shan himself drew back into Tyrone: to prevent a second occupation of Armagh Cathedral by an English garrison, he burnt it to the ground; and sent a swift messenger to Desmond to urge him to rise in Munster. "Now was the time or never to set upon the enemies of Ireland. If Desmond failed or turned against his country, God would avenge it on him."[1]

Had Sidney allowed himself to be forced into the precipitate decision which Elizabeth had urged upon him, the Geraldines would have made common cause with O'Neil. But so long as the English government was just, Desmond did not care to carve a throne for a Celtic chief; he replied with sending an offer to the deputy "to go against the rebel with all his power." Still more opportunely the Earl of Murray at the last moment detached Argyle from the pernicious and monstrous alliance

[1] Commendation from O'Neil to John of Desmond. September 9: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

into which he had been led by his vindictiveness against Elizabeth. The Scots of the Isles freed from the commands of their feudal sovereign resumed their old attitude of fear and hatred. Shan offered them all Antrim to join him, all the cattle in the country, and the release of Surlyboy from captivity; but Antrim and its cattle they believed that they could recover for themselves, and James O'Connell had left a brother Allaster who was watching with eager eyes for an opportunity to revenge the death of his kinsman and the dishonour with which Shan had stained his race.

The Scots, though still few in number, hung as a cloud over the north-east. Dropping boat-loads of Highlanders from the Isles were guided to the coast by the beacon-fires which blazed nightly over the giant columns of Fairhead. Allaster M'Connell offered his services to Sidney as soon as the game should begin; and Shan after all instead of conquering Ireland might have enough to do to hold his own. The weather was unfavourable and the summer was wet and wild with westerly gales. Sir Edward Horsey who was sent with money from London was detained half August at Holyhead; Colonel Randolph and his thousand men were chafing for thirty days at Bristol, "fearing that their enemies the winds would let them that they should not help Shan to gather his harvest;"[1] and Sidney as from time to time some fresh ungracious letter came from Elizabeth would break into a rage again and press Cecil "for his recall from that accursed country."[2] Otherwise, however, the prospects grew brighter with the autumn. In the second week in September the Bristol transports were seen passing into the North Channel with a leading breeze. Horsey came over with the money; the troops of the Pale with the long due arrears paid up were ordered to Drogheda; and on the 17th, assured that by that time Randolph was in Lough Foyle, the deputy accompanied by Kildare, the old O'Donnell, Shan M'Guyre, and another dispossessed chief O'Dogherty, took the field.

Passing Armagh, which they found a mere heap of blackened stones, they reached the Blackwater on the 23rd. On an island in a lake near the river there stood one of those many robber castles which lend in their ruin such romantic beauty to the inland waters of Ireland. Report said that within its walls Shan had stored much of his treasure, and the troops were

[1] Edward Randolph to Cecil from Bristol, September 3: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Sidney to Cecil, September 10: *MS.* Ibid.

eager to take it. Sidney selected from among the many volunteers such only as were able to swim, and a bridge was extemporised with brushwood floated upon barrels. The army was without artillery; it had been found impracticable to carry a single cannon over roadless bog and mountain, and the storming party started with hand-grenades to throw over the walls. The bridge proved too slight for its work; slipping and splashing through the water the men got over, but their "fireworks" were wetted in the passage and they found themselves at the foot of thirty feet of solid masonry without ladders and with no weapons but their bows and battle-axes. "The place was better defended and more strongly fortified" than Sidney had supposed. Several of the English were killed and many more were wounded; and the deputy had the prudence to waste no more valuable lives or equally valuable days upon an enterprise which when accomplished would be barren of result. On the 24th the army crossed the river into Shan's own country. The Irish hung on their skirts, but did not venture to molest them, and they marched without obstruction to Benbrook, one of O'Neil's best and largest houses, which they found "utterly burnt and razed to the ground." From Benbrook they went on towards Clogher, through pleasant fields and villages "so well inhabited as no Irish county in the realm was like it:" it was the very park or preserve into which the plunder of Ulster had been gathered; where the people enjoyed the profits of unlimited pillage from which till then they had been themselves exempt. The Bishop of Clogher was a "rebel," and was out with Shan in the field; his well-fattened flock were devoured by Sidney's men as by a flight of Egyptian locusts. "There we stayed," said Sidney, "to destroy the corn; we burned the country for twenty-four miles' compass, and we found by experience that now was the time of the year to do the rebel most hurt." Here died M'Guyre at the monastery of Omagh within sight of the home to which he was returning by the pleasant shores of Lough Erne. Here too the Earl of Kildare nearly escaped being taken prisoner: he was surprised with a small party in a wood, attacked with "harquebusses and Scottish arrows," and hardly cut his way through.

Detained longer than he intended by foul weather, Sidney broke up from Omagh on the 2nd of October, crossed "the dangerous and swift river there," "and rested that night on a neck of land near a broken castle of Tirlogh Lenogh, called the Salmon Castle." On the 3rd he was over the Derry, and by the

evening he had reached Lifford, where he expected to find Randolph and the English army.

At Lifford, however, no English were to be discovered, but only news of them.

Randolph, to whose discretion the ultimate choice of his quarters had been committed, had been struck as he came up Lough Foyle with the situation of Derry. Nothing then stood on the site of the present city save a decrepit and deserted monastery of Augustine monks, which was said to have been built in the time of St. Columba; but the eye of the English commander saw in the form of the ground, in the magnificent lake, and the splendid tide river, a site for the foundation of a powerful colony suited alike for a military station and a commercial and agricultural town. There therefore Colonel Randolph had landed his men, and there Sidney joined him, and after a careful survey entirely approved his judgment. The monastery with a few sheds attached to it provided shelter. The English troops had not been idle and had already entrenched themselves "in a very warlike manner." O'Donnell, O'Dogherty, and the other friends of England "agreed all of them that it was the very best spot in the northern counties to build a city."

At all events for present purposes the northern force was to remain there during the winter. Sidney stayed a few days at Derry, and then leaving Randolph with 650 men, 350 pioneers, and provisions for two months, continued his own march. His object was to replace O'Donnell in possession of his own country and castles, restore O'Dogherty and the other chiefs and commit them to the protection of Randolph, while he himself would sweep through the whole northern province, encourage the loyal clans to return to their allegiance, and show the people generally that there was no part of Ireland to which the arm of the deputy could not reach to reward the faithful and punish the rebellious.

Donegal was his next point after leaving Lough Foyle—once a thriving town inhabited by English colonists—at the time of Sidney's arrival a pile of ruins, in the midst of which, like a wild beast's den strewed round with mangled bones, rose "the largest and strongest castle which he had seen in Ireland." It was held by one of O'Donnell's kinsmen, to whom Shan—to attach him to his cause—had given his sister for a wife. At the appearance of the old chief with the English army it was immediately surrendered. O'Donnell was at last rewarded for his fidelity and sufferings, and the whole tribe with eager protestations of allegiance gave sureties for their future loyalty.

Leaving O'Donnell in possession and scarcely pausing to rest his troops Sidney again went forward. On the 19th he was at Ballyshannon; on the 22nd at Sligo; on the 24th he passed over the bogs and mountains of Mayo into Roscommon; and then "leaving behind them as fruitful a country as was in England or Ireland all utterly waste," the army turned their faces homewards, swam the Shannon at Athlone for lack of a bridge on the 26th, and so back to the Pale. Twenty castles had been taken as they went along and left in hands that could be trusted. "In all that long and painful journey" Sidney was able to say that "there had not died of sickness but three persons;" men and horses were brought back in full health and strength, while "her majesty's honour was re-established among the Irishry and grown to no small veneration"[1]—an expedition "comparable only to Alexander's journey into Bactria," wrote an admirer of Sidney to Cecil—revealing what to Irish eyes appeared the magnitude of the difficulty, and forming a measure of the effect which it produced. The English deputy had bearded Shan in his stronghold, burnt his houses, pillaged his people, and had fastened a body of police in the midst of them to keep them waking in the winter nights. He had penetrated the hitherto impregnable fortresses of mountain and morass. The Irish who had been faithful to England were again in safe possession of their lands and homes. The weakest, maddest, and wildest Celts were made aware that when the English were once roused to effort they could crush them as the lion crushes the jackal.

Meantime Lord Ormond had carried his complaints to London, and the letter which Sidney found waiting his return was not what a successful commander might have expected from his sovereign. Before he started he had repeated his refusal to determine a cause which he did not understand without the help of lawyers. There was no one in Ireland of whom he thought more highly than of Lord Ormond; there was none that he would more gladly help; but disputed and complicated titles to estates were questions which he was unable to enter into. He could do nothing till the cause had been properly heard; and in the existing humour of the country it would have been mere madness to have led Desmond to doubt the equity of the English government. But Sidney's modest and firm defence found no favour with Elizabeth. While he was absent in the north she wrote to Sir Edward Horsey, desiring him to tell the deputy

[1] Sir H. Sidney and the Earl of Kildare to Elizabeth, November 12: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

that she was ill satisfied with his proceedings; he had allowed himself to be guided by Irish advisers; he had been partial to Desmond; "he that had least deserved favour had been most borne withal." While in fact he had done more for Ireland in the eight months of his government than any English ruler since Sir Edward Bellingham, the queen insisted that he had attended to none of her wishes and had occupied himself wholly with matters of no importance.

Most likely she did not believe what she said; but Sidney was costing her money and she relieved herself by finding fault.

"My good lord," Cecil was obliged to write to him to prevent an explosion, "next to my most hearty commendations I do with all my heart condole and take part of sorrow to see your burden of government so great and your comfort from hence so uncertain. I feel by myself—being also here wrapped in miseries and tossed with my small vessel of wit and means in a sea swelling with storms of envy, malice, disdain, and suspicion—what discomfort they commonly have that mean to deserve best of their country. And though I confess myself unable to give you advice, and being almost desperate myself of well-doing, yet for the present I think it best for you to run still an even course in government, with indifferency in case of justice to all persons, and in case of favour, to let them which do well find their comfort by you; and in other causes in your choice to prefer them whom you find the prince most disposed to have favoured. My Lord of Ormond doth take this commodity by being here to declare his own griefs; I see the queen's majesty so much misliking of the Earl of Desmond as surely I think it needful for you to be very circumspect in ordering of the complaints exhibited against him."[1]

It must be admitted that Elizabeth's letter to Horsey was written at the crisis of the succession quarrel in Parliament, and that her not unprovoked ill-humour was merely venting itself upon the first object which came across her: nor had she at that time heard of Sidney's successes in Ulster and probably she despaired of ever hearing of successes. Yet when she did hear, the tone of her letters was scarcely altered; she alluded to his services only to reiterate her complaints; and she would not have gone through the form of thanking him had not Cecil inserted a few words of acknowledgment in the draft of her despatch.[2] Sidney's patience was exhausted. Copies of the

[1] Cecil to Sidney, October 20: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The words "for which we are bound to thank you" are inserted in Cecil's hand.—The Queen to Sidney, November, 1566.

queen's disparaging letters were circulated privately in Dublin, obtained he knew not how, but with fatal effect upon his influence. He had borne Elizabeth's caprices long enough. "For God's sake," he wrote angrily on the 15th of November, in answer to Cecil's letter, "for God's sake get my recall; the people here know what the queen thinks of me, and I can do no good." [1]

From these unprofitable bickerings the story must return to Colonel Randolph and the garrison of Derry. For some weeks after Sidney's departure all had gone on prosperously. The country people, though well paid for everything, were slow to bring in provisions; the bread ran short; and the men had been sent out poorly provided with shoes or tools or clothes. But foraging parties drove in sufficient beef to keep them in fresh meat. Randolph, who seems to have been a man of fine foresight, had sent to the English Pale for a supply of forage before the winter set in; he had written to England "for shirts, kerseys, canvas, and leather;" he kept Cecil constantly informed of the welfare and wants of the troops; [2] and for some time they were healthy and in high spirits, and either worked steadily at the fortress or were doing good service in the field.

While Sidney was in Connaught, Shan who had followed him to Lifford turned back upon the Pale, expecting to find it undefended. He was encountered by Sir Warham St. Leger, lost two hundred men, and was at first hunted back over the border. He again returned however with "a main army," burnt several villages, and in a second fight with St. Leger was more successful; the English were obliged to retire "for lack of more aid;" but they held together in good order, and Shan with the Derry garrison in his rear durst not follow far from home in pursuit. Before he could revenge himself on Sidney, before he could stir against the Scots, before he could strike a blow at O'Donnell, he must pluck out the barbed dart which was fastened in his unguarded side.

Knowing that he would find it no easy task, he was hovering cautiously in the neighbourhood of Lough Foyle, when Randolph fell upon him by surprise on the 12th of November. The O'Neils fled after a short, sharp action. O'Dogherty with his Irish horse chased the flying crowd, killing every man he caught, and Shan recovered himself to find he had lost four hundred men of the bravest of his followers. More fatal overthrow neither he

[1] *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Edward Randolph to Cecil, October 27: *MS.* Ibid.

nor any other Irish chief had yet received at English hands. But the success was dearly bought; Colonel Randolph himself leading the pursuit was struck by a random shot and fell dead from his horse. The Irish had fortunately suffered too severely to profit by his loss. Shan's motley army, held together as it was by the hope of easily-bought plunder, scattered when the service became dangerous. Sidney allowing him no rest struck in again beyond Dundalk, burning his farms and capturing his castles.[1] The Scots came in over the Bann, wasting the country all along the river side. Allaster M'Connell like some chief of Sioux Indians sent to the captain of Knockfergus an account of the cattle that he had driven, and "the wives and bairns" that he had slain.[2] Like swarms of angry hornets these avenging savages drove their stings into the now maddened and desperate Shan, on every point where they could fasten; while in December the old O'Donnell came out over the mountains from Donegal, and paid back O'Neil with interest for his stolen wife, his pillaged country, and his own long imprisonment and exile. The tide of fortune had turned too late for his own revenge: worn out with his long sufferings he fell from his horse at the head of his people with the stroke of death upon him; but before he died he called his kinsmen about him and prayed them to be true to England and their queen, and Hugh O'Donnell who succeeded to his father's command went straight to Derry and swore allegiance to the English crown.

Tyrone was now smitten in all its borders. Magennis was the last powerful chief who still adhered to Shan's fortunes; the last week in the year Sidney carried fire and sword through his country and left him not a hoof remaining. It was to no purpose that Shan, bewildered by the rapidity with which disasters were piling themselves upon him, cried out now for pardon and peace, the deputy would not answer his letter, and "nothing was talked of but his extirpation by war only."[3]

A singular tragedy interrupted for a time the tide of English success, although the first blows had been struck by so strong a hand that Shan could not rally from them. The death of Randolph had left the garrison at Derry as—in the words of one of them—a headless people.[4] Food and clothing fell short, and

[1] Sidney to the Lords of the Council, December 12: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Allaster M'Connell to the Captain of Knockfergus; enclosed in a letter of R. Piers to Sir H. Sidney, December 15: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Sidney to the English Council, January 18: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Geoffrey Vaughan to Admiral Winter, December 18: *MS.* Ibid.

there was no longer foresight to anticipate or authority to remedy the common wants of troops on active service. Sickness set in. By the middle of November "the flux was reigning among them wonderfully." [1] Strong men soon after were struck suddenly dead by a mysterious disorder which no medicine would cure and no precaution would prevent. It appeared at last that either in ignorance or carelessness they had built their sleeping quarters over the burial ground of the abbey, and the clammy vapour had stolen into their lungs and poisoned them. As soon as their distress was known, supplies in abundance were sent from England; but the vices of modern administration had already infected the public service, and a cargo of meal destined for the garrison of Derry went astray to Florida. No subordinate officer ventured to take the vacant command. "Many of our best men," Captain Vaughan wrote a few days before Christmas, "go away because there is none to stay them; many have died; God comfort us!" [2]

Colonel St. Loo came at last in the beginning of the new year. The pestilence for a time abated, and the spirits of the men revived. St. Loo, to quicken their blood, let them at once into the enemy's country; they returned after a foray of a few days driving before them seven hundred horses and a thousand cattle; [3] and the colonel wrote to Sidney to say that with three hundred additional men "he could so hunt the rebel that ere May was past he should not show his face in Ulster." [4]

Harder pressed than ever, Shan O'Neil, about the time when the Queen of Scots was bringing her matrimonial difficulties to their last settlement, made one more effort to gain allies in France. This time he wrote, not to the king, but to the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, imploring them in the name of their great brother the duke, who had raised the cross out of the dust where the unbelieving Huguenots were trampling it, to bring the fleur-de-lys to the rescue of Ireland from the grasp of the ungodly English. "Help us!" he cried, blending—Irish like—flattery with entreaty. "When I was in England I saw your noble brother the Marquis d'Elbœuf transfix two stags with a single arrow. If the Most Christian King will not help us, move the pope to help us. I alone in this land sustain his cause." [5]

[1] Wilfred to Cecil, November 15: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Vaughan to Winter, December 18: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] St. Loo in his despatch says 10,000. He must have added one cipher at least.—St. Loo to Sidney, February 8: *MS.* Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Shan O'Neil to the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, 1567: *MS.* Ibid

As the ship laboured in the gale the unprofitable cargo was thrown overboard. Terence Daniel relieved of his crozier went back to his place among the troopers; Creagh was accepted in his place, and taken into confidence and into Shan's household; all was done to deserve favour in earth and heaven, but all was useless. The pope sat silent, or muttering his anathemas with bated breath; the Guises had too much work on hand at home to heed the Irish wolf, whom the English having in vain attempted to trap or poison, were driving to bay with more lawful weapons.

Success or failure however was alike to the doomed garrison of Derry. The black death came back among them after a brief respite, and to the reeking vapour of the charnel-house it was indifferent whether its victims returned in triumph from a stricken field, or were cooped within their walls by hordes of savage enemies. By the middle of March there were left out of 1100 men but 300 available to fight. Reinforcements had been raised at Liverpool, but they were countermanded when on the point of sailing: it was thought idle to send them to inevitable death. The English council was discussing the propriety of removing the colony to the Bann, when accident finished the work which the plague had begun, and spared them the trouble of deliberation. The huts and sheds round the monastery had been huddled together for the convenience of fortification. At the end of April, probably after a drying east wind, a fire broke out in a blacksmith's forge, which spread irresistibly through the entire range of buildings. The flames at last reached the powder magazine; thirty men were blown in pieces by the explosion; and the rest paralysed by this last addition to their misfortunes made no more effort to extinguish the conflagration. St. Loo, with all that remained of that ill-fated party, watched from their provision boats in the river the utter destruction of the settlement which had begun so happily, and then sailed drearily away to find a refuge in Knockfergus.

Such was the fate of the first effort for the building of Londonderry; and below its later glories, as so often happens in this world, lay the bones of many a hundred gallant men who lost their lives in laying its foundations. Elizabeth, who in the immediate pressure of calamity resumed at once her nobler nature, "perceiving the misfortune not to come of treason but of God's ordinance, bore it well;" "she was willing to do that which should be wanting to repair the loss;" [1] and Cecil was able

[1] Cecil to Leicester, May, 1567: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

to write cheerfully to Sidney, telling him to make the best of the accident and let it stimulate him to fresh exertions.[1]

Happily the essential work had been done already, and the ruin of Derry came too late to profit Shan. His own people, divided and dispirited, were mutinying against a leader who no longer commanded success. In May a joint movement was concerted between Sidney and the O'Donnells, and while the deputy with the light horse of the Pale overran Tyrone and carried off three thousand cattle, Hugh O'Donnell came down on Shan on the river which runs into Lough Foyle. The spot where the supremacy of Ulster was snatched decisively from the ambition of the O'Neils is called in the despatches Gaviston. The situation is now difficult to identify. It was somewhere perhaps between Lifford and Londonderry, on the west side of the river.

Conscious that he was playing his last card, Shan had gathered together the whole of his remaining force, and had still nearly three thousand men with him. The O'Donnells were fewer in number; but victory, as generally happens, followed the tide in which events were setting. After a brief fight the O'Neils broke and fled; the enemy was behind them, the river was in front; and when the Irish battle-cries had died away over moor and mountain, but two hundred survived of those fierce troopers who were to have cleared Ireland for ever from the presence of the Saxons. For the rest, the wolves were snarling over their bodies, and the sea-gulls wheeling over them with scream and cry as they floated down to their last resting-place beneath the quiet waters of Lough Foyle. Shan's "foster brethren," faithful to the last, were all killed; he himself, with half a dozen comrades, rode for his life, pursued by the avenging furies; his first desperate intention was to throw himself at Sidney's feet, with a slave's collar upon his neck; but his secretary, Neil M'Kevin, persuaded him that his cause was not yet absolutely without hope.

Surlyboy was still a prisoner in the castle at Lough Neagh; "the Countess of Argyle" had remained with her ravisher through his shifting fortunes, had continued to bear him children, and notwithstanding his many infidelities was still attached to him. M'Kevin told him that for their sakes, or at their intercession, he might find shelter and perhaps help among the kindred of the M'Connells.[2]

[1] "Et contra audentior ito."—Cecil to Sidney, May 13: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Attainder of Shan O'Neil: *Irish Statute Book*, 11 *Elizabeth.*

In the far extremity of Antrim, beside the falls of Isnaleara, where the black valley of Glenariff opens out into Red Bay, sheltered among the hills and close upon the sea, lay the camp of Allaster M'Connell and his nephew Gillespie. Here on Saturday, the last of May, appeared Shan O'Neil, with M'Kevin and some fifty men. He had brought the countess and his prisoner as peace offerings: he alighted at Allaster's tent, and threw himself on his hospitality; and though the blood of the M'Connells was fresh on his hands he was received "with dissembled gratulatory words." The feud seemed to be buried in the restoration of Surlyboy; an alliance was again talked of, and for two days all went well. But the death of their leaders in the field was not the only wrong which Shan had offered to the Western Islanders: he had divorced James M'Connell's daughter; he had kept a high-born Scottish lady with him as his mistress; and last of all, after killing M'Connell he had asked Argyle to give him M'Connell's widow for a wife. The lady herself, to escape the dishonour, had remained in concealment in Edinburgh; but the mention of it had been taken as a mortal insult by her family.

The third evening, Monday the 2nd of June, after supper, when the wine and the whisky had gone freely round, and the blood in Shan's veins had warmed again, Gillespie M'Connell, who had watched him from the first with an ill-boding eye, turned round upon M'Kevin and asked scornfully "whether it was he who had bruited abroad that the lady his aunt did offer to come from Scotland to Ireland to marry with his master?"

M'Kevin, meeting scorn with scorn, said "that if his aunt was Queen of Scotland she might be proud to match the O'Neil."

"It is false!" the fierce Scot shouted; "my aunt is too honest a woman to match with her husband's murderer."

Shan, who was perhaps drunk, heard the words; and forgetting where he was, flung back the lie in Gillespie's throat. Gillespie sprung to his feet, ran out of the tent, and raised the slogan of the Isles. A hundred dirks flashed into the moonlight, and the Irish wherever they could be found were struck down and stabbed. Some two or three found their horses and escaped; all the rest were murdered; and Shan himself, gashed with fifty wounds, was "wrapped in a kern's old shirt" and flung into a pit dug hastily among the ruined arches of Glenarm.

Even there what was left of him was not allowed to rest; four days later Piers, the captain of Knockfergus, hacked the head from the body, and carried it on a spear's point through Drogheda

to Dublin, where staked upon a spike it bleached on the battlements of the castle, a symbol to the Irish world of the fate of Celtic heroes.[1]

So died Shan O'Neil, one of those champions of Irish nationality, who under varying features have repeated themselves in the history of that country with periodic regularity. At once a drunken ruffian and a keen and fiery patriot, the representative in his birth of the line of the ancient kings, the ideal in his character of all which Irishmen most admired, regardless in his actions of the laws of God and man, yet the devoted subject in his creed of the Holy Catholic Church; with an eye which could see far beyond the limits of his own island, and a tongue which could touch the most passionate chords of the Irish heart; the like of him has been seen many times in that island, and the like of him may be seen many times again, "till the Ethiopian has changed his skin and the leopard his spots."

Many of his letters remain, to the queen, to Sussex, to Sidney, to Cecil, and to foreign princes; far-reaching, full of pleasant flattery and promises which cost him nothing; but showing true ability and insight. Sinner though he was, he too in his turn was sinned against; in the stained page of Irish misrule there is no second instance in which an English ruler stooped to treachery or to the infamy of attempted assassination; and it is not to be forgotten that Lord Sussex, who has left under his own hand the evidence of his own baseness, continued a trusted and favoured councillor of Elizabeth, while Sidney, who fought Shan and conquered him in the open field, found only suspicion and hard words.

How just Sidney's calculations had been, how ably his plans were conceived, how bravely they were carried out, was proved by their entire success, notwithstanding the unforeseen and unlikely calamity at Londonderry. In one season Ireland was reduced for the first time to universal peace and submission. While the world was full of Sidney's praises Elizabeth persevered in writing letters to him which Cecil in his own name and the name of the council was obliged to disclaim. But at last the queen, too, became gradually gracious; she condescended to acknowledge that he had recovered Ireland for her crown, and thanked him for his services.

[1] Sir William Fitzwilliam to Cecil, June 10: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

CHAPTER XII

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS

It is the purpose of this chapter to trace the first movements of the struggle which transferred from Spain to England the sovereignty of the seas; the first beginnings of that proud power which, rising out of the heart of the people, has planted the saplings of the English race in every quarter of the globe, has covered the ocean with its merchant fleets, and flaunts its flag in easy supremacy among the nations of the earth.

In the English nature there were and are two antagonistic tendencies—visible alike in our laws, in our institutions, in our religion, in our families, in the thoughts and actions of our greatest men: a disposition on the one hand to live by rule and precedent, to distrust novelties, to hold the experience of the past as a surer guide than the keenest conclusions of logic, and to maintain with loving reverence the customs, the convictions, and traditions which have come down to us from other generations: on the other hand, a restless impetuous energy, inventing, expanding, pressing forward into the future, regarding what has been already achieved only as a step or landing-place leading upwards and onwards to higher conquests—a mode of thought which in the half-educated takes the form of a rash disdain of earlier ages, which in the best and wisest creates a sense that we shall be unworthy of our ancestors if we do not eclipse them in all that they touched, if we do not draw larger circles round the compass of their knowledge, and extend our power over nature, over the world, and over ourselves.

In healthy ages as in healthy persons the two tendencies coexist, and produce that even progress, that strong vitality at once so vigorous and so composed, which is legible everywhere in the pages of English history. Under the accidental pressure of special causes one or other disposition has for a time become predominant, and intervals of torpor and inactivity have been followed by a burst of licence, when in one direction or another law and order have become powerless; when the people, shaking themselves free from custom, have hurried forward in the energy

of their individual impulses, and new thoughts and new inclinations, like a rush of pent-up waters, have swept all before them.

Through the century and a half which intervened between the death of Edward III. and the fall of Wolsey the English seagoing population with but few exceptions had moved in a groove, in which they lived and worked from day to day and year to year with unerring uniformity. The wine brigs made their annual voyages to Bordeaux and Cadiz; the hoys plied with such regularity as the winds allowed them between the Scheldt and the Thames; summer after summer the "Iceland fleet" went north for the cod and ling which were the food of the winter fasting days; the boats of Yarmouth and Rye, Southampton, Poole, Brixham, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Fowie fished the Channel. The people themselves, though hardy and industrious, and though as much at home upon the ocean as their Scandinavian forefathers or their descendants in modern England, were yet contented to live in an unchanging round from which they neither attempted nor desired to extricate themselves. The number of fishermen who found employment remained stationary; the produce of their labour supported their families in such comforts as they considered necessary. The officials of the London companies ruled despotically in every English harbour; not a vessel cleared for a foreign port, not a smack went out for the herring season, without the official licence; and the sale of every bale of goods or every hundredweight of fish was carried on under the eyes of the authorities, and at prices fixed by Act of Parliament.

To men contented to be so employed and so rewarded, it was in vain that Columbus held out as a temptation the discovery of a New World; it was in vain that foreigners guided English ships across the Atlantic and opened out the road before their eyes. In 1497 John Cabot, the Venetian, with his son Sebastian—then a little boy—sailed from Bristol for "the Islands of Cathay." He struck the American continent at Nova Scotia, sailed up into the Greenland seas till he was blocked by the ice, then coasted back to Florida, and returned with the news of another continent waiting to be occupied. The English mariners turned away with indifference; their own soil and their own seas had been sufficient for the wants of their fathers; "their fathers had more wit and wisdom than they;" and it was left to Spain, in that grand burst of energy which followed on the expulsion of the Moors and the union of

the crowns, to add a hemisphere to the globe and found empires in lands beyond the sunset.

Strange indeed was the contrast between the two races, and stranger still the interchange of character, as we look back over three hundred years. Before the sixteenth century had measured half its course the shadow of Spain already stretched beyond the Andes; from the mines of Peru and the custom-houses of Antwerp the golden rivers streamed into her imperial treasury; the crowns of Arragon and Castile, of Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily, clustered on the brow of her sovereigns; and the Spaniards themselves, before their national liberties were broken, were beyond comparison the noblest, grandest, and most enlightened people in the known world.

The spiritual earthquake shook Europe: the choice of the ways was offered to the nations; on the one side liberty, with the untried possibilities of anarchy and social dissolution; on the other the reinvigoration of the creeds and customs of ten centuries, in which Christendom had grown to its present stature.

Fools and dreamers might follow their ignis fatuus till it led them to perdition: the wise Spaniard took his stand on the old ways. He too would have his reformation, with an inspired Santa Teresa for a prophetess, an army of ascetics to combat with prayer the legions of the evil one, a most holy inquisition to put away the enemies of God with sword and dungeon, stake and fire. That was the Spaniard's choice, and his intellect shrivelled in his brain, and the sinews shrank in his self-bandaged limbs; and only now at last, with such imperfect deliverance as they have found in French civilisation and Voltairian philosophy, is the life-blood stealing again into the veins of the descendants of the conquerors of Granada.

Meanwhile a vast intellectual revolution, of which the religious reformation was rather a sign than a cause, was making its way in the English mind. The discovery of the form of the earth and of its place in the planetary system, was producing an effect on the imagination which long familiarity with the truth renders it hard for us now to realise. The very heaven itself had been rolled up like a scroll, laying bare the illimitable abyss of space; the solid frame of the earth had become a transparent ball, and in a hemisphere below their feet men saw the sunny Palm Isles and the golden glories of the tropic seas. Long impassive, long unable from the very toughness of their natures to apprehend these novel wonders, indifferent to them, even hating them as at

first they hated the doctrines of Luther, the English opened their eyes at last. In the convulsions which rent England from the Papacy a thousand superstitions were blown away, a thousand new thoughts rushed in, bringing with them their train of new desires and new emotions; and when the fire was once kindled, the dry wood burnt fiercely in the wind.

Having thrown down the gauntlet to the pope, Henry VIII. had to look to the defences of the kingdom; and knowing that his best security lay in the command of the "broad ditch," as he called it, which cut him off from Europe, he turned his mind with instant sagacity to the development of the navy. Long before indeed, when Anne Boleyn was a child, and Wolsey was in the zenith of his greatness, and Henry was the pope's "Defender of the Faith," he had quickened his slumbering dockyards into life, studied naval architecture, built ships on new models, and cast unheard-of cannon. Giustiniani in 1518 found him practising at Southampton with his new brass artillery. The *Great Harry* was the wonder of Northern Europe; and the fleet afterwards collected at Spithead, when D'Annebault brought his sixty thousand Frenchmen to the Isle of Wight, and the *Mary Rose* went down under Henry's eyes, was the strongest, proudest, and best formed which had yet floated in English waters.

The mariners and merchants had caught the impulse of the time. In 1530, when the divorce question was in its early stages, Mr. William Hawkins of Plymouth, "a man for his wisdom, valour, experience, and skill of sea causes much esteemed and beloved of King Henry VIII.," "armed out a tall and goodly ship," sailed for the coast of Guinea, where he first trafficked with the negroes for gold dust and ivory, and then crossed the Atlantic to Brazil, "where he behaved himself so wisely with the savage people" that "the King of Brazil" came back with him to see the wonders of England, and was introduced to Henry at Whitehall. The year after Hawkins went back again, and "the king" with him; the king on the passage home died of change of air, bad diet, and confinement; and there were fears for the Englishmen who had been left as hostages among the Indians. But they were satisfied that there had been no foul play; they welcomed Englishmen as cordially as they hated the Spaniards; and a trade was opened which was continued chiefly by the merchants of Southampton.

In 1549 Sebastian Cabot, who in his late manhood had returned to Bristol, was appointed by Edward VI. grand pilot

of England; and as enterprise expanded with freedom and with the cracking up of superstition, the merchant adventurers who had started up in London on principles of free trade, and who were to the established guilds as the Protestants to the Catholic bishops, sent their ships up the Straits to the Levant, explored the Baltic, and had their factors at Novgorod. In 1552 Captain Windham of Norfolk followed William Hawkins to the coast of Guinea, and again in 1553, with Antonio Pinteado, he led a second expedition to the Bight of Benin and up the river to the court of the king. The same year the noble Sir Hugh Willoughby, enchanted like John Cabot with visions of "the Islands of Cathay" sailed in search of them into the Arctic circle, turned eastward into the frozen seas, and perished in the ice.

But neither the "frost giants" of the north nor the deadly vapours of the African rivers could quell the spirit which had been at last aroused. Windham and Pinteado died of fever in the Benin waters; and of a hundred and forty mariners who sailed with them, forty only ever saw Ramhead and Plymouth Sound again; but the year following John Lok was tempted to the same shores by the ivory and gold dust; and he—first of Englishmen—discovering that the negroes "were a people of beastly living, without God, law, religion, or commonwealth," gave some of them the opportunity of a lift in creation, and carried off five as slaves.

It is noticeable that on their first appearance on the west coast of Africa, the English visitors were received by the natives with marked cordiality. The slave trade hitherto had been a monopoly of the Spaniards and Portuguese; it had been established in concert with the native chiefs, as a means of relieving the tribes of bad subjects, who would otherwise have been hanged. Thieves, murderers, and such like were taken down to the depôts and sold to the West Indian traders.[1] But the theory, as was inevitable, soon ceased to correspond with the practice; to be able-bodied and helpless became a sufficient crime to justify deportation; the Portuguese stations became institutions for an organised kidnapping; and when the English vessels appeared they were welcomed by the smaller negro tribes as more harmless specimens of the dangerous white race. But

[1] "When they (the negroes of the Rio Grande) sit in council in the consultation-house, the king or captain sitteth in the midst and the elders upon the floor by him (for they give reverence to their elders), and the common sort sit round about them. There they sit to examine matters of theft, which if a man be taken with, to steal but a Portugal cloth from another, he is sold to the Portugal for a slave."—HAKLUYT, vol. iii. p. 599.

the theft of the five men made them fear that the newcomers were no better than the rest; the alarm was spread all along the coast, and Towrson, a London merchant, found his voyage the next year made unprofitable through their unwillingness to trade. The injury was so considerable, and the value of the slaves in England so trifling, that they were sent back; and the captain who took them home was touched at the passionate joy with which the poor creatures were welcomed.

Thus it was that the accession of Elizabeth found commerce leaving its old channels and stretching in a thousand new directions. While the fishing trade was ruined by the change of creed, a taste came in for luxuries undreamt of in the simpler days which were passing away. Statesmen accustomed to rule the habits of private life with sumptuary laws, and to measure the imports of the realm by their own conceptions of the necessities of the people, took alarm at the inroads upon established ways and usages, and could see only "a most lamentable spoil to the realm, in the over quantity of unnecessary wares brought into the port of London."[1]

From India came perfumes, spices, rice, cotton, indigo, and precious stones; from Persia and Turkey carpets, velvets, satins, damasks, cloth of gold, and silk robes "wrought in divers colours."[2] Russia gave its ermines and sables, its wolf and bear skins, its tallow, flax, and hemp, its steel and iron, its ropes, cables, pitch, tar, masts for ships, and even deal boards. The New World sent over sugar, rare woods, gold, silver, and pearls; and these, with the pomegranates, lemons, and oranges, the silks and satins, the scented soaps and oils, and the fanciful variety of ornaments which was imported from the south of Europe, shocked the austere sense of the race of Englishmen who had been bred up in an age when heaven was of more importance than earthly pleasure. Fathers were filled with panic for the morals of their children, and statesmen trembled before the imminent ruin of the realm.[3]

[1] List of articles entered from abroad in the port of London in the second year of Queen Elizabeth: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.* Note of commodities brought into the realm in the year 1564: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] The eastern trade was carried on either through Russia and Poland or else through Turkey and the Levant.

[3] It appears from the customs entries that the heaviest foreign trade was in canvas, linen, cloth, wood, oil, and wines. The total value of the wine entered at the port of London alone, in the year 1559, was £64,000; the retail selling price being then on an average sevenpence a gallon. The iron trade with Sweden, Russia, and Spain was considerable; and strange to say, the English then depended on foreign manufacturers for their knives, their nails. their buttons and even their pins and needles. Hops

To pay for these new introductions England had little to spare except its wool, its woollen cloths, and fustians. It was true that the demand which was opened out abroad for these things quickened production at home, and the English woollen manufacturers grew with the foreign trade; but Cecil found no comfort in a partial prosperity which withdrew labour from agriculture, and tended to bring back or to support the great grazing farms, which it was a passion with English statesmen to limit or break up: he was disturbed to observe that London was importing corn; and in a paper of notes on the phenomena which he saw around him, he added as a fact to be remarked and remembered, "that those who depend upon the making of cloths are of worse condition to be quietly governed than the husbandmen."[1] He dreaded, further, the supposed fatal effect of an export of gold, as the necessary consequence of an over-rapid growth of commerce; and he could see no remedy save to "abridge" by Act of Parliament "the use of such foreign commodities as were not necessary," "whereof the excess of silks was one," "excess of wine and spices another." The great consumption of wine especially "enriched France, whose power England ought not to increase;" "the multiplying of taverns was an evident cause of disorder amongst the vulgar, who wasted there the fruits of their daily labour, and committed all evils which accompany drunkenness." Anticipating the language of the modern Protectionist, Cecil thought it was an ill policy to encourage manufactures at the expense of tillage, when war might at any time throw the country back upon its own resources.

Another strange fact, at first sight utterly inexplicable, perplexed Elizabeth's ministers. Along with the increase of the foreign trade the "port towns of the realm had been steadily decaying;" harbours, which at the beginning of the century "had been well furnished with ships and mariners," were left with but a few boats and barges. "It needeth no proof," wrote Cecil in 1566,[2] "that more wine is drunk now than in former times; let men that keep households remember whether commonly they spend not more wines than their grandfathers,

stand at a large figure, and so does sugar. Among miscellaneous articles are found dolls, tennis-balls, cabbages, turnips, tape and thread, glasses, hats, laces, marmalade, baskets, and rods for baskets.—*Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] Notes on the state of trade, October, 1564. In Cecil's hand: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Trade notes: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth,* vol. xli. *Rolls House.*

yea, percase, than themselves within twelve years; let all noblemen compare their household books with their ancestors', and it will be as manifest as can be that England spendeth more wines in one year than it did in antient times in four years."

Other imports from foreign countries had increased almost in the same proportion; and yet the ports were sinking and the navy dwindling away.

There were several causes. Much of the common carrying trade was done by the French and Flemings; English enterprise was engaged in expeditions of a different kind, to which I shall presently refer. Another immediate and most important occasion was the cessation of the demand for fish.

"In old time" (I again quote from Sir William Cecil),[1] "no flesh at all was eaten on fish days; even the king could not have licence; which was occasion of eating so much fish as now is eaten in flesh upon fish days." In the recoil from the involuntary asceticism, beef and mutton reigned exclusively on all tables; and "to detest fish" in all shapes and forms had become a "note" of Protestantism. The Act of Edward,[2] prescribing "due and godly abstinence as a means to virtue to subdue men's bodies to their soul and spirit," had been laughed at and trampled on; and thus it was that the men who used to live "by the trade and mystery of fishing" had to seek some other calling. Instead of the Iceland fleet of Englishmen which used to supply Normandy and Brittany as well as England, "five hundred French vessels,[3] with from thirty to forty men in each of them," went annually to Newfoundland, and even the home fisheries fell equally into the hands of strangers. The Yarmouth waters were "occupied by Flemings and Frenchmen," "the narrow seas by the French," "the western fishing for hake and pilchard by a great navy of French within kenning of the English shores." "The north parts of Ireland, and especially the Bann, within ten years, was in farm of the merchants of Chester; and now both the herring and salmon fishing was in the hands of the Scots;" "the south part of Ireland was yearly fished by the Spaniards;" "so that England was besieged round about with foreigners, and deprived of the substance of the sea fishing, being as it appeared by God's ordinance peculiarly given to the same; and more regard had how to entice merchants and mariners to a further trade to employ them-

[1] Notes upon an Act for the increase of the navy, 1563: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] 2 & 3 Edward VI. cap. 19. [3] Sic.

selves to carry treasure into France, and from that to overburden the realm with wines, rather than to recover their antient natural possession of their own seas and at their own doors, in which kind of trade men were made meeter to abide storms and become common mariners than by sailing of ships to Rouen or Bourdeaulx." [1]

So wrote the most farsighted of English statesmen; and knowing that the safety of England depended upon its fleet, and that "to build ships without men to man them was to set armour upon stakes on the sea shore," [2] of "means to encourage mariners" he could see but three.

First, "Merchandise;"

Second, "Fishing;"

And thirdly, "The exercise of piracy, which was detestable and could not last." [3]

It will be seen that "piracy" could last; that buccaneering in some irregular combination with trade and religion, not only would be one among other means, but the very source and seed-vessel from which the naval power of England was about to rise.

But Cecil, who believed in God in a commonplace manner, and had been bred up in old-fashioned objections to "the water-thieves," could not persuade himself that good would come of them. Trade was already overgrown, and so far as he could judge was on the way to become entirely ruinous. The only remedies therefore which he could think of were, first, "a navigation law," laying foreign vessels under disabilities; and secondly, to force once more "a politic ordinance on fish eating" through an unwilling and contemptuous House of Commons. In the Parliament of 1562-3 he brought in a Bill [4] to make the not eating of fish on Fridays and Saturdays a misdemeanour, punishable by a fine of three pounds or three months' imprisonment; and, as if this was not enough, adding Wednesday as a subsidiary half-fish day, on which "one dish of flesh might be allowed, provided there were served at the same table and at the same meal three full competent usual dishes of sea fish of sundry kinds, fresh or salt."

"The House of Commons," Cecil admitted, "was very earnest against him;" he carried his measure only by arguing that if the Bill was passed it would be almost inoperative: "labourers and poor householders could not observe it," he

[1] Trade notes: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xli. *Rolls House.*
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] 5 *Elizabeth*, cap. 4, 5.

said, "and the rest by licence or without licence would do as they would;" [1] while to satisfy the Puritans he was obliged to add the ludicrous provision that, "because no person should misjudge the intent of the statute, which was politicly meant only for the increase of fishermen and mariners, and not for any superstition for choice of meats, whoever should preach or teach that eating of fish or forbearing of flesh was for the saving of the soul of man or for the service of God, should be punished as the spreader of false news." [2]

How powerless such an Act must have been to stem the stream of popular tendency it is needless to say. Cecil however had at all events shown an honourable detestation of the wild piratical doings which were fast spreading; and if events proved too strong for him, he had delivered his own soul.

According to some persons the notion of property is a conventional creation of human society. The beast of prey refuses to the fat sweet juicy animal which cannot defend itself a right of property in its own flesh; among savages there is no right but of strength; in more advanced stages of civilisation the true believer, Israelite or Mahometan, spoils the heathen without remorse, of lands, goods, liberty, and life. Ulysses, a high bred gentleman, the friend of the gods, roves the seas with his mariners, sacks unguarded towns, and kills the unlucky owners who dare to defend themselves: Rob Roy lives on Lowland cattle-lifting without forfeiting romantic sympathy. The more advanced philosophers indeed maintain that property itself is the only true theft, and that the right of man "to call anything his own" will disappear again as the wheel comes full round, in the light of a more finished cultivation.

"The ancient Greeks," says Thucydides, "even those not lowest in rank among them, when they first crossed the seas betook themselves to piracy. Falling on unprotected towns or villages they plundered them at their pleasure, and from this resource they derived their chief means of maintenance. The employment carried no disgrace with it, but rather glory and honour; and in the tales of our poets, when mariners touch anywhere, the common question is whether they are pirates — neither those who are thus addressed being ashamed of their calling, nor those who inquire meaning it as a reproach."

In the dissolution of the ancient order of Europe, and the

[1] Arguments in the House of Commons, February, 1562-3. Cecil's hand: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxvii.

[2] Clause to be added to the Fisheries Act, 5 *Elizabeth*, cap. 4, s. In Cecil's hand: Ibid.

spiritual anarchy which had reduced religion to a quarrel of opinions, the primitive tendencies of human nature for a time asserted themselves, and the English gentlemen of the sixteenth century passed into a condition which, with many differences, yet had many analogies with that of the Grecian chiefs. With the restlessness of new thoughts, new hopes and prospects, with a constitutional enjoyment of enterprise and adventure, with a legitimate hatred of oppression, and a determination to revenge their countrymen who from day to day were tortured and murdered by the inquisition, most of all perhaps, with a sense that it was the mission of a Protestant Englishman to spoil the Amalekites, in other words the gold ships from Panama, or the richly-laden Flemish traders, the merchants at the sea-ports, the gentlemen whose estates touched upon the creeks and rivers, and to whom the sea from childhood had been a natural home, fitted out their vessels under the name of traders, and sent them forth armed to the teeth with vague commissions, to take their chance of what the gods might send.

Already in this history I have had occasion to describe how in the unsettled state of England, young Catholics or Protestants, flying alternately from the despotism of Edward and Mary, had hung about the French harbours, or the creeks and bays which indent the Irish coast, where they had gathered about them rough wild crews who cared nothing for creeds, but formed a motley and mixed community living upon plunder. Emerging when England was at war into commissioned privateers, on the return of peace they were disavowed and censured; but they were secured from effective pursuit by the weakness of the government, and by the certainty that at no distant time their services would again be required. The "vain-glorious" Sir Thomas Seymour, finding too little scope at home for his soaring ambition, had dreamed of a private sovereignty among the labyrinths of Scilly. During the Marian persecution, Carews, Killigrews, Tremaynes, Strangways, Throgmortons, Horseys, Cobhams —men belonging to the best families in England, became roving chiefs. On Elizabeth's accession most of them came back to the service of the crown: Strangways, the Red Rover of the Channel, was killed on a sandbank in the Seine, leading volunteers to the defence of Rouen; "Ned Horsey," the ruffling cavalier of Arundel's, who had sung the catch of evil omen to priests and prelates, became Sir Edward Horsey, governor of the Isle of Wight; the younger Tremayne was killed doing service at Havre; and Henry Killigrew became a confidential servant of

Elizabeth, and one of her most trusted agents. But the lawless spirit had spread like a contagion, especially through the western counties; and the vast numbers of fishermen whose calling had become profitless had to seek some new employment. Though their leaders had left them, the pirate crews remained at their old trade; and gradually it came about that, as the modern gentleman keeps his yacht, so Elizabeth's loyal burghers, squires, or knights, whose inclination lay that way, kept their ambiguous cruisers, and levied war on their own account when the government lagged behind its duty.

A fast Flemish trader has sailed from Antwerp to Cadiz; something happens to her on the way, and she never reaches her destination. At midnight carts and horses run down to the sea and over the sands at Lowestoft; the black hull and spars of a vessel are seen outside the breakers, dimly riding in the gloom; and a boat shoots through the surf loaded to the gunwale. The bales and tubs are swiftly shot into the carts; the horses drag back their loads, which before daybreak are safe in the cellars of some quiet manor-house; the boat sweeps off; the sails drop from the mysterious vessel's yards, and she glides away into the darkness to look for a fresh victim.[1]

Another rich trader has run the gauntlet of the Channel; she is off the Land's End, and believes her danger is past. A low black lugger slips out from among the rocks, runs alongside, and grapples her bulwarks; the buccaneers swarm upon her decks—English, French—"twenty wild kerns with long skeens and targets," "very desperate and unruly persons without any kind of mercy;" [2] the ship is sent to Kinsale or Berehaven, or to the bottom of the sea, as she sails fast or ill; the crew if they escape murder are thrust on shore at the nearest point of the coast of France.[3]

The rovers were already venturing into lower latitudes in search of richer prizes. In May 1563 a galleon was waylaid and plundered at Cape St. Vincent by two small evil-looking vessels, recognised as English by the flights of arrows which drove the Spaniards from the decks; [4] while again the Spanish ships of war

[1] Piracy at Lowestoft, April, 1561: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xvi.
[2] Piracy at the Land's End: Ibid.., vol. xl.
[3] Illustrating these scenes, we find a petition to the crown in 1563 from the mayor and bailiff of Cork for artillery and powder, "their harbour being so beset with pirates, rovers, and other malefactors, whom they had no strength to beat off."—*Irish MSS. Rolls House.*
[4] "The mariners say plainly that they were Englishmen, for that they shot so many arrows that they were not able to look out."—Hugh Tipton to Sir T. Chaloner, June 1, 1563: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

provoked a repetition of such outrages by their clumsy and awkward reprisals.

About the same time the Indian fleet coming into the Azores found five brigs from Bristol and Barnstaple loading with wood. The Englishmen were getting under weigh as the Spanish admiral, Pedro Melendez, entered the harbour. They neglected to salute, and in half insolence carried the St. George's cross at the main. Melendez instantly gave chase. "Down with your flags, ye English dogs! ye thieves and pirates!" he shouted, as he ran into the midst of them, firing right and left. The crews were thrown into irons; the ships and cargoes were taken into Cadiz and confiscated. The English ambassador appealed to Philip; the case was inquired into, and the innocent character of the vessels was perfectly established. But when the owners applied to have their property restored to them, Melendez had made it over to the inquisition: the inquisition had sold it; and the crews were at last glad to depart with their empty vessels, having suffered nothing worse than six months' imprisonment on bread and water in the gaol at Seville.[1]

The inquisition had the management of the Spanish harbours, and the Englishman was to be considered fortunate who extricated himself alive from their hands. Though the English rovers were often common plunderers, yet there was a noble spirit at work at the bottom of their proceedings, which raised many of them into the wild ministers of a righteous revenge.

In August 1561 Thomas Nicholls, an English merchant resident in the Canaries, wrote thus to Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Philip II.:—

"Please your lordship to consider that I was taken prisoner by them of the inquisition about twenty months past, and put into a little dark house about two paces long, laden with irons, without sight of sun or moon all the said time of twenty months.

"When I was arraigned they laid to my charge that I should say our mass to be as good or better than theirs; also that I went not to mass; also that I should say I had rather give my money to the poor than to buy bulls of Rome with it; with other paltry inventions. I answered, proving the allegations untrue with many witnesses. Then they put me again in prison for a certain space, and alleged anew against me six or seven articles against our queen's grace, saying her majesty was enemy to the faith, and her grace was preached to be the antichrist, and that her grace did maintain "circumcision"

[1] *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

and the Jewish law; and also a friar shaked off the dust of his shoes against her and the city of London, with such abominable and untrue sayings. Then stood I to the defence of the queen's majesty's cause, proving the infamies to be most untrue. Then was I put in Little Ease again till the end to twenty months finished, protesting mine innocent blood against the judge to be demanded before Christ." [1]

In the year 1563 the following petition was addressed to the lords of Elizabeth's council:—

"In most lamentable wise showeth unto your honours your humble orator Dorothy Seeley, of the city of Bristol, wife to Thomas Seeley, of the queen's majesty's guard, that where her said husband upon most vile, slanderous, spiteful, malicious, and most villainous words spoken against the queen's majesty's own person by a certain subject of the King of Spain—here not to be uttered—not being able to suffer the same did flee upon the same slanderous person and gave him a blow—so it is, most honourable lords, that hereupon my said husband, no other offence in respect of their religion then committed, was secretly accused to the inquisition of the Holy House, and so committed to most vile prison, and there hath remained now three whole years in miserable state with cruel torments. For redress whereof, and for the queen's majesty's letter to the King of Spain, your said suppliant was heretofore a humble suitor to the queen's majesty at Bristol in that progress; and her majesty then promised to write and see redress. But whether her majesty did by letter or by ambassadors after sent into Spain deal with the said king for redress I know not; but certain it is that my said husband, with divers others the queen's subjects, remain yet in prison, without hope, without your honours' help to be delivered.[2] In tender consideration whereof and of the daily common tormenting of the queen's majesty's subjects, it may please your honours to grant your favourable earnest letters herein to the King of Spain—or rather to permit and suffer the friends of such her majesty's subjects as be there imprisoned, afflicted, and tormented against all reason, to make out certain ships to the sea at their own proper charges, and to

[1] *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] In the list of captains who accompanied Drake to the West Indies in his famous voyage of 1585-6, I find the name of Thomas Seeley in command of the *Minion*. Perhaps it was the same man. It is more likely however that the husband of Dorothy Seeley was one of the many hundred English sailors who rotted away in the dungeons of the inquisition, or were burnt to please the rabble of Valladolid, and that Drake's companion was a son bred up by his mother in deadly hatred of the Spanish race.

take such inquisitors or other such Papistical subjects to the King of Spain as they can take by sea or land, and them to retain in prison in England with such torments and diet as her majesty's subjects be kept with in Spain; and that it may please the queen's majesty withal, upon complaint to be made thereupon by the King of Spain or his subjects, to make such like answer as the King of Spain now maketh to her majesty or her ambassador suing for her subjects imprisoned by force of the inquisition.

"Or that it may please her majesty to grant unto the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, the like commission in all points for foreign Papists as the inquisitors have in Spain for the Protestants, that thereby they may be forced not to trouble her subjects repairing to Spain, or that there may be hereupon an interchange of delivery of prisoners—of Protestants for the Papists; that the queen's majesty's subjects may be assured hereby that they have a prince with such honourable council that cannot nor will not longer endure such spoils and torments of her natural subjects, and such daily pitiful complaints hereabout; and that the Spaniard have not cause by the queen's majesty's long sufferance to triumph, or to think that this noble realm dare not seek the revenge of such importable wrongs daily done to this realm by daily spoiling her majesty of the lives and goods of her good subjects; and consequently spoiling the realm of great force and strength. And your poor supplicant, with many others the queen's majesty's subjects, shall daily pray for your honours in health and felicity long to continue."[1]

Either as the afterthought of the writer, or as the comment of some person in authority, the following singular note was appended to Dorothy Seeley's petition:—

"Long peace such as it is, by force of the Spanish inquisition becometh to England more hurtful than open war. It is the secret and determined policy of Spain to destroy the English fleet and pilots, masters and sailors, by means of the inquisition. The Spanish king pretends that he dare not offend the Holy House, while it is said in England, we may not proclaim war against Spain for the revenge of a few, forgetting that a good war might end all these mischiefs. Not long since the Spanish inquisition executed sixty persons of St. Malo in France, notwithstanding entreaty to the King of Spain to stay them. Whereupon the Frenchmen armed and manned forth their

[1] Petition of Dorothy Seeley, 1563: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

pinnaces, and lay for the Spaniards, and took a hundred and beheaded them, sending the Spanish ships to the shore with the heads, leaving in each ship but one only man to render the cause of revenge; since which time the Spanish inquisition has never meddled with those of St. Malo." [1]

The theology of English sailors was not usually of a very rigid character. Out of seventy-one of Sir John Hawkins's men who were taken by the Spaniards in 1567, three only held out against rack and scourge with sufficient firmness to earn martyrdom; yet on the 10th of January 1563 Sir William Cecil stated that in the one year then last past, twenty-six English subjects had been burnt to death in different parts of Spain." [2]

But the stake was but one of many forms of judicial murder. The following story indicates with some detail both the careless audacity of the English and the treatment to which they were exposed:—During the war between England and France, on the 15th of November 1563, a fleet of eight English merchantmen, homeward bound from the Levant, were lying in the harbour of Gibraltar, when a French privateer full of men and heavily armed, came in and anchored within speaking distance of them. The sailors on both sides were amusing themselves with exchanging the usual discourtesies in word and gesture, when the vicar of the Holy Office, with a boatload of priests, came off to the Frenchman; and whether it was that the presence of their natural foe excited the English, or that they did not know what those black figures were, and intended merely to make a prize of an enemy's vessel, three or four of the ships slipped their cables, opened fire, and attempted to run the Frenchman down.

The Spaniards, indignant at the breach of the peace of the harbour, and the insult to the inquisition, began to fire from the castle; the holy men fled terrified; a party of English who were on shore were arrested, and the alcalde sent a body of harbour police to arrest others who were hanging in their boats about the French vessel. The police on coming up were received with a shower of arrows; the officer in command was wounded; and they were carried off as prisoners to the English ships, where they were detained till their comrades on shore were restored.

[1] Petition of Dorothy Seeley, 1563: *Spainsh MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] At the beginning of 1563, foreigners residing in London were forbidden to hear mass in their private houses. The Bishop of Aquila remonstrated, and Cecil answered, "Que en España han quemado este año viente y seis Ingleses."—De Quadra to Philip, January, 1563: *MS. Simancas.*

The next morning a second effort to seize or sink the Frenchman was prevented by the guns of the fortress. The English had given up the game and were sailing out of the bay, when Alvarez de Vasar happened to come round with a strong force from Cadiz. The ships, after a fruitless attempt at flight, were seized and confiscated; the ensigns were torn down and trailed reversed over the Spanish admiral's stern; and the captains and men, 240 in all, were condemned as galley slaves.[1] They forwarded a memorial to Chaloner at Madrid, telling their own story, and praying him to intercede for them.

"Ye served some angry saint," Chaloner wrote in answer, "so unadvisedly to take such an enterprise in hand in these parts where our nation findeth so short courtesy; and ye played the part of wavering inconstant heads, having once begun a matter to suffer yourselves so vilely to be taken, which if ye had held together I think ye needed not. Most of all I accuse the wonted fault of all merchants of our nation who go about every man to shift for himself, and care not for their fellows so they make sure work for themselves."[2]

"Although the treatment of our people," the ambassador wrote in relating the matter to Elizabeth, "has been most cruel and rigorous, yet I must say that a great part thereof has proceeded of the counterdealing of our adventurers, or rather pirates, during these wars, having spoiled and misruled the king's subjects very much. These men would not have remained by the heels had not other English adventurers by force broken the jurisdiction of this king's ports, and taken Frenchmen out of their havens; so at last when they chanced to catch any such in their gripe, they determined to make them an example for the rest."[3]

An example they did make of them, or rather of their own wilful cruelty. England and Spain were nominally at peace; and the fault of the eight ships in those lawless times had a thousand precedents to bespeak lenient punishment. The ambassador interceded, entreated, explained; Philip and Alva listened with grave courtesy; and a commission was appointed to examine into the circumstances at Gibraltar. But the investigation was studiously deliberate while the treatment of the prisoners was as studiously cruel. Nine months after the

[1] Hugh Tipton to Sir Thomas Chaloner, December 8, 1563: *Spanish MSS.*

[2] Sir T. Chaloner to the merchants and mariners taken at Gibraltar, March 3, 1564: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Chaloner to the Queen, June 18, 1564: *MS.* Ibid.

capture there were but eighty survivors out of the two hundred and forty; the rest had died of cold, hunger, and hard labour. Then at last, after humiliating apologies from Chaloner, with excuses founded "on the barbarous nature of sailors, occasioned by their lives on so barbarous an element as the sea," the famished wretches that were left alive were allowed to return to England.[1]

The King of Spain had been already warned of the danger of provoking the spirit of English sailors. "Our mariners," said Sir Thomas Chamberlain to him, on his first return from the Netherlands, "have no want of stomach to remember a wrong offered to them, which if they shall hereafter seek to revenge with recompensing one wrong with another when the matter should least be thought of, the Queen of England must be held excused."[2] As the scene at Gibraltar was but one of many like it; as the cruel treatment of the crews was but a specimen of the manner in which the Holy Office thought proper to deal with Englishmen in every port in Spain, so is the following illustration of Chamberlain's warning to Philip but a specimen also of the deadly hate which was growing between the rivals for the sovereignty of the ocean.

The sons of Lord Cobham of Cowling Castle, who had first distinguished themselves in Wyatt's rebellion, had grown up after the type of their boyhood, irregular lawless Protestants; and one of them, Thomas Cobham, was at this time roving the seas, half pirate, half knight-errant of the Reformation, doing battle on his own account with the enemies of the truth, wherever the service to God was likely to be repaid with plunder. He was one of a thousand whom Elizabeth was forced for decency's sake to condemn and disclaim in proclamations, and whom she was as powerless as she was probably unwilling to interfere with in practice. What Cobham was, and what his kind were, may be seen in the story about to be told.

A Spanish ship was freighted in Flanders for Bilbao; the cargo was valued at 80,000 ducats, and there were on board also forty prisoners condemned, as the Spanish accounts say, "for heavy offences worthy of chastisement,"[3] who were going

[1] "Se debe considerar la poca discrecion que ordinariamente suelen tener hombres marineros, los quales por la mas parte platicando con un elemento tan barbaro como es la Mar, suelen á ser tan bien de costumbres barbaros y inquietos, no guardando aquellos respetos que suelen tener otros hombres mas politicos."—Chaloner to Philip, October, 1564: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Chamberlain to Elizabeth, November 15, 1561: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "Por graves delitos dignos de punicion y castigo."

to Spain to serve in the galleys. Young Cobham, cruising in the Channel, caught sight of the vessel, chased her down into the Bay of Biscay, fired into her, killed her captain's brother and a number of men, and then boarding when all resistance had ceased, sewed up the captain himself and the survivors of the crew in their own sails and flung them overboard. The fate of the prisoners is not related; it seems they perished with the rest. The ship was scuttled; and Cobham made off with booty, which the English themselves admitted to be worth 50,000 ducats, to his pirate's nest in the south of Ireland. Eighteen drowned bodies, with the mainsail for their winding-sheet, were washed up upon the Spanish shores — "cruelty without example, of which but to hear was enough to break the heart." [1]

English hearts in like manner had been broken with the news of brothers, sons, or husbands wasting to skeletons in the Cadiz dungeons, or burning to ashes in the Plaza of Valladolid. But this fierce deed of young Cobham was no dream of Spanish slander: the English factor at Bilbao was obliged to reply to Chaloner's eager inquiries that the story in its essential features was true, and he added another instance of English audacity. A Spanish vessel had been cut out of the harbour at Santander by an Anglo-Irish pirate, and carried off to sea. The captain, more merciful than Cobham, saved the crew alive, kept them prisoners, and was driven into another Spanish port for shelter, having them at the time confined under his hatches. They were discovered; the pirates were seized and died—it is needless to inquire how; but so it came about that "what with losing their goods, and divers slain having no war, and again for religion, the Spaniards thought that for the hurt they could do to an Englishman they got heaven by it." [2]

Cobham was tried for piracy the next year at the indignant requisition of Spain. He refused to plead to his indictment, and the dreadful sentence was passed upon him of the *peine forte et dure*.[3] His relations, de Silva said, strained their influ-

[1] "Tomáron á todos los que dentro iban, y los cosiéron en las velas, y los echáron á la mar, y en una de las velas se habian hallado 18 hombres ahogados en la costa de España. Crueldad nunca vista, y que en solo oyrlo quiebra el corazon."—Louis Romano to Cardinal Granvelle, February 20, 1564: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Cureton to Chaloner, March 14, 1564: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] "The English judgment of penance for standing mute was as follows: that the prisoner be remanded to the prison from whence he came and put into a low dark chamber, and there be laid on his back on the bare floor naked; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more; that he have no sustenance save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day three

ence to prevent it from being carried into effect; and it seems that either they succeeded or that Cobham himself yielded to the terror, and consented to answer. At all events he escaped the death which he deserved, and was soon again abroad upon the seas.

When the governments of Spain and England were tried alternately by outrages such as these, the chief matter of surprise is that peace should have been preserved so long. The instincts of the two nations outran the action of their sovereigns; and while Elizabeth was trusting to the traditions of the house of Burgundy, and Philip was expecting vainly that danger would compel Elizabeth to change her policy, their subjects encountered each other in every sea where the rival flags were floating, with the passions of instinctive hate. The impulse given to the English privateers on the occupation of Havre and the breaking out of the war with France, almost brought matters to a crisis.

While Philip was openly assisting the Duke of Guise, and Condé was still the ally of England, letters of marque were issued in the joint names of the Huguenot prince and the Earl of Warwick. Vessels manned by mixed crews of French and English were sent out to prey on Spaniards, Portuguese, and all other "Papists" with whom they might encounter; and although their commissions were not formally recognised by Elizabeth, yet the officers of the English ports were ordered to supply them privately with food, arms, stores, and anything which the service might require. In December 1562, one of these irregular rovers, commanded by Jacques le Clerc, called by the Spaniards Pié de Pálo,[1] sailed out of Havre, captured a Portuguese vessel worth 40,000 ducats, then a Biscayan laden with wool and iron, and afterwards chased another Spanish ship into Falmouth, where they fired into her and drove her ashore. The captain of the Spaniard appealed for protection to the governor of Pendennis; the governor replied that the privateer was properly commissioned, and that without special orders from the queen he could not interfere:[2] Pié de Pálo took posses-

draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison door; and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet till he died, or, as anciently the judgment ran, till he answered."—BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, book iv. chap. 25.

[1] Timber leg.

[2] "Le respondió que si la Reyna no se le mandaba, que el no le podia hacer, por cuanto el Pié de Pálo le habia monstrado un patente firmado del Principe de Condé y del Conde de Warwick General de los Ingleses en Havre de Grace, la cual contenia una comission de poder prender todos

sion of him as a prize, and then lying close under the shelter of Pendennis waited for further good fortune. Being mid-winter, and the weather being as usual unsettled, five Portuguese ships a few days later were driven in for shelter. Finding the neighbourhood into which they had fallen, they attempted to escape to sea again; but Pié de Pálo dashed after them, and two out of the five he clutched and brought back as prizes.[1]

Elizabeth herself at the same time, catching at the readiest and cheapest means to "annoy the French," had let loose the English privateers under the usual licence from the crown. Their commissions of course empowered them only to make war upon the acknowledged enemy; but they were not particular. Captain Sorrey, Pié de Pálo's consort, was blockading a fleet of rich Biscayans in Plymouth, and the crown privateers were unwilling to be restricted to less lucrative game. If Sir Thomas Chaloner was rightly informed four hundred of these lawless adventurers were sweeping the Channel in the summer of 1563.[2] In a few months they had taken six or seven hundred French prizes; but the time-honoured dispute on the nature of munitions of war, and the liability of neutral ships engaged in an enemy's carrying trade, made an excuse for seizing Flemings and Spaniards; and the scenes which followed in the Channel and out of it were such as it would be hard to credit, were they not in large measure confessed and regretted in the English State Papers.

A list, with notes in Cecil's hand, of "depredations committed at sea during the war on the subjects of Philip," contains sixty-one cases of piracy,[3] of which the following are illustrative examples:—

The *Maria*, from St. Sebastian, with a cargo of saffron, valued

los navios y gente de Españoles, Portogueses, Bretones, y otros cuales quiéra Papistas que encontrase, encargando á los ministros y oficiales de la Reyna de Inglatierra le favoreciesen ayudasen y vituallasen para su armada de todo lo necesario," etc.—Relacion de Nicolas de Landa Verde, January 20, 1563: *MS. Simancas.* Landa Verde was the English captain.

A letter of de Quadra to Philip at the beginning of the month states that similar commissions were generally issued.—De Quadra to Philip, January 10: *MS.* Ibid.

[1] "Dice que saliendo del puerto de Falmouth cinco navios Portogueses juntos vió que salió Pié de Pálo tras ellos, y tornó dos naos de las dichas cinco, y las otras se salváron á la vela; loquel todo dice en cargo de su consciencia ser verdad."—Relacion de Nicolas de Landa Verde: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] Of all historical statements those involving numbers must be received with greatest caution. Chaloner wrote from the official statement sent in at Madrid.—Chaloner to the Queen, June 11, 1564: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.* The Paper is dated May 27, 1565.

at 4000 ducats, was taken by Captain Sorrey and brought in as a prize to the Isle of Wight.

The *Crow*, from Zealand, was robbed of twenty-three last of herring by boats from Foy and Plymouth.

The *Flying Spirit*, from Andalusia, with a rich cargo of cochineal, was plundered by Martin Frobisher.

The *Tiger*, from Andalusia to Antwerp, with cochineal, silk, wool, gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, was taken by Captain Corbet and Captain Hewet.

Such a stormy petrel as Stukely of course was busy at such a time. Stukely, in June 1563, took a Zealand ship called the *Holy Trinity*, with £3000 worth of linen and tapestry; and then joining a small fleet of west countrymen, fourteen sail in all, he lay off Ushant, watching professedly for the wine fleet from Bordeaux, but picking up gratefully whatever the gods might send. No less a person than the Mayor of Dover himself was the owner of one of these seahawks.[1] Wretched Spaniards flying from their talons were dashed upon the rocks and perished. If a Fleming was caught by mistake, it was an easy thing with an end of loose rope and a tourniquet to squeeze out a confession that made him a lawful prize.

The baser order of marauders were not slow to imitate their betters, and the Thames was no safer than the Channel. Much of the richest merchandise which reached London was imported in coasters from Antwerp, and the water thieves which hung about the mouth of the river made a handsome harvest.

"Bartholomew Panselfen, mariner of Antwerp, age twenty-four years or thereabouts,[2] deposed and declared on oath that about Christmas last past he was plying to London in company with other vessels, and that coming to Margate Roads he found there eight or nine English merchant ships lying at anchor. The said Bartholomew passing them by upon his course, the sailors in the said ships did cry out to him—'Heave to, heave to, filz du putain Flameng!'—of the which when he took no heed but pursued his way they did shoot their cannon at him, cutting the rigging and striking the hull of deponent's vessel; and moreover did fire upon him flights of innumerable arrows. He nevertheless keeping all sail, they could not overtake him, and for that time he escaped from pillage."

[1] *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] This and the following depositions are taken from a report of a commission appointed in 1565 by the regent of the Low Countries, to inquire into these outrages: *MS.* Ibid.

"Being asked whether at any other time he had been so attacked, the said Bartholomew declared that about a twelvemonth passed, certain Englishmen boarded his ship, and took from him two pieces of artillery, with powder, shot, the money which his passengers had on their persons, with their bread, cheese, and meat."

"Adrian Peterson, mariner of Antwerp, deposed that being on his way to London in the January of that year, an hour after sunset, he was boarded off Margate by eight or ten armed men in masks whom by their voices he knew to be Englishmen. He himself fled from them into the hold, where he lay concealed; but they beat his servant, and took from the ship more than two hundred pounds' worth of goods."

"Bartholomew Cornelius deposed that for the whole year past he has never made the voyage to England without suffering some outrage, being robbed of victuals, shirt, coat, and all the goods he has had on board. Even in the river at Greenwich, under the very windows of the palace, and the very eyes of the queen, he had been fired into four or five times, and his sails shot through."

Among the worst sufferers from these meaner piracies were the poor Dutch fishermen. The English who had ceased to fish for themselves, resented the intrusion of foreigners into their home waters. They robbed their boats of the fish which they had taken; they took away their sails, masts and cordage, nets, lines, food, beds, cushions, money; they even stripped the men themselves of their clothes, and left them naked and destitute on the water. As one specimen of a class of outrages which were frightfully numerous—

"Francis Bertram, of Dunkirk, said and deposed that he had been herring fishing in the north of the Channel. He had had great success and was going home, when an English vessel came down upon him, with forty armed men—took from him ten last of herrings, stripped his boat bare—to the very ropes and anchor—and sailed away, leaving him to perish of hunger. The hull of the vessel when he was attacked by her was painted white and yellow; three days later she was seen elsewhere painted black, and the crew with blacked faces after the manner of Ethiopians."[1]

Nor were these depredations confined to privateers or pirates. On the 19th of December 1563, Margaret of Parma complained

[1] Petition of the Burgomasters of Newport and Dunkirk, September 24, 1565: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

to Elizabeth of the daily thefts and robberies of the subjects of the King of Spain committed on the coast of England—not only by persons unknown, but by ships belonging to the queen's own navy.

"One of your subjects named Thomas Cotton," said the regent, "commanding your ship the *Phœnix*, lately seized a vessel off Boulogne belonging to a merchant of Antwerp, and sent her with a foreign crew into England. The *Phœnix* came afterwards into Flushing, and the owner of the vessel sent a water-bailiff to arrest Captain Cotton, and make him restore his capture or else pay for the injury. Captain Cotton however refused to submit to our laws. He spoke insolently of the king's majesty our sovereign, resisted the arrest, and sailed away in contempt. Madam, these insolences, these spoils and larcenies of the king's subjects cannot continue thus without redress. It is provided in the treaties of intercourse between us, that the perpetrators of violent acts shall be arrested and kept in ward till they have made satisfaction, and shall be punished according to their demerits. I beseech you, madam, to take order in these matters, and inflict some signal chastisement as an example to all other evil doers. I require that the losses of our merchants be made good—being as they are molested and troubled on so many sides by the subjects of your majesty. These, madam, are things that can no longer be endured." [1]

Had Philip been satisfied with the state of affairs in France he would probably have now made common cause with Catherine de Medici, declared war against Elizabeth, and proclaimed Mary Stuart Queen of England. But the break up of the Catholic league on the death of the Duke of Guise, the return of Montmorency to power, and his reconciliation with Condé, had reinstated in Catherine's cabinet the old French party which was most jealous of Spain, and was most disposed to temporise with the Protestants. Philip felt his early fears revive that Mary Stuart's allegiance to France might prove stronger than her gratitude to himself, and he hesitated to take a step which might cripple his predominance in Europe. He was uneasy at the increasing disaffection of the United Provinces, which a war with England would inevitably aggravate; and though again and again on the verge of a rupture with his sister-in-law, he drew back at the last moment, feeling "that the apple was not ripe." [2] Determined however to check the audacity of the

[1] Margaret of Parma to Elizabeth, December 19, 1563: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Chaloner to Elizabeth, January 22, 1564: *Spanish MSS.* Ibid.

privateers, and those darker cruelties of Cobham and his friends, he issued a sudden order in January 1564 for the arrest of every English ship in the Spanish harbours, with their crews and owners. Thirty large vessels were seized; a thousand sailors and merchants were locked up in Spanish prisons, and English traders were excluded by a general order from the ports of the Low Countries. An estimate was made of the collective damage inflicted by the English cruisers, and a bill was presented to Sir Thomas Chaloner for a million and a half of ducats, for which the imprisoned crews would be held as securities.[1]

"Long ago I foretold this," wrote Chaloner, "but I was regarded as a Cassandra. For the present I travail chiefly that our men may be in courteous prison, a great number of whom shall else die of cold and hunger."

With the French war still upon her hands, Elizabeth was obliged to endure the affront and durst not retaliate. With the Catholic party so powerful, a war with Spain and the contingencies which might arise from it, was too formidable to be encountered. She wrote humbly to Philip entreating that the innocent should not be made to suffer for the guilty; the wrong which she admitted might have been done she attributed to the confusion of the times; she protested that she had herself given neither sanction nor encouragement to her subjects' lawless doings; she would do her utmost to suppress the pirates; and if her merchants and sailors were set at liberty she would listen to any proposal which Philip might be pleased to make.[2]

As an earnest of the good intentions of the government, the English Prize Courts made large awards of restitution; and it was proposed that a joint commission should sit at Bruges to examine the items of the Spanish claim.

But Elizabeth saw that she must lose no time in settling her differences with France. Peace was hastily concluded; she amused Catherine and frightened Philip with the possibility of her accepting the hand of Charles IX.; and by the beginning

[1] Chaloner to Elizabeth, January 20: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Elizabeth to Philip, March 17: *MS.* Ibid.

Her subjects themselves were not so submissive. "One insolence," wrote Chaloner, "sundry of the council here have much complained of to me: that in Gallicia, upon occasion of certain of our merchants detained by the coregidor of a port town there, the same town was shot at with artillery out of the English ships, and four or five of the townsmen slain and hurt. This they term "combatir una tierra del Rey; y, Que es estos? y, Como se puede sufrir?" Sure our men have been very outrageous. It was full time the piece took up, or else I ween they would yet have spoken louder."—Chaloner to Elizabeth, June 18: *MS.* Ibid.

of the summer which followed the close of the war, she was able to take a bolder tone. The trade with England was of vital moment to the Low Countries. The inhibition which the regent had issued against English vessels had given the carrying trade to the Flemings; and the ships in Spain continuing unreleased, Elizabeth on her part at the beginning of May retaliated upon the Duchess of Parma by excluding Flemings from the English ports. The intercourse between the two countries was thus at an end. The queen bade Chaloner say to Philip, that "whatever injury might have been done to subjects of Spain, she had more to complain of than he; Spanish ships might have been robbed, but the offenders were but private persons; the banner of England had been trailed in the dirt by public officers of Castile, as if it had been taken in battle from the Turks; English subjects had been seized, imprisoned, flogged, tortured, famished, murdered, and buried like dogs in dungheaps; she too as well as he would bear these wrongs no longer." [1]

To the letter of Margaret of Parma she replied with equal haughtiness.

"In the month of January last," she wrote, "we received intelligence from our ambassador resident in Spain that all manner of our subjects there, with their ships and goods were laid under arrest, and that our subjects themselves had been used in such cruel sort by vile imprisonment, torture, and famine, as more extremity could not be showed to the greatest criminal. Nor were there any pretences alleged for this violence, save only that a ship on the way to that country from Flanders was robbed by certain English vessels of war—which indeed might be true, as hitherto we know not any certainty thereof; and yet no cause to make such a general arrest and imprisonment of so great a multitude of people; whereof none were nor could be charged with any evil fact, but were proved to have come thither only for merchandise. Wherefore being troubled with the miserable complaints of the wives, children, and friends of our subjects oppressed in Spain, and seeing on the one part you will neither by means of your edict permit our subjects to come thither with their cloths, nor to bring any commodity from thence, and on the other none of our subjects may come into any port of Spain but they are taken, imprisoned, and put in danger of death; we appeal to the judgment of any indifferent person, what we can less do but, until some redress

[1] Memorial presented by Sir T. Chaloner to Philip II., June 4, 1564: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

made for these intolerable griefs, to prohibit that there be no such free resort of merchandise from thence, to the enriching only of a few merchants of those countries." [1]

The English prisoners in Spain had suffered frightfully. Out of the two hundred and forty taken at Gibraltar only eighty, as has been already said, were alive at the end of nine months. The crew of the *Mary Holway*, of Plymouth, numbered fifty-two when they went in January into the Castle of St. Sebastian. By the middle of May twenty-four were dead of ill-usage, and the remaining twenty-eight "were like to die." [2] Some notion may be formed from these two instances of the loss of life which had followed on the general arrest. Quite evidently the Spanish and English people wanted but a word from their sovereigns to fly like bull-dogs at each others' throats. But the peace with France and the eclipse of the ultra-Catholic faction at the French court had decided Philip that the time was not yet come; he listened to Chaloner's expostulations with returning moderation; [3] and Chaloner—though against his own interest, for his residence in Spain was a martyrdom to him, and a war would have restored him to England—advised Elizabeth to postpone her own resentment. The injuries after all had been as great on one side as the other; she would find every just complaint satisfied at last, "but not so much by the lion as by the fox;" and "for the avoiding of trouble in England" he recommended her to allow "the traffic with the Low Countries to be redintegrate." [4] He thought that there were symptoms

[1] Elizabeth to Margaret of Parma, May 7, 1564: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The Lords of the English Council to Chaloner, June 1: *Spanish MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Chaloner's description of Philip is interesting, and agrees well with Titian's portraits.

"The king," he said, "heard us very quietly, making few and short but calm answers; which his nature to them that know it is not to be marvelled at, seeing to all ambassadors he useth the like; for as he hath great patience to hear at length and note what is said, receiving quietly what memorials or papers are presented to him, so hardly, for as much as I have hitherto perceived, shall a stranger to his countenance or words gather any great alteration of mind either to anger or rejoicement, but after the fashion of a certain still flood. Nevertheless both his looks and words unto me gave show of a certain manner of extraordinary contentation."—Chaloner to Elizabeth, June 11: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Ibid. Chaloner's lamentations over his residence at Madrid were piteous. "Spain! rather pain," he wrote to Sir John Mason in 1562. Roads, food, lodging, about Madrid itself were scarcely tolerable, and elsewhere "were past bearing." The cost of living was four times greater than in England; and the Duke of Alva was the only person in whom he found "wisdom and courteous usage."

"Think with yourself," he wrote in June, 1564, in the midst of his trouble,

of a revival of the old quarrels between France and Spain, when she might look for Philip's help to recover Calais; and by the autumn concessions were made on both sides. De Silva was sent to England to heal all wounds; the English ships and the surviving sailors were released from the clutch of the inquisition. After a correspondence between Cecil and Egmont the Flanders trade was reopened, and commissioners were appointed to sit at Bruges to hear all complaints and to settle terms of restitution. The letters of marque expired with the war, and "the adventurers" had to look elsewhere to find a theatre for their exploits: some few continued to lurk in the western rivers; the more desperate, inoculated with a taste for lawless life, hung about their old haunts in the Irish creeks—whither Stukely, as was seen in the last chapter, after fitting out an expedition to Florida, found it more attractive to betake himself. Elizabeth consented to open her eyes to proceedings which were

"whether this alone is not to a free mind an importable burden: two years and three-quarters to bear my cross in Spain; a place and nation misliked of all others save themselves; driven here not only to forbear, but patiently like an ass to lay down mine ears at things of too, too much indignity."

His health failed at last, between the climate, the garlic diet, and his public worries.

"Surely I have had great wrong," he said in a letter to Sir Ambrose Cave; "but it is the old wont of our court never to think upon the training of a new servant till the old be worn to the stump. It is each man's part to serve their prince; but there is a just distributing, if subjects durst plead with kings. I have not much more to hope, having twenty years served four kings, now further from wealth or that staff of age which youth doth travail for, than I was eighteen years agone. Methinks I became a retrograde crab, and yet would gladly be at home with that that yet resteth, to pay my debts and live the rest of my life perhaps contentedly enough."

Of the danger of trusting to Spanish physicians he had frightful evidence. In August this same year, 1564, Philip's queen (Elizabeth of France) miscarried of twins. Fever followed. They bled her in both arms; they bled her in both feet; and when spasms and paroxysms came on they cupped her, and then gave her up and left her to die. "She was houselled, and the king to comfort her was houselled also for company;" and at the moment when Chaloner was writing to England "she was lying abandoned of her physicians at the mercy of God. The palace gates were shut; the lamentations in the court both of men and women very tender and piteous; the chapel was filled with noblemen all praying on their knees for her; and great and unfeigned moans on all parts."

Nature eventually proved too strong even for Spanish doctors. She rallied; and they flew at her once more. "At last by means of a strong purgative of agaricum that made her have twenty-two stools, given at a venture in so desperate a case to purge those gross humours, she was ever since amended."—Letter of Sir Thomas Chaloner: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

Chaloner himself was less fortunate. He was recalled after long entreaty, in 1565; but he died a few weeks after he landed in England.

bringing a scandal upon her government, and took measures at last, though of a feeble kind, to root out these pirates' nests.

On the 29th of September 1564 she wrote to Sir Peter Carew at Dartmouth, that "whereas the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, the Land's End, and the Irish seas were by report much haunted with pirates and rovers," she desired him to fit out an expedition with speed and secrecy to clear the seas of them.[1] She gave him discretionary powers to act in any way that he might think good; "she would allow anything which he might put in execution," and she "would victual his ships out of the public stores." Characteristically, however, she would give him no money; Sir Peter and his men might pay themselves out of whatever booty they could take; and the temptation of plunder would perhaps rouse them into an energy which might not otherwise be excessively vigorous.

Carew on these terms undertook the service; he armed three vessels, collected something under 300 men from among the disbanded privateers, and in the spring of 1565 sent them out upon their cruise.

The result may be told in the words of his own report to the council.

"Running along the west coast of England and finding nothing there meet for their purpose they sailed over into Ireland, where they found a hulk of Stukely's in Cork Haven, which they brought away, himself being before they arrived on shore with the Lord Barrymore, having left certain of his men in the hulk to guard her, who being shot unto rowed unto the shore in their long-boat. From thence they went to Berehaven, where before their coming Haydon, Lysingham, and Corbet, with other pirates their accomplices had withdrawn themselves into a castle belonging to O'Sullivan Bere, and also their vessels near the same, planting their ordnance on the shore and also in the castle so as our men were not able to annoy them. They mustered in sight of our men 500 galloglasse and kernes besides their own soldiers, which were as they could judge 160 at the least. Although our men had killed one of their captains with shot, which as I am informed was Lysingham, yet their own ships being shot through nor seeing otherwise how to prevail further, considering what force Haydon was, having married with O'Sullivan's sister who had committed the charge of the castle unto his custody, by which means he was like daily to be

[1] Elizabeth to Sir Peter Carew, September 29, 1564: *Domestic MSS. Elizabeth*, vol. xxxiv.

succoured by those kernes, thought best for fear of sinking after sundry shots between them both—which continued from ten o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon—to depart, which service I for my part am sorry had no better success." [1]

The queen's attempt to get the work done cheap was not successful, especially as Carew's men having failed to obtain plunder clamoured to be paid. The pirates gathered fresh courage from the feebleness with which they had been assailed; and in the face of the escape of Cobham and the evident unwillingness of the government to use severity on the rare occasions when a pirate was taken prisoner, it is plain that Elizabeth's government was not as yet awake to the necessity of resolute dealing in the matter. In the beginning of August 1565 de Silva laid before Cecil a fresh list of outrages upon Spanish commerce. He demanded "that the more noted pirates should be diligently inquired after," and that when taken and convicted "they should not be pardoned;" while cautiously but firmly he insisted that the queen's officers in the western harbours should no longer allow them "to take in stores and run in and out at their pleasure;" that "their receivers and comforters should be punished to the example of others;" and that rewards should be offered for the discovery and conviction of the persons most engaged in these enterprises.[2]

These requests were certainly not excessive. It is remarkable that the last was distinctly refused on the plea that to assist justice with the offer of rewards was contrary to English usage.[3] Additional salaries, however, were given to the admiralty judges to quicken their movements; queen's ships were sent to sea to prosecute the search more vigorously; and on the 12th of August "the council taking into consideration a complaint of the Spanish ambassador of spoils done upon Spanish subjects upon the seas," directed inquiry to be made all along the English coast, with the immediate trial of all persons charged with piracy and their punishment on conviction; "her majesty being resolved to show to the world that she intended to deal honestly in that matter." [4]

Nevertheless the energy of the council was still unequal to

[1] Sir Peter Carew to the Council, April 17, 1565: *Domestic MSS. Elizabeth*, vol. xxxvi.

[2] De Silva to Cecil, August 5: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] "Haud hoc nostræ reipublicæ convenit, sed salaria a Reginâ nova dantur judicibus in hunc usum."—Cecil to de Silva: *MSS.* Ibid.

[4] *Council Register*, August 12, 1565.

their professions, and there was still large deficiency either of power or of will. In October a vessel going from Flanders to Spain "with tapestry, household stuff, clocks," and other curiosities, for Philip himself, was intercepted and plundered;[1] and this final audacity seems really to have created an alarm. Harbour commissioners at last were actually appointed; codes of harbour rules were drawn out for the detection and detention of ambiguous vessels; and as an evidence that the government were in earnest they struck faintly at the root of the disease. The gentlemen on the coast "were the chief maintainers of pirates;" and Sir William Godolphin of Scilly and the Killigrews of Pendennis were threatened with prosecution.[2]

Yet still no one was hanged. Pirates were taken and somehow or other were soon abroad again at their old trade. Godolphin and Killigrew suffered nothing worse than a short-lived alarm.

The commission met at Bruges after long delay in the beginning of the following year. England was represented by Haddon, Sir A. Montague, and Doctor Wotton. The Spanish government had given a proof of their desire to settle all differences quietly by appointing to meet them Count Montigny and Count Egmont—Montigny, murdered afterwards by Philip with such ingenious refinement at Simancas, and Egmont the best friend that Elizabeth had in the King of Spain's dominions.

Nevertheless even with these two the problem was almost beyond solution. The proceedings had scarcely opened when another and most audacious act of piracy was committed at the mouth of the Thames. The Flemish commissioners said they did not question the goodwill of the Queen of England, but her conduct was very strange. They challenged Wotton to name a single pirate who had yet been executed; and Wotton with all his eagerness to defend Elizabeth confessed himself unable to mention one. They said frankly that if the queen's government did not see to the safety of their own seas, "another way must be taken" which would lead to war.

"For our part," wrote Wotton in his report to Cecil, "we must needs think our fortune very hard; our men in their offences are so far out of all order, and the cases so lamentable if the account be true, that we can scant tell how to open our mouths for any reasonable satisfaction therein."[3]

[1] Phayres to Cecil, October 12: *Spanish MSS.*
[2] *Council Register*, November, 1565.
[3] Wotton to Cecil, May 13, 1566: *Flanders MSS.*

Elizabeth could but answer that she had done her best, and either the story was exaggerated or "else it was a matter impossible to be reformed." She said however that she had sent special persons to every port in England with extraordinary powers, from whose exertions an effect might be looked for.[1] Philip fortunately was in a most unwarlike humour, and her excuses were accepted for more than they were worth. But the conference was suspended till her good intentions had been carried into acts; and the commissioners separated on the 17th of June still leaving all outstanding claims unsettled.

English Protestants it was too evident regarded the property of Papists as lawful prize wherever they could lay hands on it; and Protestantism stimulated by these inducements to conversion was especially strong in the sea-port towns. Exasperated by the murder of their comrades in the prisons of the inquisition, the sailors and merchants looked on the robbery of Spaniards as at once the most lucrative and devout of occupations; and Elizabeth's government was unable to cope with a tendency so deeply rooted. The destinies, beneficent or evil, however, which watched over the fortunes of the nation, provided a more distant field of lawless enterprise, which gradually attracted the more daring spirits to itself; and while it removed the struggle with Spain into a larger sphere, postponed for a few years longer the inevitable collision, and left the Channel in peace.

It has been seen how in the early days of the Guinea trade the English had half in play coquetted with the capture of negroes; how they stretched out their hands towards the forbidden fruit, touched it, clutched at it, and let it go: the feeble scruples were giving way before familiarity with the temptation.

The European voyagers when they first visited the coasts of Western Africa found there for the most part a quiet, peaceable, and contented people basking in the sunshine in harmless idleness, unprovoked to make war upon one another because they had nothing to desire, and receiving strangers with the unsuspecting trustfulness which is observed in the birds and animals of new countries when for the first time they come in contact with man. Remorse for the desolation created by the first conquerors of the New World among the Indians of Mexico and the isles, had tempted the nobler Spaniards into a belief that in this innocent and docile people might be found servants

[1] Elizabeth to the Commissioners at Bruges, June 1, 1566. Cecil's hand: *Flanders MSS.*

who, if kindly treated, would labour without repugnance; and thus the remnants of those races whose civilisation had astonished their destroyers might be saved from the cruelty of the colonists. The proud and melancholy Indian pined like an eagle in captivity, refused to accept his servitude and died; the more tractable negro would domesticate like the horse or the ass, acquiesce in a life of useful bondage, and receive in return the reward of baptism and the promise of eternity.

Charles V. had watched over the interests of the Indians, as soon as he became awake to their sufferings, with a father's anxiety. Indian slavery in the Spanish dominions was prohibited for ever; but that the colonists might not be left without labourers, and those splendid countries relapse into a wilderness, they were allowed to import negroes from Africa, whom as expensive servants it would be their interest to preserve. The Indians had cost them nothing; the Indians had been seized by force, chained in the mines or lashed into the fields; if millions perished there were millions more to recruit the gangs. The owner of a negro whom he had bought and bought dear, would have the same interest in him as in his horse or his cow; he would exact no more work from his slave than the slave could perform without injury to himself, and he would be the means of saving a soul from everlasting perdition.

Nor was the bondage of the negro intended to be perpetual, nor would the great emperor trust him without reserve to men who had already abused their powers. The law secured to the slave a certain portion of every week when the time was his own; if he was industrious and frugal he could insist upon his freedom as soon as he could produce the price of it; he could become an owner of property on his own account; and evidence remains that in the sixteenth century, under the protecting laws of the mother country many a negro in the Spanish colonies was a free and prosperous settler who paid his taxes to the crown.[1]

Negro slavery in theory was an invention of philanthropy—like the modern coolie trade, an unobjectionable and useful substitute for the oppression of races to whom loss of freedom was death; yet with the fatal blot in the design that the consent of the negroes themselves, who were so largely interested in the transaction, was neither sought nor obtained. The original and innocent pretext which confined the purchase to those who

[1] I need scarcely more than allude for my authority on this subject to the admirable book of Mr. Helps on the Spanish Conquest of America.

had offended against the negro laws, melted swiftly before the increase of the demand; the beads, the scarlet cloaks and ribands which were fluttered in the eyes of the chiefs, were temptations which savage vanity was unable to resist; they sold their own people; they made war on one another to capture prisoners, which had become a valuable booty; and the river mouths and harbours where the Portuguese traders established their factories were envenomed centres from which a moral pestilence crept out among the African races. The European first converted the negro into a savage, and then made use of his brutality as an excuse for plunging him into slavery.

The English at first escaped the dread and detestation which were inspired by the slave dealers: they came as traders to barter for gold dust; they were fired upon whenever they approached the factories, and the natives welcomed as friends the enemies of the Portuguese and Spaniards. But the unfortunate people were themselves the richest part of their merchandise. The Spanish government, aware perhaps after a time of the effect produced in Africa, and wishing to ensure the good treatment of the slaves by enhancing their value, had begun to set their faces against the slave trade. The governors of the Spanish-American colonies were instructed to prevent the importation of negroes unless under a licence from the home administration, which was dearly bought and charily given. A duty of thirty ducats was laid on the sale of every slave; and thus while the demand for labour increased with the prosperity of the settlements, the price was enhanced, the supply was artificially kept down, and the English traders at the Azores and at Madeira came to understand that licence or no licence the market of the West Indies would be open to them. If slaves could be brought to their doors the colonists would eagerly buy them, and with discretion and courage the negro trade might be made a thriving business.

The first venture was made by John Hawkins of Plymouth, so famous afterwards in English naval annals, son of old William Hawkins who had brought over the Brazilian king. John Hawkins and Thomas Hampton, in October 1562, fitted out three vessels, the largest a hundred and twenty tons, and sailed with a hundred men for Sierra Leone.[1] After hanging some time about the coast, "partly by the sword and partly by other means," they collected three hundred negroes, and crossed the Atlantic to St. Domingo. Uncertain at first how he might be

[1] First voyage of Mr. John Hawkins: HAKLUYT, vol. iii. p. 594.

received, or not caring to avow the purpose of his voyage, Hawkins pretended on his arrival that he had been driven out of his course by stress of weather, that he was in want of food, and was without money to pay his men; he therefore requested permission to sell "certain slaves which he had with him." The opportunity was eagerly welcomed; the governor, supposing apparently that his orders from home need not be construed too stringently, allowed two-thirds of the negroes to be sold; the remaining hundred, as it was uncertain what duty should be demanded on an unlicensed sale, were left as a deposit with the oidores or council of the island. Neither Hawkins nor the governor anticipated any serious displeasure on the part of Philip. Hawkins invested his profits in a return cargo of hides, half of which he sent in Spanish vessels to Cadiz under the care of his partner, and he returned with the rest to England, as he supposed, "with prosperous success and much gain to himself."

Prosperous in point of money the voyage undoubtedly was, although the profits proved less than he anticipated. He had brought away with him a testimonial of good behaviour from the authorities at St. Domingo, who would gladly have seen him return on the same errand. The Spanish government viewed the affair differently. Philip II., to whatever crimes he might be driven by religious bigotry, was not inclined to tolerate free trade in negroes, however large the duty which he could exact upon them; and the intrusion of the English into his transatlantic dominions, his experience of them nearer home made him particularly anxious to prohibit. On Hampton's arrival at Cadiz his cargo was confiscated and sold, he himself narrowly escaping the clutches of the inquisition;[1] the negroes left at St. Domingo were forfeited, and Hawkins saw snatched from him a full moiety of his hard-earned prize. He estimated his loss at forty thousand ducats; he cursed, threatened, and implored, with equal unsuccess; fearless of man or devil he thought at first of going in person to Madrid and of taking Philip by the beard in his own den; but Chaloner, to whom he wrote, told him with some sarcasm "that he would do well not to come thither;" "it was an ill time for obtaining any suit further than the right or justice of the cause would bear;" he advised him "to attempt to obtain a part of the thing to be demanded, by procuring some favourite about the king to

[1] Hugh Tipton to Chaloner, December, 1563: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

ask for the whole as a forfeit confiscate; " he might then perhaps recover some part of his loss by a private arrangement.[1]

Neither by this, however, nor by any other means could Hawkins obtain one penny for his lost hides and negroes; and the result of his demands was only the despatch of a peremptory order to the West Indies that no English vessel should be allowed under any pretence to trade there. Foreseeing that when the road had been once opened hundreds would rush into it, Philip said distinctly to the ambassador that if the English persisted in going thither evil would come of it; and so impressed was Chaloner with the feelings of the Spanish government on the subject, that he entreated Elizabeth earnestly to make her subjects respect their objections.[2]

The warning, if Elizabeth had possessed either power or inclination to act upon it, was not unneeded. Traces appear of more than one attempt to follow in Hawkins's track before he himself moved again; and the African tribes being now on their guard, the slave hunters had been received with poisoned arrows, and had found a difficulty in escaping with their lives.[3]

But Hawkins knew better what he was about; he understood how to catch negroes; he understood how to sell them to Spaniards, whatever Philip might please to say; he would not repeat the single mistake into which he had fallen; and the profits seemed so certain and promised to be so large, that Lord Pembroke and others of the council were ready to take shares in a second adventure. Even the queen herself had no objection to turn a little honest money; and contenting herself with requiring a promise from him that he would do no injury to the Spaniards, she left the rest to his discretion and placed at his disposal one of the best ships in her service. Cecil alone, ever honourable, ever loathing cruelty and unrighteousness, though pressed to join with the rest, refused, " having no liking for such proceedings."[4]

Thus encouraged and supported, Hawkins sailed once more

[1] Chaloner to Hawkins, July 6, 1564: *Spanish MSS.*

[2] " Our folks must be narrowly looked to, and specially that they enterprise no trade or voyage to the Indies or islands of this king's navigation; which if they do, as already they have intelligence of some that do propose it, surely it will breed occasion of much matter of pick."—Chaloner to Elizabeth, June 18, 1564: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] See Robert Baker's *Metrical History of Two Voyages to Guinea in 1562 and 1563*, printed by HAKLUYT.

[4] " El secretário Cecil me ha dicho que á el le ofreciéron quando partió Achines que le admitirian como á los demas; pero que el lo habia rehusado porque no le contentáron semejantes negocios."—De Silva to Philip, November 5, 1565: *MS. Simancas.*

from Plymouth on the 18th of October 1564, in the *Jesus of Lubeck*, a ship of 700 tons, armed to the teeth, his old vessel the *Solomon*, enlarged somewhat, perhaps with a more roomy hold, and two small sloops to run up the shallow creeks.

A rival expedition sailed at the same time and for the same purpose from the Thames, under David Carlet, to whom the queen had also given a ship. Carlet had three vessels, the *Minion*, Elizabeth's present, the *John the Baptist*, and the *Merlin*. The *Merlin* had bad luck; she had the powder on board for the nigger hunt; fire got into the magazine, and she was blown in pieces. Carlet, therefore, for a time attached himself with his two remaining ships to Hawkins, and the six vessels ran south together. Passing Teneriffe on the 29th of November, they touched first at the Cape de Verde Isles, where the natives "being very gentle and loving and more civil than any others," it was proposed to take in a store of them. Either, however, the two commanders could not agree, or Hawkins claimed the lion's share of the spoil; they quarrelled, and the *Minion's* men being jealous gave the islanders to understand what was intended, "so that they did avoid the snares laid for them."

After so unworthy a proceeding the west countryman shook off his companion, and leaving Carlet to go his own way, went down the coast past the Rio Grande, storing his hold as he went along among the islands and rivers. On one occasion he was played a trick by some Portuguese which might have had bad consequences: they offered to guide him to a village where he would find a hundred unprotected women and children, and they betrayed him into ambuscade when his men, who were scattered in search of plunder, were set upon by two hundred negroes. Seven were killed and seven-and-twenty wounded, and in return for their loss they carried off but ten slaves. "Thus," reported one of the party, "we returned back somewhat discomforted, although the captain in a singular wise carried himself with countenance very cheerful outwardly, although his heart was inwardly broken at the loss of his men."

But this was the single interruption of otherwise unbroken success. Between purchases from the Portuguese and the spoils of his own right arm, Hawkins in a few weeks had swept up about four hundred slaves; his ships were inconveniently crowded, symptoms of fever began to show among the crew, and the shore was no longer safe, "the natives having laid a plan to entrap and kill them." "God, however, who worketh

all things for the best, would not have it so, and by Him they escaped danger, His name be praised." The captain decided that he had done enough, and headed away for the West Indies. He was troubled at first with calms; he feared that the water might run short, and that part of his cargo might die, or have to be thrown overboard. "Almighty God, however, who never suffers His elect to perish,"[1] sent a breeze in time, and the Indian islands were reached without the loss of a man. A second venture at St. Domingo was thought dangerous; Hawkins had arranged with the council before he sailed "not to send any ship or ships to any of those ports of the Indies that were privileged to any person or persons by the King of Spain;"[2] and precautions had probably been taken to make any further trade at the scene of his first visit impossible. He contented himself with touching there for water, and made as fast as he could for the mainland. His best chance to dispose of his wares was to choose some harbour where the inhibition was unlikely to be known, or where he would be able to force an entry if it was refused; and running on into Barbarotta[3] he anchored close off the town and went on shore.

He at once learnt that the interdict had arrived: in reply to his proposal to trade he was informed that the King of Spain had forbidden the colonists under pain of death[4] to admit any foreign vessels there or have any dealings with them; and he was entreated to go his way. But the town was weak and Hawkins was strong; he repeated his old story that he was driven in by foul weather, that he had a large crew, and was in distress for food and money. He showed his commission from Elizabeth—"a confederate and friend of the King of Spain;" and he said that unless he was allowed to trade peaceably, his men would go on land, and might perhaps do some injury.

The inhabitants desired negroes; the menace was an excuse for the governor to yield; but to save himself from some portion of the blame he insisted that Hawkins should at least pay the thirty ducats customs duty. The English commander, however, had no intention of contributing more than he could help to Philip's treasury. When some valuable time had been wasted in discussion, he cut the knot by landing a hundred men and

[1] *Narrative of the Second Voyage of Mr. John Hawkins*, by one of the party. Printed by HAKLUYT.
[2] *Council Register MS.*
[3] Called Burboroata in the English accounts.
[4] "Su pena de muerte," according to the Spanish account at Simancas. The English story says "upon penalty to forfeit their goods."

two pieces of cannon; he put out a proclamation that seven and a half per cent. was a sufficient tax to be levied on any wares in any harbour, that his necessities were too great to be trifled with, and that unless the people were permitted to deal with him on these terms, he would not answer for the consequences. The governor allowed himself to be convinced by so effective an argument; the planters in the neighbourhood swallowed their scruples; in a few days half the cargo was happily disposed of, and Hawkins sailed away with the rest, after first exacting from the authorities, as before, a certificate of good behaviour.[1]

From Barbarotta he went to Rio de la Hacha, where the same scene was re-enacted with simple monotony. The governor, as before, protested that he was forbidden by his master to let the English trade there; the English commander, as before, declared that he was in "an armada of the Queen of England sent about her other affairs," that he had been forced by contrary winds out of his course, and that he expected hospitality. The authorities again refused, again Hawkins threatened violence, and again there was a dispute over the customs duties. Finally, with or without an understanding with the governor, a few boats' crews with cannon once more opened the market; the remaining negroes were sold off, and with the hard money in his hand, a second testimonial, and the black pens below decks washed clear of pollution, the fortunate Hawkins put to sea in full triumph and high spirits. Instead of hastening home he spent the summer of 1565 cruising in the Caribbean Sea, surveying the islands, mapping down the shoals and currents, and perhaps on the look out for some lame duck or straggler out of the Spanish treasure fleet.[2]

Sailing round Cuba and running up the Bahama Channel, the

[1] De Silva said that the exhibition of force had been secretly concerted between Hawkins and the governor.

"El Capitan respondió que la gente que el traia era mucho, y que no podia el contenerlos, para que no saltasen en tierra y hiciesen daño, si no tuviesen licencia para contratar; y assi vinó á platicar en segreto con el Gobernador, y entre ellos se habia concertado que otro dia se echase gente en tierra y començase á querer ir al lugar y hacer daño, y que el saldria, porque no lo hiciese, le dexarian hacer su contratacion; lo qual se hizó assi; y pusó en tierra docientos hombres y ciertas pieças de artilleria, la quales començáron á pelear, pero luego cesó, y por bien de paz le dexáron negociar, habiendo pasado entre ellos algunas cosas por escrito de requerimiento como se habia entre ellos concertado."—De Silva to Philip, November 5, 1565: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Esperando la flota de la nueva España ó tierra firma, para ver si de paso podrian tomar algun navio della."—De Silva to Philip: *MS.* Ibid.

English commander then turned north, felt his way along the coast of Florida, landing from time to time to examine the capabilities of the country, and visiting and relieving the French settlements there. Finally passing up to the banks of Newfoundland, he fed his tired and famished crews with his fishing lines; and so in September came safely back with his golden spoils into Padstow Harbour, having lost in the whole voyage, including those who had been killed by the negroes, not more than twenty men.[1]

Lord Pembroke and the other contributors made sixty per cent. on their adventure; nor need it be supposed that Elizabeth went without her share for the ship. Hawkins on his arrival in London was the hero of the hour, affecting the most unconscious frankness, and unable to conceive that he had done anything at which the King of Spain could take offence.

"I met him," de Silva wrote, "in the palace, and invited him to dine with me; he gave me a full account of his voyage, keeping back only the way in which he had contrived to trade at our ports. He assured me on the contrary that he had given the greatest satisfaction to all the Spaniards with whom he had had dealings, and had received full permission from the governors of the towns where he had been. The vast profit made by the voyage has excited other merchants to undertake similar expeditions. Hawkins himself is going out again next May; and the thing requires immediate attention. I might tell the queen that by his own confession he has traded in ports prohibited by your majesty, and require her to punish him; but I must request your majesty to give me full and clear instructions what to do."[2]

From this time, and until his mantle descended to his friend and pupil Francis Drake, Hawkins, or Achines as the Spaniards called him, troubled the dreams and perplexed the waking

[1] From Padstow, Hawkins wrote the following letter to Elizabeth:—

"Please your majesty to be informed that this 20th day of September I arrived in a port of Cornwall called Padstow, with your majesty's ship the *Jesus* in good safety—thanks be to God—our voyage being reasonably well accomplished according to our pretence. Your majesty's commandment at my departing from your grace at Enfield I have accomplished, so as I doubt not but it shall be found honourable to your highness, for I have always been a help to all Spaniards and Portugals that have come in my way without any form or prejudice by me offered to any of them, although many times in this tract they have been under my power; I have also discovered the coast of Florida in those parts where there is thought to be great wealth. Your majesty's, etc."—Pepys's *MSS.* Magdalen College, Cambridge.

[2] De Silva to Philip, November: *MS. Simancas.*

thoughts of Philip II. In every despatch in which the name is mentioned the sprawling asterisks in the margin remain to evidence the emotion which it produced. The report of that audacious voyage enhanced the warmth with which the cause of Mary Stuart was adopted at Madrid; and the King of Spain was haunted with a vague foreboding that the visits of these roving English would carry ruin to his colonies, and menace the safety of his gold fleets.

It would be to misread history and to forget the change of times, to see in Hawkins and his successors mere commonplace buccaneers; to themselves they appeared as the elect to whom God had given the heathen for an inheritance; they were men of stern intellect and fanatical faith, who believing themselves the favourites of Providence, imitated the example and assumed the privileges of the chosen people; and for their wildest and worst acts they could claim the sanction of religious conviction. In seizing negroes or in pillaging galleons they were but entering into possession of the heritage of the saints; and England had to outgrow the theology of the Elizabethan Calvinists before it could understand that the Father of Heaven respected neither person nor colour, and that His arbitrary favour, if more than a dream of divines, was confined to spiritual privileges.

Again in the following year the slave fleet was fitted for the sea. It was at the crisis in Elizabeth's fortunes when the birth of James had given fatal strength to the party of the Queen of Scots, and to affront Philip was dangerous. When on the eve of sailing, Hawkins was called before the council, in deference to the imperious remonstrances of de Silva, and was bound in securities not to approach the West Indies, or break the laws, or injure in any way the subjects of the King of Spain. Shackled by these commands he sent out his vessels without himself accompanying them: no English record remains to say whither the expedition went; only it was known that the ships returned loaded with gold and silver and rich skins, and whispered stories reached de Silva's ears that the council's orders had not been too closely followed. Whether the crews again effected some negro smuggling, which they and those who dealt with them were alike interested in concealing, or whether the spoils which they brought back with them formed the freightage of some Spanish vessel which never reached its port, the silent ocean kept its secrets; and when the bold adventurers came back to Plymouth, the Netherlands were plunging into mutiny, the Catholics in England were shattered by the explosion at Kirk-a-Field,

and Elizabeth could afford to be more careless of Philip's pleasure.

Her subjects might now exact restitution at their pleasure for their murdered comrades in Spain,[1] and in the very midst of de Silva's outcries, in the autumn of 1567, the *Jesus* was again placed at Hawkins' disposal; four more ships, all powerfully armed, were equipped as her consorts; and the intention was scarcely concealed with the faintest affectation of denial, to dare the King of Spain to do his worst, and to carry slaves whether he would or not to the American colonies.

The two countries were thus drifting fast into undeclared war, and peace existed but in name. While the fleet was preparing for sea in Plymouth a Spanish ship of war came into Catwater with the Castilian flag flying; she had prisoners on board from the Netherlands, probably insurgents; and Hawkins affecting to suppose that she was come in with bad intentions, at once fired upon her,[2] and forced her to lower her flag. The prisoners in the confusion escaped, took refuge on board the *Jesus*, and a few days after were carried off in a Flemish vessel.

So violent an outrage could not be wholly overlooked; and Elizabeth sent to Plymouth to make inquiries; but Hawkins merely affected astonishment at her displeasure. He assumed that the Spaniard had intended to break the peace of the port, and claimed the thanks of his sovereign for having protected the honour of the realm.[3]

[1] Hakluyt seems to have known nothing of any voyage of Hawkins' men in 1566; but the entries in the council books prove that some voyage or other was contemplated; and the following words of de Silva in October, 1567, refer distinctly to the year preceding.

"V. Md. mandó el año pasado á Fennar y á John Achines quando enviaban sus navios que no partiesen sin primero dar fianças de que no irian á aquellas partes, ni tratasen mal los subditos de su Md. que topasen en el mar. Que segun soy avisado no lo cumpliéron, en especial John Achines, como es cosa sabida, y se entiende de sus marineros, y por el oro y plata y cueros que han traido. Sobre lo qual V. Md. sera servida mandar que se haga lo que conforme á razon y justicia se debe, como contra personas que han contravenido al mandamiento ed V. Md.; que todo es materia de mala consequencia, y que los que cometen estos delitos ó los que los mandan hacer y los que no los han castigado deben desear que la buena amistad que hay entre V. Md. y el Rey mi Señor no se conserve procurandolo con semejantes excessos y otros tales, unos robando por la mar á sus subditos, otros yendo adoles esta prohibido," etc.—De Silva to Elizabeth, October 6, 1567: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Hizó tirar desde una torre, y tan bien de los dichos navios seis ó siete canonagos, hasta dar dentro de mi navio con las balas, y por esta causa me fué forçado de quitar las banderas de V. Md., lo qual nunca me ha ucedido en ningun lugar de Inglatierra en xvii ó xviii años que ha que tengo este cargo."—Copia de Capitulo de Cartes que M. de Wachen scrivió á su Md. September 23, 1567: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] "Copia de la Carta de Achines al Secretario Cecil."—*MS.* Ibid.

"Your mariners," said the Spanish ambassador to Elizabeth, "rob my master's subjects on the sea, and trade where they are forbidden to go; they plunder our people in the streets of your towns; they attack our vessels in your very harbours, and take our prisoners from them; your preachers insult my master from their pulpits; and when we apply for justice we are answered with threats.

"We have borne with these things, attributing them rather to passion or rudeness of manners than to any deliberate purpose of wrong; but seeing that there is no remedy and no end, I must now refer to my sovereign to learn what I am to do. I make however one concluding appeal to your majesty; I entreat your majesty to punish this last outrage at Plymouth, and to preserve the peace between the two nations."[1]

Elizabeth gave a smooth answer; she affected—perhaps she felt—some real regret and displeasure; but Hawkins was allowed to sail, where the slow foot of justice at length came up with him.

[1] De Silva to Elizabeth, October 6, 1567: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

CHAPTER XIII

THE MURDER OF DARNLEY—CARBERRY HILL

ENORMOUS crimes are not subjects on which it is desirable to encourage an interest, and had the assassination of Darnley been no more than a vulgar act of wickedness—had the mysteries connected with it and the results arising from it extended only to the persons, the motives, and the escape or punishment of the perpetrators or their accessories, it might have remained a problem for curious speculation, but it would neither have deserved nor demanded the tedious attention of the historian. Those events only are of permanent importance which have either affected the fortunes of nations, or have illustrated in some signal manner the character of the epochs at which they have occurred. If the tragedy at Kirk-a-Field had possessed no claim for notice on the first of these grounds, deeds of violence were too common in the great families of Scotland in the sixteenth century to have justified a minute consideration of a single special act of villainy.

But the death of the husband of the Queen of Scots belongs to that rare class of incidents which, like the murder of Cæsar, have touched the interests of the entire educated world. Perhaps there is no single recorded act, arising merely out of private or personal passions, of which the public consequences have been so considerable. The revolution through which Scotland and England were passing was visibly modified by it; it perplexed the counsels and complicated the policy of the great Catholic powers of the Continent; while the ultimate verdict of history on the character of the greatest English statesman of the age must depend upon the opinion which the eventual consent of mankind shall accept on the share of the Queen of Scots herself in that transaction. If the Queen of Scots was the victim of a conspiracy, which at the present day and with imperfect knowledge can nevertheless be seen through and exposed, it is impossible to believe that men like Sir William Cecil, Sir Nicholas Bacon, or Lord Bedford were deceived by so poor a contrivance; and as the vindication of the conduct of the English govern-

ment proceeds on the assumption of her guilt, so the determination of her innocence will equally be the absolute condemnation of Elizabeth and Elizabeth's advisers.

Yet the difficulty of the investigation has been occasioned only by the causes which make it necessary. Had the question been no more than personal, it would long ago have been decided; but we have to do with a case on which men have formed their opinions, not on the merits of the evidence, but through the passions or traditions of the party to which they have belonged. The interests of the Catholics required at the time that a plea of innocence on behalf of the Queen of Scots should formally be preferred before the world. The same cause, reinforced by the later political sympathies of the adherents of the Stuarts, converted afterwards the formal plea into a real one. And thus things once considered certain, and against which no contemporary evidence can be adduced deserving to be called by the name, have been made doubtful by the mere effect of repeated denial. Conjectures have been converted into facts by hardy assertions; and now, when the older passions are cooling down, sentimentalism prolongs the discussion with the materials accumulated to its hand.

It is therefore of the highest importance to ascertain the immediate belief of the time at which the murder took place, while party opinions were still unshaped and party action undetermined. The reader is invited to follow the story as it unfolded itself from day to day. He will be shown each event as it occurred, with the impressions which it formed upon the minds of those who had best means of knowing the truth. He will see the judgment passed upon the conduct of the Queen of Scots, both by friend and foe, before the explanations and interpretations which form her general defence had as yet been put forward by her advocates; and thus, when he comes to the circumstances under which these explanations were laid before the world, he will be in a position to judge for himself the degree of credibility which attaches to them.

Taking up the narrative therefore where it was left in the tenth chapter of this history, the reader will consider himself at Holyrood on the morning of the 10th of February. By the time that day had broken, the king's death, and the apparent manner of it, was known throughout the town. The people were rushing about the streets. The servants of the court were talking eagerly in knots about the quadrangle of the palace. It was ascertained at the lodge that the Earl of Bothwell or

some of his people had passed out after the queen had returned the preceding night, and had entered again after the explosion. An instinct, explained by the character of the man, pointed at once to the earl as the assassin; and as Paris the French page crossed the court to his master's room, "all men looked askance at him," and read guilt in his white cheeks and shuffling movements.[1]

The Ormistons, Dalgleish, Powry, Hepburn, and the other conspirators were already collected as he entered. Bothwell asked him savagely why he stood shaking there, with such a hangdog look upon him. He said miserably that he was afraid of being found out and punished. "You?" said the earl, glaring at him—"you? Yes, you are a likely person to be suspected. Look at these gentlemen. They have lands and goods, wives and children, and they have risked them all in my service. The sin, if sin it be, is mine, not yours. I tell you the lords of Scotland have done this deed. A wretch like you is safe in your insignificance." Collecting his spirits as he could, Paris went to the apartments of the queen, where Bothwell followed him directly after. Mary Stuart had slept soundly, but was by this time stirring. The windows were still closed. The room was already hung with black, and lighted with candles. She herself was breakfasting in bed, eating composedly, as Paris

[1] Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, was Bothwell's page. He left Scotland soon after the murder, being too much terrified to remain there, and for eighteen months was supposed to have been drowned. But he had probably spread the report himself, that there might be no further inquiry after him. It was discovered afterwards that he had rejoined his master in Denmark, and in the early summer of 1569 the Regent Murray or the Regent Murray's friends got possession of his person "by policy." In some way or other he was kidnapped and brought over to Leith. His capture was carefully kept secret. He was taken privately to St. Andrew's, where the regent happened to be, and examined by George Buchanan, Robert Ramsay, Murray's steward, and John Wood, his confidential secretary. Paris made two depositions, the first not touching Mary Stuart, the second fatally implicating her. This last was read over in his presence. He signed it, and was then executed, that there might be no retractation or contradiction. The haste and the concealment were intended merely to baffle Elizabeth, who it was feared would attempt to get hold of him and suppress his evidence. She did, in fact, hear that he was in the regent's hands, and she instantly wrote to desire that his life might be spared, but it was too late to be of use to the poor wretch. The anticipation of her interference had hastened his death; he was hanged before her letter arrived, and his deposition countersigned by the examiners, which is now in the Record Office, was forwarded in reply.—Depositions and declarations of Nicholas Hubert, August, 1569: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.* Depositions of French Paris, printed in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, and in Goodall, vol. ii. p. 76. For the account of Paris's capture and Elizabeth's letters, see also *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

observed, a new-laid egg.[1] She did not notice or speak to him, for Bothwell came close behind and talked in a low voice with her behind the curtain.

Whatever may or may not have been her other bad qualities, timidity was not one of them; and if she was innocent of a share in the murder, her self-possession was equally remarkable. Her husband, the titular King of Scotland, had been assassinated the night before in the middle of Edinburgh, not two hours after she had herself left his side. The perpetrators were necessarily men about the court, and close to her own person. She professed to believe that she was herself the second object of the conspiracy, yet she betrayed neither surprise nor alarm. The practical energy at other times so remarkable was conspicuously absent. She did not attempt to fly. She sent for none of the absent noblemen to protect her; the vigour, the resolution, the fiery earnestness which she had shown on the murder of Ritzio—of these there was no outward symptom. Leaving the conspirators to meet in council and affect to deliberate, she spent her morning in writing a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador in Paris, informing him of the catastrophe: declaring her resolution, which it might have been thought unnecessary to insist upon, of punishing the murderers as soon as they should be discovered. But she took no active steps to discover them. Lennox, Darnley's father, was at Glasgow or near it, but she did not send for him. Murray was within reach, but she did not seem to desire his presence; although she told the archbishop that only accident had interfered with her intention of spending the previous night at Kirk-a-Field—that "whoever had taken the enterprise in hand, it had been aimed as well at herself as at the king, since the providence of God only had prevented her from sleeping in the house which was destroyed."[2]

Later in the day a despatch came in from the archbishop

[1] "Le Lundy matin entre neuf et dix heures, le dict Paris dict qu'il entre dans la chambre de la Reyne, laquelle estoit bien close, et son lict la tendu du noire en signe de deuil, et de la chandelle allumée dedans icelle, la ou Madame de Bryant luy donnoit à dejeuner d'ung œuf frais."—Second deposition of Paris: PITCAIRN, vol. i. part 2, p. 509.

[2] The letter of the Queen of Scots to the archbishop is printed both by Keith and Labanoff. It is dated February 11. But there is an evident mistake, or the queen added the date the day after the letter was written, for she describes the murder as having been committed on the night past, being February 9; and in a second letter, written a week after, she says, "we received your letter upon the 10th of this instant, and that same day wrait to you."—Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, February 18: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

himself, containing a message to her from Catherine de Medici that her husband's life was in danger, and another letter to the same effect from the Spanish ambassador in London; but, alas! as she said in her reply, "the intimation had come too late." The plot, it seems, was known in Paris, and known to de Silva; yet she, if she was to be believed, was innocent of all suspicion of it.

In the afternoon there was a faint show of investigation. Argyle and Bothwell went to inspect the ruins. The body was brought down to Holyrood, and the servants who had survived the explosion and the inhabitants of the adjoining houses were sent for and questioned. They could tell but little, for who, it was said, "dared accuse Bothwell, who was doer, judge, inquirer, and examiner?"[1] Even so, however, and in the midst of their alarm, awkward hints and facts were blurted out which it was desirable to keep back, and the witnesses were not pressed any further.

The next morning (Tuesday) a proclamation appeared, signed by Bothwell, Maitland, and Argyle, offering a reward of £2000 for the discovery of the murderer, with a free pardon to any accomplice who would confess. In the evening, after dusk, an anonymous placard was fixed against the door of the Tolbooth, accusing Bothwell and Sir James Balfour as the immediate perpetrators, and containing, in addition, the ominous words, "that the queen was an assenting party, through the persuasion of the Earl Bothwell and the witchcraft of the Lady Buccleuch."[2]

Surrounded by his own retainers, with every member of the council at Edinburgh, if not as guilty as himself yet implicated too deeply to act against him, Bothwell met the challenge with open defiance. In a second proclamation he invited his accuser to come forward, prove his charge, and claim his reward. An answer instantly appeared, again unsigned, but declaring that if the £2000 was produced and was deposited in some indifferent hand, and if two of the queen's servants, Bastian and Joseph

[1] BUCHANAN.

[2] Margaret Douglas, wife of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, was the daughter of the Earl of Angus, and cousin of Morton. Like her sister Lady Reres, she had been one of the many mistresses of Bothwell, and it was by her that the earl had been especially recommended to the notice of Mary Stuart. She does not appear to have been a very modest lady. Sir William Drury, writing to Cecil, said: "I dare not deliver unto your honour the Lady Buccleuch's speech, yea openly, of her telling the cause that she bred his greatness with the queen by, nor of her speech of the queen, nor of his insatiateness towards women."—Drury to Cecil, May, 1567: *Border MSS., Rolls House.*

Ritzio, David's brother, were arrested, the writer, and "four others with him," would declare themselves and make good their words. Perhaps the names mentioned suggested too close a knowledge of dangerous facts. The men were not arrested, and the council said no more; but as the silence and inaction continued, the tongues of all men were loosed, and the thoughts which were in the minds of every one burst into the air. Midnight cries were heard in the wynds and alleys of Edinburgh, crying for vengeance upon the queen and Bothwell. Each day as it broke showed the walls pasted with "bills," in which their names were linked together in an infamous union of crime—and, bold as they were, they were startled at the passionate instinct with which their double guilt had been divined. Fifty desperate men guarded the earl whenever he appeared in the street. If he spoke to any one "not assured his friend, his hand was on his dagger hilt;" and he swore savagely, "that if he knew who were the setters-up of the bills and writings, he would wash his hands in their blood." [1]

The atmosphere of Edinburgh grew unpleasant. The court thought of removing into easier and safer quarters at Stirling, and an intimation was conveyed to Lord Mar, who was in charge of the castle, that the queen wished to be his guest. Mar, however, declined to admit within the gates a larger force than he could keep in order, and Bothwell dared not leave his followers behind him. The hereditary guardian of the prince was too important a person to quarrel with, and it was necessary to put up with the refusal.[2]

Secured as he was of the support or silence of the principal noblemen, Bothwell had evidently not been prepared for such an outburst of emotion about a mere murder. A thrust with a dirk or a stroke with a sword was the time-hallowed and custom-acknowledged method of ridding the world of an enemy. The pitiful desertion of his companions after Ritzio's murder had left Darnley almost without a single friend; and but for a new spirit which was pouring with the Reformation into Scottish life, the mere destruction of a troublesome boy would have been but the wonder of a day, forgotten in the next tragedy. This change of times, however, was not understood till it was felt, and it was supposed that a short absence of the court would give time for

[1] Drury to Cecil, February 28: *Border MSS.*

[2] "The Earl of Mar is not the best liked of, for he might have had guests. But he will have no more than such as he may rule. He hath been dealt with, but he will not yield."—Sir William Drury to Cecil, February 19: Ibid.

passion to cool. Forty days of close seclusion was the usual period prescribed for royal mourning; but the queen found the confinement injurious to her health, and as Stirling was impracticable, she turned her thoughts elsewhere.[1] Darnley was privately buried at Holyrood on the night of the 15th; his horses and clothes were given to Bothwell;[2] and on the morning of the 16th, Mary Stuart, attended by Bothwell, Huntly, Argyle, Maitland, Lords Fleming, Livingston, and a hundred other gentlemen, rode away to the house of Lord Seton, near Preston Pans. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the Primate of Scotland, gave the party the sanction of his right reverend presence. As a Hamilton, he could not but look with favour on the destruction of the heir of the rival house of Lennox. The queen was committing herself to a course, of which the end, to his experienced eyes, was tolerably clear; and Mary Stuart once out of the way, Chatelherault, by prescriptive right, would again become regent, and the baby prince alone remain between the house of Hamilton and the Scottish crown.[3]

Lord Seton entertained the royal party in person. The queen, relieved from the suggestions and reminiscences of Edinburgh, recovered rapidly from the indisposition which was the excuse of her departure. The days were spent in hunting and shooting, varied only with the necessary attention to immediate and pressing business. Elizabeth was to be written to. She could not be left without formal information of her cousin's death; and Sir Robert Melville, whom Elizabeth knew and liked, was chosen as the bearer of the communication. The Queen of England had objected so strongly to the original marriage with Darnley, and had been so indignant and alarmed at the consummation of it, that it was doubtless expected that she would accept placidly the news that he was put out of the way. To

[1] Leslie, Bishop of Ross, the first champion "of Queen Mary's honour," gives a singular reason for her neglect of the usual observance on this occasion. As to the forty days of mourning, he said, which ought to have been kept, "kings might be mourned for in that way; but Darnley was only a king by courtesy; he was a subject, and took his honour from his wife, and therefore her grace mourned after another sort."—*Defence of Queen Mary's Honour*, printed by Anderson.

[2] The clothes were sent to a tailor to be altered for their new owner. The tailor said it was the custom of the country, the clothes of the dead were always the right of the hangman.—CALDERWOOD.

[3] The false dealing of the Hamiltons, which in the sequel will appear more clearly, was seen through at the time. Sir William Drury wrote, "It is judged the Bishop of St. Andrew's encourages the queen and Bothwell in this manner to proceed not from any goodwill to either of them, but for both their destructions the rather to bring his friends to their purpose."—Drury to Cecil, May 6: *Border MSS.*

sweeten the information still further, and remove all possible unpleasantness, Mary Stuart empowered Melville to say that she was now prepared to yield on the great point which she had so long contested, to ratify the disputed clause in the Treaty of Leith, and abandon her pretensions to Elizabeth's crown.[1]

In France also there were special matters to be arranged with convenient speed. More than once already Mary Stuart had experienced the inconvenience of the unprotected condition in which she lived at Holyrood. The sovereign, though feudal head of the military force of the kingdom, yet commanded the services of the lieges only through the noblemen to whom they owed their first obedience; and while the Earl of Argyle had but to raise his finger and 5000 breechless followers would be ready at the moment to follow him through life and death, the sovereign, if the nobles held aloof, commanded but the scanty services of the scattered vassals of the crown lands. The present prospets of the court were at least precarious. She felt that neither she herself nor Bothwell would be the worse for the presence of a foreign guard undistracted by the passions of Scottish factions. She had, therefore, already begun the arrangements for the enrolment of a company of French harquebusmen. Her French dowry would pay for them. They could be called the Prince's Guard, and Bothwell could command them. The times were growing more urgent, and she wrote a second letter from Seton House to the Archbishop of Glasgow, desiring him to ask at once for the unpaid arrears which were owing to her; to accept no refusal; if he could not get the whole, to take as much as the court would give; and she would then send over some one to enlist men for her service.[2]

[1] "Quant aux trois choses qui m'ont estée communiquez par Melville, j'entends par toutes ces instructions que continuez en grande envie de me satisfaire, et qu'il vous contentera d'octroyer la requeste que my lord Bedford vous faict en mon nom pour la ratification de vostre traicté qui 6 ou 7 ans passées en estoit faict, vous promettant que je la demandois aultant pour vostre bien que pour quelque proffit qui m'en resouldra."—Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, February 24, 1567: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[2] "And for the company of men-at-arms, we pray you use even the like diligence to have the matter brought to pass in favour of the prince our son, as we mentioned in our other letters sent you for that purpose; and although the whole company's payment cannot be granted, leave not off but take that which shall be offered. The captain must be our son; for the lieutenant there is none in that country (France) whom we can be content to place in that room. Upon your advertisement we shall send thither either the lieutenant or some qualified personage for him to take up his company, being aforehand assured by you that he shall speed and not find his travel frustrate; *for otherwise we would be loathe that our proceeding should be known.*"—Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, February 18: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

As to the murder, it was evidently hoped that nothing more need be said or done about it. The alteration which had passed over the Scottish people with the Reformation, the responsibility to European opinion, the sense of which was spreading everywhere with the growth of intellectual light, was unfelt and unconjectured by the party assembled at Seton; and as long as Huntly, Bothwell, and Argyle held together and held with the queen, they commanded a force which for the present there was no one able to encounter.

But the Earl of Lennox, though unable to act, was not disposed to sit down thus passively. The Queen of Scots had written civilly to him, and had professed a wish to be guided by his advice; but he knew Mary's character too well to trust implicitly her general and smooth professions. He must have known the fears which Darnley had himself expressed before his removal to Kirk-a-Field. He had seen him during his illness, and could hardly have been deceived about the character of it. He must have heard from Crawford the particulars of Mary Stuart's visit to Glasgow; and if the people generally, on mere outward grounds of suspicion, were already fastening upon the queen as an accomplice in the murder, no doubt at all could have rested in the mind of Lennox. Not daring to repair to Edinburgh, he remained watching the direction of events at his house at Houston in Renfrewshire, and from thence he replied to the queen's letter with a demand that she should instantly assemble the entire nobility of the realm to investigate the extraordinary catastrophe.

The propriety of such a course was so obvious, that if the queen had really desired that the truth should be discovered, she would have adopted it of her own accord. No inquiry was possible while the court and administration were under the control of a single faction. Mary Stuart, however, calmly answered that she had already "caused proclaim a Parliament," which would meet in the spring. Nothing would then be left undone to further the trial of the matter, and it was unnecessary to anticipate their assembly. Lennox rejoined that a murder was no "Parliament matter." Time was passing away, and the assassin might fly the realm in the interval. Particular persons had been publicly accused, and at least her majesty might order the arrest of those persons, call the lords together, and invite the denouncers to present their evidence. "So," he said, "shall your majesty do an honourable and godly act in bringing the matter to sic a narrow point, as either it shall appear plainly,

or else the tickets shall be found vain of themselves, and the parties slandered be exonerated and put to liberty." [1]

A call of the peers would have brought up Murray, Athol, Mar, and possibly others who, if not Darnley's friends, yet would feel the enormity of the murder, and had no interest in the concealment of the criminals. Under their protection the yet warm scent of the assassins could be traced, some or other of them be caught, and the truth made known.

It is impossible to believe that Mary Stuart desired any such result. Quite evidently she desired to "tract time," that the excitement might die away. She answered that she could not assemble the lords before the Parliament, "as they would think double convening heavy to them;" as to apprehending the persons named in the tickets on the Tolbooth door, there were so many that she did not know on which ticket to proceed; but, treating Lennox as if it concerned him only and not herself or public justice at all, she said that if among those accused there was any one whom he desired to have brought to trial, "upon his advertisement she would proceed to the cognition taking." [2]

But Mary Stuart was not to escape so easily. Although Darnley's rank and the wild manner of his death had startled people into more than usual attention, had no interests circled about the queen beyond those which touched herself and her own subjects, the murder might have passed but as one bad deed of a lawless age. But Mary Stuart and her proceedings were of exceptional importance far beyond the limits of her own kingdom. Whether the Huguenots should maintain themselves in France—whether the Netherlands were to preserve their liberties in the wrestling-match which was about to open with Spain—whether, in fact, the pope and the Catholics were to succeed or fail in the great effort now to be made to trample out the Reformation—these vast matters depended on whether England should be Catholic or Protestant; and whether England, for that generation or that century, should be Catholic or Protestant depended on whether Mary Stuart was or was not to be looked to as the heir-presumptive to Elizabeth's crown.

It has been seen that the marriage with Darnley had been considered and brought about among the English Catholics with a single view to this end. The proposal when first thought of

[1] Correspondence between the Earl of Lennox and the Queen of Scots, February and March, 1567, printed by Keith and by Labanoff.
[2] Ibid.

had been submitted to Philip II., and had received his sanction as a step of supreme importance towards the reunion of England with Rome; while the fear and jealousy with which the marriage had been regarded by Elizabeth and Cecil showed how large advantage the Catholic cause had gained by it. Darnley stood next to Mary Stuart in the line of succession. He was an English subject, and the national jealousy of aliens did not extend to him. His own peculiar party in England, fostered as it had been by his mother's intrigues, had been as large at one time as that of the Scottish queen herself: and to the great powers, who were considering how best to recover England from heresy, the union of the two pretensions had been a triumph of political adroitness, and a matter of special gratitude to Providence. Thus when it was first whispered that the Queen of Scots and her husband were on bad terms, their differences became a prominent subject in the correspondence of the Spanish court. Thus when darker rumours stole abroad, that Darnley's life was in danger, the Cardinal of Lorraine wrote to put the queen on her guard; and the Spanish ministers both in London and Paris took upon themselves to warn her "well to govern herself, and take heed whom she did trust." [1] Thus when it became known that he was actually dead, the Queen of Scots, in the first heat of disappointment, was regarded as having trifled away the interests of a great cause, for no object but her own private indulgence. She had been admitted as a partner in a game, in which the stake was the future of the world, and she had wrecked the prospects of her party in a petty episode of intrigue and folly.

The opinion of Paris was as decided, and as decidedly expressed, as the opinion of Edinburgh. The Archbishop of Glasgow, when her letter reached him, did his best to persuade people to accept her version of the story. But Mary Stuart was too well known at the French court, and so far from being able to convince others of her innocence, the archbishop evidently was unable to convince himself.

"He would," he said in answer to her, "he would he could make her understand what was said of the miserable state of Scotland, the dishonour of the nobility, the mistrust and treason of her subjects." "Yea, she herself was greatly and wrongously calumnit to be motive principal of the whole, and all done by her order." He gathered from her majesty's letter that it "had pleased God to preserve her to take vigorous vengeance." "He

[1] Drury to Cecil, February 14: *Border MSS.*

could but say that rather than that vengeance were not taken, it were better in this world had she lost life and all." "Now was the time for her to show that she deserved that reputation for religion which she had gained for herself, by showing the fruits of it, and doing such justice as to the whole world might declare her innocency." "There is sa mickle ill spoken," he concluded, "that I am constrained to ask you mercy that I cannot make the rehearsal thereof. Alas, madam! all over Europe this day there is no purpose in hand so frequent as of your majesty and of the present state of your realm, whilk is for the most part interpreted sinisterly." [1]

Mary Stuart would have rather heard from the archbishop that he had obtained the money for her bodyguard, and his letter must have increased her anxiety for their arrival. If she was innocent all this time, the ground must have been prepared beforehand with marvellous skill. Before any evidence, genuine or forged, had been produced against her, on the first news of the catastrophe the general instinct had settled upon her as the principal offender. If there be a difficulty in believing that so young a princess would have lent herself to such a crime, it is singular that her friends in Paris, who were most interested in her well-doing, should have jumped so readily to so hard a conclusion.

It has been already mentioned [2] that among the first to bring the news to London was Moret, minister of the Duke of Savoy at Mary Stuart's court, in whose train David Ritzio had originally come to Scotland. The opinion of Moret—a Catholic, a warm friend of the queen, and fresh from the scene—is of considerable moment. The second day after the murder he hurried away from Edinburgh, "better pleased with his return," as he explained to Sir William Drury on his passage through Berwick, than when he went that way to the scene of his embassy. On reaching London he hastened to the Spanish ambassador. He was cautious in what he said, but when de Silva cross-questioned him about the queen, although he did not expressly condemn her, he said not a word in her exculpation, and left the ambassador certainly to infer that he suspected her to have been guilty.[3]

[1] The Archbishop of Glasgow to Mary Stuart, March 6: *Printed by* Keith.

[2] *Supra*, cap. 10.

[3] "Por las quales parece que induce sospecha de haber sabido o permitido la Reyna este tratado; y aun apuntandole que me dixese lo que le parecia conforme a lo que el habia visto y colegido, si la Reyna tenia culpa dello, aunque no la condeñó de palabra no la salbó nada."—De Silva to Philip, March 1, 1567: *MS. Simancas.*

He mentioned, among other circumstances, one which had left a painful impression upon him. Darnley, it seems, had intended to present a pair of horses to the Duke of Savoy, and a day or two before his death had told the queen that he wished to see Moret. She had said in answer that Moret was so angry about Ritzio's murder that he would not go near him: she had not the slightest ground for such a statement, and had only wished to prevent the interview.[1]

On the 19th, Sir Robert Melville arrived with Mary Stuart's letter. From him de Silva learnt further particulars, but again nothing to reassure him. Melville indeed said that the queen was innocent; but he grew confused when he was pressed closely,[2] and his defence was made more difficult when it became known that, instead of remaining in retirement at Holyrood, the queen was amusing herself with her cavaliers at Seton.

Among the loudest to exclaim against her was Lady Margaret Lennox, Darnley's mother, the maker of the match which had ended so disastrously. This lady had been hitherto expiating her offences in that matter in a room in the Tower. She was released immediately after the murder, and was besieging the court with her clamours. Melville complained of her language to de Silva, but de Silva could not refuse to sympathise with her.

"I told Melville," he wrote, "that I was not surprised. The wisest men would at times forget themselves in excess of sorrow, much more a woman in a case so piteous. For it is not she alone who suspects the queen to be guilty of the murder; there is a general opinion that it has been done in revenge for the Italian secretary.[3] The heretics declare her guilt to be certain, their dislike of her assisting their suspicions. The Catholics are divided. The king's party are violent and angry. Her own friends defend her. It is scarcely conceivable that a princess who had given so many proofs of piety and virtue should have consented to such a business: but should it so turn out to have been, she will lose many friends, and the restoration of the Catholic faith in this realm through her instrumentality will have become more difficult. I have done all that was possible both with the Queen of England and others, as in your majesty's service I am bound to do; and inasmuch as the interests at stake are so considerable, I have entreated her highness to take no positive step without consulting those who

[1] De Silva to Philip, March 1, 1567: *MS. Simancas.*
[2] "Veole algo confuso."—De Silva to Philip, February 22: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] De Silva to Philip, February 22: *MS.* Ibid.

are good friends to your majesty. However it be, the consequences cannot fail to be serious. This queen, perhaps, may use the opportunity to interfere in Scotland, not for any love which she felt for the late king, but for her own purposes, the circumstances appearing to furnish her with a reasonable excuse."[1]

The belief in Mary Stuart's innocence, it thus appears, was limited to a single fraction of the English Catholics—in other words, to those whose interests inclined them to a favourable judgment of her. But there was one person who, if the popular theory of the relation between the two sovereigns is correct, should have rushed at once, under all the influence of public and personal jealousy, to the most unfavourable conclusion, and yet who suspended her judgment and remained incredulous. Elizabeth herself received the news of the murder with profound emotion. She was in mourning when she admitted Moret to an audience. Melville and his message were both eminently unsatisfactory, and she was convinced that there was some concealed mystery which the Queen of Scots could have explained more fully if she had chosen. Measures of precaution were taken at the palace for the better security of Elizabeth's own sleeping-rooms, and the guard was sifted and scrutinised. She told de Silva that, much as she had disapproved of the marriage, the murdered prince was her cousin, and she must insist upon an inquiry into the circumstances; yet, however the world might murmur, she could not believe that the Queen of Scots was herself accessory to his death. She dwelt upon every point in the story which seemed to make for her. The report that she was gone with Bothwell to Seton she rejected as utterly incredible till it was proved beyond possibility of doubt.

De Silva, notwithstanding his private opinion, encouraged her scepticism. More than one English nobleman who had hitherto favoured the Scottish succession, had declared himself as intending for the future to advocate the rival claims of Lady Catherine Grey, who, though dying slowly of harsh treatment, had yet some months of life before her, and had borne children of ambiguous legitimacy to inherit what right she possessed. Elizabeth regarded this unfortunate woman with a detestation and contempt beyond what she had felt at the worst times for

[1] De Silva to Philip, February 17, February 22, February 26: *MS. Simancas*. The words in the text are extracted from three different despatches.

Mary Stuart. De Silva knew her temper, and worked upon her jealousy by suggesting a likelihood of some movement in Lady Catherine's favour.[1]

She said she would at once send some one down to Scotland to inquire into the truth, and enable her to silence the scandalous reports which were flying. The Queen of Scots might have been deeply in fault; she had been on bad terms with her husband; she had, perhaps, felt little regret for his death, and had been culpably unwilling to discover or punish the criminals; but Elizabeth was jealous of the honour of a sovereign princess, and this was the worst which she would allow.

Both she and Cecil thought the opportunity a favourable one for terminating the disorders of Scotland, and saving Mary Stuart herself from the perils in which her carelessness and folly were involving her. If the Treaty of Leith was now ratified, it had been all along understood that the recognition of Mary Stuart as Elizabeth's heir would speedily follow. The two countries would then at no distant time be united, and the occasion might be used, when Mary Stuart's critical position would secure her compliance, to urge her to accept for herself the modified Protestantism of England, and to revive the old project of a preliminary union of the churches.

However unseasonable the intrusion of such a subject at such a crisis may at first sight appear, it proves at any rate that Elizabeth did not as yet contemplate the probability of a quarrel with her cousin as one of the consequences of the murder, or she would not have chosen the time to propose a measure which would necessarily draw them closer together. The more it is considered, the more evidently it will be seen to have been a token of essential goodwill, and therefore in the main of confidence. Sir Henry Killigrew was chosen as the instrument of this well-intended but entirely useless diplomacy. He was directed to sound the ministers of the kirk on the possibility of their being induced to consent; while Cecil by letter invited Maitland to work upon the Queen of Scots.[2]

[1] De Silva to Philip, February 22: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Cecil's letter on the subject has not been found, but Maitland's answer to it survives. Maitland was glad of anything which would divert the minds of Elizabeth and Cecil from dangerous ground. "For the mark," he wrote, "which you do wish in your letter I should shoot at, to wit that her majesty would allow your estate in religion, it is one of the things on earth I most desire. I dare be bold enough to utter my fancy in it to her majesty, trusting that she will not like me the worse for uttering my opinion and knowledge in that which is profitable for her every way; and I do not despair but although she will not yield at the first, yet with progress of time that point shall be obtained."—Maitland to Cecil, March 3: *MS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

This was part of Killigrew's mission. The other was to ascertain, as far as possible, the truth about the murder, and to impress on Mary Stuart herself a keener sense than she seemed to feel of her faults, of her duties, and of her danger. It was the same advice which had been urged upon her by the Archbishop of Glasgow, and Elizabeth, to give it emphasis, wrote to her with her own hand:

"Madam," she said, "my ears have been so astounded, my mind so disturbed, my heart so shocked at the news of the abominable murder of your late husband, that even yet I can scarcely rally my spirits to write to you; and however I would express my sympathy in your sorrow for his loss, so, to tell you plainly what I think, my grief is more for you than for him. Oh, madam, I should ill fulfil the part either of a faithful cousin or of an affectionate friend, if I were to content myself with saying pleasant things to you and made no effort to preserve your honour. I cannot but tell you what all the world is thinking. Men say that, instead of seizing the murderers, you are looking through your fingers while they escape; that you will not punish those who have done you so great a service, as though the thing would never have taken place had not the doers of it been assured of impunity.

"For myself, I beseech you to believe that I would not harbour such a thought for all the wealth of the world, nor would I entertain in my heart so ill a guest, or think so badly of any prince that breathes. Far less could I so think of you, to whom I desire all imaginable good, and all blessings which you yourself could wish for. But for this very reason I exhort, I advise, I implore you deeply to consider of the matter—at once, if it be the nearest friend you have, to lay your hands upon the man who has been guilty of the crime—to let no interest, no persuasion, keep you from proving to every one that you are a noble princess and a loyal wife. I do not write thus earnestly because I doubt you, but for the love which I bear towards you. You may have wiser councillors than I am—I can well believe it—but even our Lord, as I remember, had a Judas among the twelve: while I am sure that you have no friend more true than I, and my affection may stand you in as good stead as the subtle wits of others." [1]

Supposing the Queen of Scots to have been really free from the deepest shade of guilt, her warmest well-wisher could not

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, February 24 (the original is in French): *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

have written more kindly or advised her more judiciously. To have followed the counsel so given, had the power been left her, would have been to defeat the hopes of all who desired her ruin, and to recover to herself that respect and honour which, whether guilty or innocent, she was equally forfeiting.

Mary Stuart, however, for the present was incapable of receiving advice, nor did Elizabeth's words reach the exigencies of her position. The accounts which reached her from so many sides might indeed have revealed to her the storm which was gathering, and so have awakened her fears; but of fear she was constitutionally incapable. The arrival of Elizabeth's messenger touched her only so far that it recalled her to the necessity of observing the forms of decency, and when she heard that some one was coming, she hastened back to Holyrood just in time to receive him. Killigrew reached Edinburgh on the 8th of March, one day behind her. He was entertained at dinner by the clique who had attended her to Seton, and in the afternoon was admitted to a brief audience. The windows were half closed, the rooms were darkened, and in the profound gloom the English ambassador was unable to see the queen's face, but by her words she seemed "very doleful." She expressed herself warmly grateful for Elizabeth's kindness, but said little of the murder, and turned the conversation chiefly on politics. She spoke of Ireland, and undertook to prevent her subjects from giving trouble there; she repeated her willingness to ratify the Treaty of Leith, and professed herself generally anxious to meet Elizabeth's wishes. With these general expressions she perhaps hoped that Killigrew would have been contented, but on one point his orders were positive. He represented to her the unanimity with which Bothwell had been fastened upon as one of the murderers of the king; and before he took his leave he succeeded in extorting a promise from her that the earl should be put upon his trial.[1] His stay in Scotland was to be brief, and the little which he trusted himself to write was extremely guarded. The people he rapidly found were in no humour to entertain questions of Church policy. The mind of every one was riveted on the one all-absorbing subject. As to the perpetrators, he said there were "great suspicions, but no proof," and so far "no one had been apprehended."

[1] "The size for the earl's trial is the rather done by the queen for the observing of her promise to Mr. Killigrew, for she said and assured him that the earl should be put upon his trial."—Drury to Cecil, March 29: *Border MSS., Rolls House.*

"He saw no present appearance of trouble, but a general misliking among the commons and some others which abhorred the detestable murder of their king as a shame to the whole nation—the preachers praying openly that God would please both to reveal and revenge—exhorting all men to prayer and repentance." [1]

One other person of note he saw, and that was the Earl of Murray—Murray, whose conduct in these matters has been painted in as black colours as his sister's was painted by Buchanan. Murray since the murder had remained quiet—doing nothing because he saw nothing which he could usefully do. He had made one effort to arrest Sir James Balfour, but he had been instantly crossed by Bothwell,[2] and he could stir no further without calling on the commons to take arms—a desperate measure for which the times were not yet ripe. He was therefore proposing to withdraw as quietly as possible into France. He wrote by Killigrew's hands to Cecil for a safe-conduct to pass through England, and, careful only not to swell the accusations which were rising against the queen, he entreated that neither Cecil nor any one "should judge rashly in so horrible a crime." [3]

With this, and the letter from Maitland about the union of the churches, Killigrew in less than a week returned to London. No sooner was his back turned than the queen went again to Seton; and now for the first time it began to be understood that, although Bothwell was to be tried for the king's murder, he was intended for the king's successor, and that at no distant time the queen meant to marry him. He had a wife already indeed, as the reader knows—a Gordon, Lord Huntly's sister, whom he had but lately wedded; but there were means of healing the wound in the Gordons' honour, by the restoration of their forfeited estates; and Huntly it seems, though with some misgivings, was a consenting party in the shameful compact.

We are stepping into a region where the very atmosphere is saturated with falsehood, where those who outwardly were bosom friends were plotting each other's destruction, and those who were apparently as guilty as Bothwell himself were yet assuming an attitude to him, at one moment of cringing subserviency, at the next of the fiercest indignation; where conspiracy was spun within conspiracy, and the whole truth lies

[1] Sir H. Killigrew to Cecil, March 8: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*
[2] Sir John Foster to Cecil, March 3: *Border MSS.*
[3] Murray to Cecil, March 13: *MSS. Scotland.*

buried beyond the reach of complete discovery. Something, however, if not all, may be done towards unravelling the mystery.

There is much reason to think that the intention of assassinating the unlucky Henry Darnley was known far beyond the circle of those who were immediately concerned in the execution of the deed. It had been foreseen from the first by those who understood his character, and who knew how inconvenient people were disposed of in Scotland, that his life "would be of no long continuance there." His loose habits had early estranged him from the queen. The Douglases, and his other kinsmen who had joined him in the murder of Ritzio, he had converted into mortal enemies by his desertion of them afterwards. He was at once meddlesome and incapable, weak and cowardly, yet insolent and unmanageable. He had aimed idly at the life of the Earl of Murray. He had intruded himself into politics, and had written vexatious letters to the pope and to the King of Spain. As the heir of the house of Lennox, he was the natural enemy of the Hamiltons and all their powerful kindred; and in one way or another he had given cause to almost every nobleman in Scotland, except his father, to feel his presence there undesirable. His coming at all, though submitted to out of deference to the English Catholics, had revived sleeping feuds, and had broken up the unity of the council; while at the same time it had estranged Elizabeth, and alienated the Protestant lords, who had before been as loud as the rest in claiming the English succession for their sovereign. The marriage, so far as Scotland was concerned, had been a mistake. Could he have been got rid of by a divorce his life might have been spared; but a divorce would have tainted the prince's legitimacy, and the prince's birth had given treble strength to the queen's party in England—strength sufficient, it might be hoped, to overcome, after the first shock, the displeasure which might be created among them by his father's removal.

All these points had been talked over at Craigmillar, before the baptism of James at Stirling. A bond was signed there by Argyle, Bothwell, Huntly, Sir James Balfour, and perhaps by Maitland, the avowed object of which was Darnley's death. Morton, by his own confession, was invited to join, and had only suspended his consent till assured under the queen's hand of her approval. There were other writings also, it will be seen, which were afterwards destroyed, because more names were compromised by them. But it seems equally certain that the relations between the queen and Bothwell were kept secret

between themselves. Darnley was to be made away with, only to open a way to some noble alliance with France or Spain; certainly not that his place might be taken by a ruffian border earl, whose elevation would be the most fatal of obstacles on the queen's road to the high place which Scotch ambition desired for her.

Nor again were the other noblemen—unless perhaps Argyle be an exception—acquainted beforehand with the means by which the murder was actually effected. Had the work been left to such a man as Maitland, the wretched creature would have been made away with by poison—as was unsuccessfully tried at Stirling—or in some artificially created quarrel, or by some contrivance in which foul play, though it might be guessed at, could not have been proved. In that case it might have been hoped that Elizabeth, who had proclaimed Darnley traitor, had held his mother close prisoner in the Tower, had resented the marriage as an immediate attack upon her crown, would not look too curiously into a casualty so much to her advantage; and Mary Stuart, free to choose another husband, might make fresh conditions for her place in the succession.

But Bothwell had withdrawn the management into his own hands. Although Maitland was in correspondence with the queen when Darnley was brought up from Glasgow to Kirk-a-Field, there is no reason to suppose that he was admitted into Bothwell's plans; and the murder had been brought about with such ingenious awkwardness that it had startled all Europe into attention. Unable to move, for their signatures compromised them, the lords could but sit still and wait for what was to follow; but it is easy to understand the irritation with which they must have regarded the intruding blockhead who had marred the game, even though they could see no present means by which the fault could be rectified. It is easy to comprehend how intense must have been their disgust, as they began to find that, after all, they had been Bothwell's dupes—that he had been using them as the stepping-stones to his own lust and his own ambition.

The populace of Edinburgh had come early to their own conclusions on the relations between the queen and the earl. On her return to Seton after Killigrew's departure, although she had promised that he should be placed on his trial for the murder, she took no pains to conceal the favour with which she regarded him. There were moments when her danger struck her, and she had passing thoughts of flying to France: but she

had reason to fear no very favourable reception there. The French court had not even gone through the form of sending to condole with her on her widowhood. The office had been proposed to the Marquis de Rambouillet, but he had declined it, and no one had been chosen in his place.[1] But Catherine de Medici and Charles had written to tell her that if she did not exert herself to discover and punish the assassin, she would cover herself with infamy, and that she could expect for the future no friendship or support from France.[2] In that direction there was little to be looked for: so the queen gathered up her nerves, resolving to trust her own resources, and to defy the world and its opinion.

As a preparation for the trial, she placed in Bothwell's hands the castles of Edinburgh, Blackness, and Inchkeith. Dunbar he held already, and Dumbarton was to be given to him as soon as he could collect a sufficient force to hold it.[3] Another placard, accusing him, was hung up on the Tolbooth door. The supposed author, a brother of Murray of Tullibardine, was proclaimed traitor. The ports were watched for him, and any "shipper" who should carry him out of the kingdom was threatened with death.[4] That Bothwell could be found guilty was certainly never contemplated as a possible contingency, for it was no longer a secret that the queen meant to marry him as soon as he could be separated from his wife. The preliminaries of the divorce were being hurried forward, and Lady Bothwell, in fear of a worse fate for herself, had been induced to sue for it. A plea was found in Bothwell's own iniquities; and that no feature might be wanting to complete the foulness of the picture, his paramour, Lady Buccleuch, was said to be ready, if necessary, to come forward with the necessary evidence.[5]

The moral feeling of the age was not sensitive. The Tudors, both in England and Scotland, had made the world familiar with

[1] Don Francis de Alava to Philip II., March 15: TEULET, vol. i.

[2] "The queen-mother and the French king did also write very sorely to the queen, assuring her that if she performed not her promise in seeking by all her power to have the death of the king their cousin revenged, and to clear herself, she should not only think herself dishonoured, but to receive them for her contraries, and that they would be her enemies." —Drury to Cecil, March 29: *Border MSS.*

[3] Ibid.

[4] Royal Proclamation, March 12: ANDERSON.

[5] "For the divorce between Bothwell and his wife this is arranged, that the same shall come of her—alleging this—that she knoweth he hath had the company of the Lady Buccleuch since she was married to him."—Drury to Cecil, March 29: *Border MSS.* And again: 'It is thought that the Lady of Buccleuch, if need be, will affirm he hath so done."—Same to same, April 13: Ibid.

scandalous separations; and there were few enormities for which precedents could not be furnished from the domestic annals of the northern kingdom. Yet there was something in the present proceeding so preposterous, that even those most callous in such matters were unable to regard it with indifference. The honour of the country, the one subject on which Scottish consciences were sensitive, was compromised by so monstrous an outrage upon decency. The queen's political prospects would be ruined, without any one countervailing advantage whatever, if it was allowed to take place. There was no national party to gratify, no end to gain, no family alliance to support or strengthen the crown. Such a marriage under such circumstances would simply be a disgrace. It would be at once the consummation of an enormous crime, and a public defiant confession of it in the face of all men. The murder itself might have been got over, and the private adultery, even if it had been discovered, might have been concealed or condoned. But to follow up the assassination of her husband by an open marriage with the man whom all the world knew by this time to have been the murderer, was entirely intolerable. In such hands the baby-prince would be no safer than his father, and one murder would soon be followed by another.

When it became certain that so extraordinary a step was seriously contemplated, Sir James Melville says,[1] that "every good subject who loved the queen had sore hearts." Lord Herries, the most accomplished of her friends, a man of the world, who saw what would follow, was the first to hasten to her feet to remonstrate. The queen received him with an affectation of surprise. She assured him that "there was no such thing in her mind," and he could but apologise for his intrusion and retire from the court at his best speed, before Bothwell had heard what he had done.

Melville himself tried next, and he received opportune assistance from a quarter to which of all others Mary Stuart could least afford to be indifferent. Thomas Bishop, her agent in England, of whom we shall hear again, and who was eventually hanged, being at this moment the expositor of the feelings of the leading English Catholics, wrote a letter to Melville, which he desired him to show to the queen.

"It was reported in England," Bishop said, "that her majesty was to marry the Earl Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, who at present had wife of his own, and was a

[1] Memoirs of Sir James Melville.

man full of all sin. He could scant believe that she would commit so gross an oversight, so prejudicial every way to her interest and to the noble mark he knew she shot at. If she married that man she would lose the favour of God, her own reputation, and the hearts of all England, Ireland, and Scotland."

Thus armed, Sir James Melville, ever Mary Stuart's best adviser—and, even when she went her own wilful way, the first to conceal her faults—entered his sovereign's presence and placed the letter in her hands. She read it, but she was in no condition to profit by it. She refused to believe that the letter had been written by Bishop. She said it was a device of Maitland's, "tending to the wreck of the Earl Bothwell," and she sent for Maitland and taxed him with it. He of course assured her that he had nothing to do with it. His opinion she already knew, and he did not care to press it further. He told Melville that he had done more honestly than wisely, and that if Bothwell heard of it he would kill him.

"It was a sore matter," said Melville, "to see that good princess run to utter wreck, and nobody to forewarn her of her danger." He once more protested to her that the letter was genuine, and that, whoever wrote it, it contained only the deepest truth. "He found she had no mind to enter upon the subject."[1] There was nothing more to be done. He did not then know the extent to which she had committed herself, and he and her other friends could but stand by with folded hands and wait the result.

The Earl of Lennox, encouraged by the promises extorted by Killigrew, after a fortnight's silence accepted the queen's challenge to name the persons whom he accused. He specified Bothwell, with two of his followers; Sir James Balfour and four foreigners, palace minions—Bastian, whose marriage had been the excuse for the retreat of the queen from Kirk-a-Field, John de Bourdeaux, Joseph Ritzio, the favourite's brother, and Francis, one of Mary Stuart's personal servants. She replied that the lords would in a few days assemble in Edinburgh. The persons named in his letter should then be arrested and abide their trial; and Lennox himself, "if his leisure or commodity might suit," was invited to be present.[2]

A trial of some sort could not be avoided. The question now was, in what form it would be best encountered. Argyle,

[1] Memoirs of Sir James Melville.

[2] Mary Stuart to the Earl of Lennox, March 23: KEITH.

Huntly, Maitland, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and several others were in Bothwell's power. Unless they consented to stand by him, he held their signatures to the Craigmillar bonds, and could produce them to the world. Yet feeling, as he could not choose but feel, the ticklish ground on which he stood with them—feeling too, perhaps, that there was no permanent safety for him as long as he remained so hateful to the now formidable mass of the middle classes—he made an attempt to gain the Earl of Murray, the one trusted leader of the popular party. The queen sent for her brother to Seton.

Bothwell—if Lord Herries, who is the authority for the story, is to be believed—admitted his own guilt, but insisted "that what he had done and committed was not for his private interest only, but with the consent of others—of Murray himself with the rest." He therefore threw himself on Murray's honour, and invited him to subscribe a bond to stand by him in his defence.

The queen added her entreaties to Bothwell's, but she, as well as he, signally failed. Murray professed himself generally anxious to discharge his duties to his sovereign, but bond of any kind he refused to sign.[1]

The refusal may be laid to his credit, if the fair measure of a man's honesty is the standard of his time. As to his consent to the murder, he peremptorily denied that it had been ever spoken of in his presence. It is unlikely that he should have been entirely ignorant of a conspiracy to which the whole court in some degree were parties. His departure from Edinburgh on the morning of the murder suggests that he was aware that some dark deed was intended which he could not prevent. Yet it is to be observed that Bothwell himself, in his conversation with Paris before the deed was done, professed to expect nothing better from him than neutrality; and thus, had there been no inner intrigue, and had the assassination been merely political, he would have had no claim on Murray's help or forbearance. Yet, to decline to be the friend of the man who at the moment held the strength of Scotland in his hands, was no safe step for any man. Murray's life was in danger;[2] and seeing nothing that he could usefully do, and not caring to expose himself needlessly, he determined to carry out the resolution which he had already formed of leaving Scotland. Before he went he

[1] Keith, vol. ii. p. 609, *note*.

[2] "It was determined of late to slay the Earl of Murray. Some are as willing he should be slain in Scotland as live abroad."—Drury to Cecil, March 29: *Border MSS.*

held a consultation with the Earl of Morton, and others who were in Morton's confidence; and, again, if Herries told the truth, something of this kind was determined upon. They saw no means of preventing the marriage without violence. The queen was so infatuated that it was useless to appeal to her; and they could not conceal from themselves that the prince's life was in as great danger as the queen's honour. They agreed that as soon as possible she should herself be laid under restraint, and Bothwell be seized and put to death. Bothwell, however, was too powerful to be openly attacked, nor would there be a chance of reaching him through a court of justice. The road to his overthrow lay through a seeming compliance with his wishes—through perjury, treachery, and such arts as men like Morton and Maitland had no objection to meddle with, but not such as suited the Earl of Murray. Lord Herries says that they arranged among themselves that "Morton should manage all." There would be wild work, in which it was not desirable that Murray should take a part. "He would be the fitter afterwards to return and take the government."[1] Herries was not present at this conference, and could only have heard what passed there at second hand. It is more probable that Morton laid before Murray the line of action which he proposed to follow, that Murray simply declined to have anything to do with it, and that he left Scotland in time to prevent calumny itself from fastening upon him any share in the events which followed. He went first to England, passing through Berwick on the 10th of April, and reaching London six days after. The truest account of his feelings, so far as his regard for the Queen of Scots allowed him to express them, will be found in the following letter from the Spanish ambassador to Philip:

DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.[2]

LONDON, *April* 21.

"The Earl of Murray, brother of the Queen of Scotland, arrived here on the 16th of this month. The next morning he had a long interview with the queen. I do not yet know what passed between them. He paid a visit to me the day before yesterday. He came to see me, he said, not only on account of the friendship between his soveriegn and your majesty, but out of private regard for myself. He told me that he had his queen's permission to go to Italy, and see Milan and Venice. He

[1] KEITH, vol. ii. pp. 609-610, *note*. [2] *MS. Simancas*.

was going through France, though he would have much preferred Flanders, had not the Low Countries been so much disturbed. He had told his mistress, he said, that he wished to travel and see the places which he had mentioned; but in point of fact the Earl Bothwell was his enemy, and his life was not safe; the Earl Bothwell had four thousand men under his command, with the castles, among others, of Edinburgh and Dunbar, which contained all the guns and powder in the realm; and for himself, he did not mean to return till the queen had done justice upon the king's murderers and their confederates. He could not honourably remain in the realm while a crime so strange and so horrible was allowed to pass unpunished. If any tolerable pains were taken, he said, the guilty parties could easily be discovered. There were from thirty to forty persons concerned in it, one way or another. He mentioned no names, but it was easy to see that he thought Bothwell was at the bottom of it.

"I asked him whether there was any truth in the report that Earl Bothwell was divorcing his wife. He said it was so; and from his account of the matter one never heard of anything so monstrous. The wife, to whom he has not been married a year, is herself the petitioner, and the ground which she alleges is her husband's adultery. I inquired whether he had ill-treated her, or if there had been any quarrel between them. He said, No. Her brother, Lord Huntly, had persuaded her into presenting the petition to please Bothwell; and the queen, at Bothwell's instance, has restored to Huntly his forfeited lands.

"He told me that the general expectation was, that after the divorce the queen meant to marry Bothwell; but for himself he could not believe a person so nobly gifted as his sister could consent to so foul an alliance, especially after all that had passed. She was a Catholic, too, and a divorce on such a ground was but a cessation of cohabitation—a divorce a toro, as the lawyers called it, which did not enable either party to marry again so long as both were living. I asked if it would be permitted by his religion. He said it would not; but the French ambassador is confident, for all this, that if the divorce can be obtained, the queen means to marry him."

While the world outside was speculating in this way, preparations were going forward at last for Bothwell's trial. The 12th of April was fixed as the day on which he was to take his place at the bar. Notice was served on Lennox, requiring him to be

present and to produce his evidence; and the Order of Council by which these arrangements were made, was signed, absurdly enough, by Bothwell himself, in connection with Huntly and Argyle. The crown might have been expected to be a party to the prosecution; but the crown made itself ostentatiously neutral, and it rather seemed as if, in the eyes of the government, the real criminal was the accuser. By the rule of the court forty days should have been allowed to Lennox to collect his witnesses. The day chosen for the trial left him but fifteen; and while his unhappy countess in London was besieging the ear of the Spanish ambassador with her denunciations of Mary Stuart,[1] her husband was daily expecting that the proceedings would be brought to an abrupt end by his own murder.

Meantime, at Seton another document was prepared, to which the queen and Bothwell set their hands. It was drawn by Lord Huntly—or at least it was in his handwriting. It set forth that the queen being a widow, and being unwilling to remain without a protector in so troubled a country, she had thought it desirable to take to herself a husband. There were various objections to a foreigner, and therefore for his many virtues she had made choice of James, Earl of Bothwell, whom she proposed to marry as soon as his separation from "his pretended wife" should be completed by form of law.

To this engagement the earl added a corresponding pledge, that being free, and able to make promise of marriage, in respect of the consent of his said pretended spouse to the divorce, he did promise on his part to take her majesty to be his lawful wife.[2] His brother-in-law and the queen having thus committed themselves, he put the bond away in a casket, together with his remaining treasures of the same kind, in case they might be useful to him in the future—among the rest the fatal letter which the queen had written to him from Glasgow, and which she had entreated him to burn.

Thus fortified, Bothwell was prepared to encounter his trial. Tullibardine's brother, James Murray, the author of the placards, was to have been Lennox's principal witness. The queen made his appearance impossible, by ordering that he should be

[1] "Aunque es cuerda esta apasionada como madre, y en su opinion la Reyna de Escocia no esta libre de la muerte de su marido. Esta tan lastimada de la muerte del hijo que ella misma confiesa que no tiene intento á otra cosa si no a la vergança."—De Silva to Philip, March 24: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] This is one of the famous casket documents, the authenticity of which will be discussed hereafter. It is printed in Anderson's Collection.

arrested on a charge of treason the first moment that he showed himself. Edinburgh swarmed with Bothwell's satellites; Lennox himself durst not venture thither till he had raised force enough to protect his life; and the short time allowed made it equally impossible for him to assemble his friends or prepare his evidence. He therefore wrote once more to the queen, to beg that a later day might be named, and that proper means might be taken to enable him to do justice to a cause in which she was herself the person principally concerned. He again requested that the accused parties might be arrested and kept in confinement; above all, that they should not be allowed to remain in her majesty's company. "It was never heard of," he justly said, "but that in trial of so odious a fact, suspected persons were always apprehended—of what degree soever they might be—even supposing they were not guilty of the fact till the matter was truly tried." "Suspected persons continuing still at liberty, being great in court and about her majesty's person, comforted and encouraged them and theirs, and discouraged all others that would give evidence against them; so that if her majesty suffered the short day of law to go forward after the manner appointed, he assured her majesty she should have unjust trial." [1]

To this application Mary Stuart replied that Lennox had himself objected to delay; she had named an early day in compliance with his own wishes, and she could not now make a change. Lennox had expected some such answer, and had made the best use of his time. He had come up to Stirling from Glasgow, and, though still inferior in force to Bothwell, had found men to go with him to Edinburgh, who would make a fight for it before he was murdered.[2] But the queen had a fresh objection immediately ready. The presence of so many armed men of different factions would be dangerous to the peace of the capital. She required him, therefore, to limit his train to six of his personal servants.[3] It seemed as if she positively wished to convince the world that Bothwell's cause was her own. Bothwell was to stand his trial for the murder surrounded by an army of his and her retainers. By leaving the prosecution to Lennox, she treated the cause as if it were one in which public justice was in no way concerned; and she forbade him to use the most

[1] The Earl of Lennox to the Queen of Scots, April 11: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. IX. *Printed in* KEITH.

[2] Sir John Foster, in a letter to Cecil of April 15, says he had raised 3000 men: *Border MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Foster to Cecil, April 15: Ibid.

ordinary means of self-protection in the discharge of the duty which she had cast upon him. Her message could have but one effect. The trial would be opened, Lennox would not appear, and the charge would fall to the ground. .

Her clear intellect must have been subdued to the level of Bothwell's before she could have expected to blind the world by these poor devices. Yet she evidently fancied that it would pass for a sufficient discharge of all that was required of her, and that the trial once over, the matter would be heard of no further.

As the day drew near, there was an ominous stillness in Edinburgh—a stillness made more awful by wild voices heard about the streets at night.[1] Some of the wretches who were concerned in the murder had to be made safe, for fear they might reveal too much. One who wandered about in the darkness, proclaiming himself guilty, was caught and shut up in a prison, "called from the loathsomeness of the place the four thieves' pit."[2] Another who was thought dangerous was knocked on the head and buried out of the way.[3]

Lennox, guessing how his own remonstrances would be received, had sent a message through Sir William Drury to Elizabeth, requesting her to back his petition for delay.[4]

Elizabeth, "like an honourable princess," had instantly written to the Queen of Scots. The messenger rode for his life, and reached Berwick with the letter on the night of the 11th of April. The trial was to be on the next day; and Sir William Drury sent it on by one of his officers, with a charge to him to deliver it without delay into Mary Stuart's hands. The officer, with his guide, was at Holyrood a little after daybreak, and, though unsuccessful in arresting Mary Stuart on her road to ruin, he has preserved, as in a photograph, the singular scene of which he was the witness.

His coming had been expected, and precautions had been

[1] "There is a man that nightly goeth about Edinburgh, crying penitently and lamentably in certain streets of the town for vengeance on those that caused him to shed innocent blood. 'O Lord, open the heavens, and pour down vengeance on me and those that have destroyed the innocent.' The man walketh in the night accompanied with four or five to guard him, and some have offered to take knowledge of him, but they have been defended by those which are about him."—Drury to Cecil, April 10: *Border MSS.*

[2] Drury to Cecil, April 19: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "A servant of Sir James Balfour, who was at the murder, was secretly killed, and in like manner buried, supposed upon lively presumption of utterance of some matter either upon remorse of conscience or other folly which might tend to the whole discovery."—Ibid.

[4] Drury to Cecil, April 6: *MS.* Ibid.

taken to prevent him from gaining admittance. On alighting at the gate and telling the porter that he was the bearer of a despatch from the Queen of England, he was informed that the Queen of Scots was not yet awake and could not be disturbed. The door was closed in his face, and he wandered about the meadows till between 9 and 10, when he again presented himself. By this time all the palace was astir; groups of Bothwell's retainers were lounging about the lodge; it was known among them that some one was come from England "to stay the assize," and when the officer attempted to pass in, he was thrust back with violence. At the noise of the struggle, one of the Hepburns came up and told him that the earl, understanding that he had letters for the queen, advised him to go away and return in the evening; "the queen was so molested and disquieted with the business of that day, that he saw no likelihood of any time to serve his turn till after the assize." He argued with the man, but to no sort of purpose. The gate was thrown back, and the quadrangle and the open space below the windows were fast filling with a crowd, through which there was no passage. Troopers were girthing up their saddles and belting on their sabres; the French guard were trimming their harquebusses, and the stable-boys leading up and down the horses of the knights. The Laird of Skirling, captain of the castle under Bothwell, strode by and told the guide that he deserved to be hanged for bringing English villains there; and presently the earl appeared, walking with Maitland. The officer was chafing under "the reproaches" of the "beggarly" Scots, who were thronging round him and cursing him. They fell back as Bothwell approached, and he presented his letter. The earl perhaps felt that too absolute a defiance might be unwise. He took it, and went back into the palace, but presently returned and said, "that the queen was still sleeping; it would be given to her when the work of the morning was over." A groom at this moment led round his horse—Darnley's horse it had been, and once perhaps, like Roan Barbary, "ate bread from Richard's royal hand!" The earl sprang upon his back, turned round, and glanced at the windows of the queen's room. A servant of the French ambassador touched the Englishman, and he too looked in the same direction, and saw the queen "that was asleep and could not be disturbed," nodding a farewell to her hero as he rode insolently off.[1]

[1] Drury to Cecil, April —: *Border MSS.* Printed in the Appendix to the 9th volume of Mr. Tytler's *History of Scotland.*

So went the murderer of Mary Stuart's husband to his trial, followed by his sovereign's smiles and attended by the royal guard; and we are called upon to believe that the queen, the arch-plotter of Europe, the match in intellect for the shrewdest of European statesmen, was the one person in Scotland who had no suspicion of his guilt, and was the victim of her own guileless innocence. Victim she was, fooled by the thick-limbed scoundrel whom she had chosen for her paramour, duped by her own passions, which had dragged her down to the level of a brute. But the men were never born who could have so deceived Mary Stuart, and it was she herself who had sacrificed her own noble nature on the foul altar of sensuality and lust.

As the earl passed through the outer gate, a long loud cheer rose from the armed multitude. Four thousand ruffians lined the Canongate, and two hundred hackbutters formed his body-guard as he rode between the ranks. The high court of justice —so called in courteous irony—was held at the Tolbooth, where he alighted and went in. His own retainers took possession of the doors, "that none might enter but such as were more for the behoof of one side than the other."[1] There were still some difficulties to be overcome, and the anxiety to prevent a prosecutor from appearing was not without reason. The court could not be altogether packed, and there might be danger both from judges and from jury.[2] The Earl of Argyle presided as hereditary Lord Justice, and so far there would be no difficulty; but there were four assessors, one or more of whom might prove unmanageable if the case went forward—Lord Lindsay, Henry Balnavis, the Commendator of Dunfermline, and James McGill, the clerk of the register. On the jury were the Lord of Arbroath, Chatelherault's second son and presumptive heir of the house of Hamilton, and the Earl of Cassilis (the original of Walter Scott's "Front de Bœuf"). These would be true to Bothwell through good and evil. But the Earl of Caithness, the chancellor of the assize, was doubtful; Lord Maxwell had been Darnley's special friend, and Herries was truer to his mistress than to the dark man whom he feared as her evil genius.[3]

[1] Drury to Cecil, April —: *Border MSS.* Printed in the Appendix to the 9th volume of Mr. Tytler's *History of Scotland.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] The jury consisted of the Earls of Caithness, Rothes, and Cassilis, the Lord of Arbroath, Lords Ross, Sempell, Maxwell, Herries, Oliphant, and Boyd, the Master of Forbes, Gordon of Lochinvar, Cockburn of Lanton, Somerville of Cambusnethan, a Mowbray, and an Ogilvy. Morton had been summoned, but had refused. He would have been glad to please the queen, he said, but "for that the Lord Darnley was his kinsman he would rather pay the forfeit."—Drury to Cecil, April —: *Border MSS.*

At eleven o'clock the earl took his place at the bar. No trustworthy account has been preserved of the appearance of the man. In age he was not much past thirty. If the bones really formed part of him which have been recently discovered in his supposed tomb in Denmark, he was of middle height, broad, thick, and, we may fancy, bull-necked. His gestures were usually defiant, and a man who had lived so wild a life could not have been wanting in personal courage; but it was the courage of an animal which rises with the heat of the blood, not the collected coolness of a man who was really brave.

He stood at the bar "looking down and sadlike." In the presence of the machinery of justice his insolence failed him; the brute nature was cowed, and the vulgar expression "hang-dog" best described his bearing. One of his attendants, Black Ormiston, who had been with him at Kirk-a-Field, "plucked him by the sleeve." "Fye, my lord," he whispered, "what devil is this ye are doing? Your face shaws what ye are. Hauld up your face, for God's sake, and look blythly. Ye might luik swa an ye were gangand to the dead. Alac and wae worth them that ever devysit it. I trow it shall gar us all murne."

"Haud your tongue," the earl answered; "I would not yet it were to do. I have an outgait fra it, come as it may, and that ye will know belyve." [1]

The clerk of the court now began to speak. "Whereas Matthew, Earl of Lennox," he said, "had delated the Earl Bothwell of the murder of the late king, her majesty, by advices of council and at the instance of the Earl Bothwell himself, had ordained a court of justiciaries to be held in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for doing justice upon the said earl, and the Earl of Lennox was required to appear and prove his charge."

The indictment followed. It had been drawn with a grotesque contrivance to save the consciences of such among the jury as were afraid of verbal perjury, for it charged the earl with having committed the murder on February 9th; and whatever was the way in which Darnley was killed, the deed was certainly not done till an hour or two after midnight. Of this plea it will be seen that the lords on the panel were not ashamed to avail themselves when afterwards called to account for their conduct.

Bothwell of course pleaded not guilty. Lennox was called, and did not answer; and the case would have collapsed, as every one present probably desired, when a person appeared

[1] Confession of the Laird of Ormiston: PITCAIRN, vol. i. p. 512.

whose part had not been arranged in the programme. Lennox was absent, but one of his servants, Robert Cunningham, ventured into the arena instead of him, and, rising among the crowd, said:

"My lords, I am come here, sent by my master the Earl of Lennox, to declare the cause of his absence this day. The cause of his absence is the shortness of the time, and that he is denuded of his friends and servants who should have accompanied him to his honour and surety of his life; and he having assistance of no friends but himself, has commanded me to desire a sufficient day, according to the weight of the cause wherethrough he may keep the same. And if your lordships will proceed at this present, I protest that if the persons who pass upon assize and inquest of twelve persons that shall enter on panel this day do clear the accused person of the murder of the king, that it shall be wilful error and not ignorant, by reason that person is notorely known to be the murderer of the king; and upon this protestation I require ane document."

The protest was in proper form. The precipitation of the trial had been contrary to precedent; and Cunningham's demand, in the regular course of things, should have been supported by the queen's advocates who were present in the court. They sate silent, however.[1] Bothwell's counsel produced Lennox's original letter, in which he had urged the queen to lose no time in pressing the inquiry. The queen had but done what the prosecutor desired, and he had now therefore no right to ask for more delay. There was no prosecution, no case, no witnesses. The indictment was unsupported. They required the court to accept the earl's plea, and to pronounce him acquitted.

Cunningham said no more and the jury withdrew. Composed as they were of some of the best blood in Scotland, they did not like the business. There was "long reasoning," and the evening was closing in before they reappeared. Caithness, before the verdict was given in, read a declaration in all their names that, whereas no person had come forward to support the charge, "they could but deliver according to their knowledge," and therefore could not be accused of "wilful error." For himself, as if disdaining to avail himself of the subterfuge prepared for him, he put in his personal protest "that the Dittay was not

[1] "The queen's advocates that should have inveighed against Bothwell are much condemned for their silence. The like at an assize hath not been used."—Drury to Cecil, April —: *Border MSS.*

true in respect that the murder was committed on February 10th, and not on the 9th," and "so the acquittal that way but cavillously defended."

With these qualifications, as it were washing their hands of the transaction to which they were made parties, Caithness and half the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. "The rest neither quitted him nor cleared him, but were silent." [1]

So at seven o'clock in the evening the business was happily terminated. The queen had kept her promise to England and France; and the earl, gathering up his courage again, "fixed a cartel against the Tolbooth door" as he left it—"wherein he offered to fight in single combat with any gentleman undefamed that durst charge him with the murder."

The court would have acted more wisely had they left the insolent farce unplayed. The indignation of the Edinburgh burghers appeared in "the libels" which covered the walls. "The lords" were charged "with wilful manœuvering to cover knavery." "Farewell, gentle Harry," was written at one place, "but vengeance on Mary." At another, a rude caricature represented Bothwell as a frightened hare surrounded by a ring of swords; Mary Stuart as a mermaid crowned, flashing fury out of her eyes, and lashing off the hounds that were pursuing her lover with a huntsman's double thong.

Murray of Tullibardine in his brother's place replied to the challenge by offering to prove Bothwell's guilt upon his body, with the sovereigns of France and England for judges of the combat.[2]

Sir William Drury himself, boiling over with scorn and anger, waited only for Elizabeth's permission to anticipate Murray and fight Bothwell himself; [3] and when the Queen of Scots ventured from Holyrood through the city, the women in the

[1] Drury to Cecil, April 15: *Border MSS.* For Bothwell's trial see the printed account in KEITH and ANDERSON, and the *Scotch and Border MSS.* for April, 1567, in the *Rolls House.*

[2] Underneath Murray's cartel were these lines:—

It is not enough the puir king is dead,
But michand murtheraris occupied his stead,
And doubell addulterie has all this land schamit,
But all ye sillie Lordis man be defamit,
And wilfully ye man gar yourselves manswarin.
God put some end unto this sorrowful time,
And have ye saikless, nor troublit of this crime.

Scotch MSS. April 13, *Rolls House.*

[3] "If I thought it might stand with the queen my sovereign's favour, I would answer it, and commit the sequel to God. I have sufficient to charge him with, and would prove it upon his body as willingly as obtain any suit I have."—Drury to Cecil, April —, 1567: *Border MSS.*

Grassmarket rose at their stalls as she passed, and screamed after her, "God save your grace, if ye be sackless of the king's death—of the king's death!"[1]

One more unsigned but ominous "bill" was set up upon the Market Cross. "I am assured there is none that professes Christ and his Evangel that can with any upright conscience part the Earl Bothwell and his wife, albeit she justly prove him an abominable adulterer; and that by reason he has murdered the husband of her he intends to marry, whose obligation and promise of marriage he had long before the murder was done."[2]

Every hour it was evident that the relations between the queen and Bothwell were becoming known. Too many persons had been admitted to the secret. The truth was oozing out piece by piece from a hundred whispering tongues, and all the air was full of it.

But the goal was near in view, and they had gone too far to halt or hesitate. Two days after the trial, a Parliament, or such packed assembly as the queen called by the name, met at Edinburgh. Lennox escaped to England. The Earls of Mar and Glencairn applied for licence "to depart the realm for a season." The Archbishop of St. Andrew's and four other prelates, six earls, of whom Bothwell and Argyle were two, six other noblemen, and a few commoners represented the Legislature of Scotland. To bribe the Protestants, an Act of Religion was passed, and the queen for the first time formally recognised the Reformation. The price of the divorce was paid to Huntly, and the Gordon estates were restored, while in return "the purgation of Bothwell was confirmed, and the assize allowed for good."[3] To silence mutinous tongues, it was enacted that, "whereas various writings had been set up to the slander, infamy, and reproach of the queen's highness and divers of the nobility, the queen and estates ordained that in time coming, when any such placard or defamation was found, the person first seeing the same should take it or destroy it, that no further knowledge nor copy should pass of the same; if such person failed therein, and either the writing was copied or proceeded to further knowledge among the people, the first seer and finder should be punished in the same manner as the first inventor and upsetter, if he was apprehended; the defamers

[1] Drury to Cecil, April —, 1567: *Border MSS.*
[2] *Scotch MSS.* April, 1567.
[3] Drury to Cecil, April 19: *Border MSS.*

of the queen should be punished with death, and all others with imprisonment at the queen's pleasure." [1]

Five days were sufficient for these measures. The Parliament was dissolved on the 19th, and the same evening, to celebrate the occasion, the Earl of Bothwell invited the peers and bishops to sup with him at a place called Ainslie's Tavern. The primate and five other prelates, among whom was Leslie, the afterwards celebrated Bishop of Ross, the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, Sutherland, Cassilis, Eglinton, and some others, were present. The wine went round freely, and at length Bothwell rose and produced a bond, which he offered to their signature, as he pretended, by the queen's desire. The first clauses related personally to himself.

"The undersigned" were required to say that, inasmuch as the accusation against the Earl of Bothwell had been disposed of in open court, and as all noblemen in honour and credit with their sovereign were subject to suspicion and calumnies, they were determined to resist such slanders, and if the earl was again accused, they would stand by him and take part with him.

So far there was little difficulty; most of the guests were more or less interested in suppressing future inquiry into the business of the Kirk-a-Field. The remaining paragraphs were of graver import. The "bond" continued thus:—

"Considering further the time present, and how the queen's majesty, their sovereign, was now destitute of a husband, in which solitary state the commonwealth of their country would not permit her to continue, should her majesty be moved by respect of his faithful services to take the Earl Bothwell to her husband, they and every one of them, upon their honour, truth, and fidelity, promised to advance and set forward the marriage with their counsel, satisfaction, and assistance, as soon as the law would allow it to be done, and to esteem any one as their common enemy and evil willer who endeavoured to hinder it."

To this precious document from twelve to twenty noblemen,[2]

[1] Proceedings of Parliament, April, 1567: *Printed in* Keith.

[2] The original bond was destroyed. It survives only in copies, the signatures were supplied by recollection, and the different lists do not agree. The Scotch list, usually printed as authentic, contains Murray's name, though Murray was in England; Glencairn's, though there is no evidence that he was in Edinburgh at the time; and Morton's, who can be proved distinctly not to have signed. A list found among the French State Papers bespeaks credibility by the omission of Murray and Glencairn, though again it is obviously inaccurate, since this also contains the name of Morton. See the lists in Keith, vol. ii. p. 566, Lawson's edition, and "A Copy of the Bond signed by the Lords, April 19, 1567."—*MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

besides the bishops, were induced to set their hands: some, like the primate, in deliberate treachery, to tempt the queen into ruin; some, it was afterwards pretended, in fear of Bothwell's "hackbutters," who surrounded the house; some, perhaps the most, from moral weakness and want of presence of mind. Eglinton "slipped away," and saved his honour thus. Morton and Maitland either did the same or they had sufficient fortitude to withhold their signatures. They said generally that they would not oppose the marriage; but they declined to commit themselves to the bond.[1]

Such was the celebrated Ainslie's supper, of all bad transactions, in that bad time, in common esteem the most disgraceful, yet a fit sequel to what had preceded it, and on the whole less mischievous than the trial at the Tolbooth. At the supper the noble lords and other high persons did but compromise their own characters, in which there was little left to injure. In the High Court of Justice the fountains of society were poisoned.

By neither one nor the other did Bothwell gain much. All hated him, even those who seemed his friends; and he himself had little confidence in the promises which he had taken such pains to obtain. Meanwhile the people—those to whom Knox had contrived to bring some knowledge of right and wrong, those who could feel the natural indignation of honest men against atrocious wickedness—began at this last outrage to rouse themselves to action. Glencairn and Mar, though they had thought of leaving the country, were still at their posts, and Mar for the present was keeping watch over the infant prince at Stirling. If only Elizabeth would support them, they might yet make an effort to save their queen from completing her dishonour. They could none of them trust Elizabeth. She had forfeited their confidence once for all in her shuffling desertion of Murray. Whatever she might privately feel or desire, they could not feel certain that, even in their present circumstances, she would maintain them openly in resistance to their sovereign. Yet it was impossible to sit still; and Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange, was selected in Murray's absence to feel the temper of the English government. The day after Ainslie's supper, Grange wrote thus to Cecil:

[1] "The lords have subscribed a bond to be Bothwell's friends in all actions, saving Morton and Ledington, who, though they yielded to the marriage, yet in the end refused to be his in so general terms."—Drury to Cecil, April 27: *Border MSS.*

"It may please your lordship to let me understand what will be your sovereign's part concerning the late murder committed among us; for albeit her majesty was slow in all our last trouble, and therefore lost that favour we did bear unto her, yet nevertheless if her majesty will pursue for the revenge of the late murder, I dare assure your lordship she shall win thereby all the hearts of all the best in Scotland again. Further, if we understood that her majesty would assist us and favour us, we should not be long in revenging of this murder. The queen caused ratify in Parliament the cleansing of Bothwell. She intends to take the prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands, and put him into Bothwell's keeping, who murdered the king his father. The same night the Parliament was dissolved, Bothwell called the most part of the noblemen to supper, for to desire of them their promise in writing and consent for the queen's marriage, which he will obtain; for she has said that she cares not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and shall go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat ere she leave him. Yea, she is so far past all shame, that she has caused make an Act of Parliament against all those that shall set up any writing that shall speak anything of him. Whatever is unhonest reigns presently in this court. God deliver them from their evil." [1]

Elizabeth was incredulous as ever, as to any actual complicity of the Queen of Scots in the murder itself. Yet the treatment of her officer, the trial, and the general news which came in day after day from Scotland, had already compelled her to see how deeply Mary Stuart was compromising herself. She spoke to the Spanish ambassador, with genuine distress, of the contemptuous evasion of her desire that the trial might be postponed. The Spanish ambassador, in his account to Philip, seemed equally scandalised. "The earl," he said, "had been acquitted by the Queen of Scots' own order. Lennox was not allowed to be present; the court was surrounded by armed men in the earl's pay; and though a majority of the judges, under the queen's influence, had acquitted Bothwell, because no prosecutor appeared, many of them had refused to vote." [2]

[1] Grange to Cecil, April 20: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[2] "No pareció acusador ni testigo contra el Conde, y assi fué dado por libre por la mayor parte de los jueces; porque la Reyna mandó que declarasen: y los demas no quisieron votar en ello, pareciendoles que no habia libertad en el juicio, porque el Conde Bothwell tenia consigo mucha gente, y el de Lennox no podia venir sino con seis á caballo como se le habia ordenado, por manera que no vinó quien acusase ni hablase en ello, segun me certifican."—De Silva to Philip, April 21: *MS. Simancas.*

On the arrival of Grange's letter, Elizabeth determined to make one more effort, and force the Queen of Scots to see the construction which Europe was placing upon her conduct. A paper of notes, in Cecil's hand, dated the 25th of April, contains the substance of his thoughts about it. "The inquiry into the murder could not and should not be stifled. The Queen of Scots should be made to understand what manner of bruits and rumours were spread through all countries about her, gathered as they were by indifferent men upon beholding the proceedings in Scotland since the king's death. If it was true that she thought of marrying Bothwell, so monstrous an outrage must be prevented." Lord Grey, as a person unconnected with Scotch practices, was chosen to go down to Holyrood and reason with her. He was instructed to tell the Queen of Scots that Elizabeth was simply shocked at the reports which were brought to her. "No discovery had been made of the malefactors." "Such as were most touched with the crime were most favoured, retained in credit, and benefited with gifts and rewards. The father, and others of the king's friends, that should orderly seek the revenge, were forced by fear to retire from the court, and some of them deprived of their offices." "Her majesty was greatly perplexed what to do in a case of such moment," whether to believe nothing of what she heard, "or, giving credit but in some part, to enter into doubtfulness of the queen's integrity, which of all other things she most misliked to conceive." "The Queen of Scots was her sister and kinswoman. The young gentleman that was foully murdered was born a subject of her realm, and in like degree her kinsman." The world pointed with one consent at Bothwell as the assassin. "His malice to the king was notoriously deadly. The king in his life feared his death by Bothwell, and sought to have escaped out of the realm." Yet the castles of Edinburgh and Leith had been since given in charge to this man, "and generally all credit and reputation conveyed only to him and his that were most commonly charged with the king's death." "Contempt, or at least neglect, had been used in the burial of the king's body. His father, his kin, and his friends were forced to preserve themselves by absence;" and while Lennox was forbidden to appear at the trial with more than six of his servants, "the person accused was attended with great companies of soldiers."[1]

As in her first letter, when first she heard of the murder, as in

[1] Instructions to Lord Grey sent in post to the Queen of Scots, April —, 1567. In Cecil's hand: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

the despatch of Killigrew, as in her ineffectual effort to prevent Mary Stuart from committing herself to the mockery of justice, so again in this intended message Elizabeth was fulfilling those duties of kind and wise friendship, which Mary Stuart's advocates complained afterwards that she had been deprived of; but before Grey could start on his mission, fresh news arrived, which made this and every other effort in the Queen of Scots' interests unavailing.

Notwithstanding Ainslie's supper, neither the earl nor the queen could feel assured that their marriage arrangements would progress satisfactorily. They could not conceal from themselves that it was regarded by every one with intense repugnance. Bothwell, as events afterwards proved, possessed not a single friend among the lords, and not to be his friend at such a time was to be his deadly enemy. Morton and Maitland affected to be not ill-disposed towards him; but their negative attitude was more than suspicious, and the delay even of the few weeks which would elapse before the Divorce Court could release Bothwell from his wife might give an opportunity for commotion at home, or for some interference from Elizabeth, which might equally be fatal to their wishes. Nor was the earl's position with the band of desperadoes that he had collected about him any more reassuring. He had no money to pay them with. Two days after the separation of the Parliament they mutinied in the hall at Holyrood. Bothwell attempted to seize one of the ringleaders, but his comrades instantly interfered; and the earl, after a savage altercation, could only quiet them by promises, which he could not hope to redeem, except by some speedy measure which would give him the immediate control of the kingdom.

On the 22nd of April, the day which followed this commotion, Mary Stuart went to Stirling, professedly to visit her child. The general suspicion was that she intended, if possible, to get the prince into her own hands, and either carry him back with her to Edinburgh, or place both the child and Stirling Castle in Bothwell's keeping. If this was her design, it was defeated by the prudence of the Earl of Mar, who in admitting the queen within the gates, allowed but two ladies to accompany her. But there was a second purpose in the expedition, which the following letters will explain:[1]—

[1] These letters were found in the celebrated casket with the others to which reference was previously made (Chap. X.) I accept them as genuine because, as will be seen, they were submitted to the scrutiny of almost

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS TO THE EARL BOTHWELL

"Of the time and place I remit me to your brother [1] and to you. I will follow him, and will fail in nothing in my part. He finds many difficulties. I think he does advertise you thereof, and what he desires for the handling of himself. As for the handling of myself, I heard it once well devised. Methinks that your services and the long amity, having the goodwill of the lords, do well deserve a pardon, if above the duty of a subject you advance yourself, not to constrain me, but to assure yourself of such place near unto me, that other admonitions or foreign persuasions may not let me from consenting to that that you hope your service shall make you one day to attain; and to be short, to make yourself sure of the lords and free to marry; and that you are constrained for your surety, and to be able to serve me faithfully, to use an humble request joined to an importune action; and to be short, excuse yourself and persuade them the most you can that you are constrained to make pursuit against your enemies. You shall say enough if the matter or ground do like you, and many fair words to Ledington.[2] If you like not the deed, send me word, and leave not the blame of all unto me."

Amidst obscurity in some of the allusions, the drift of this letter is generally plain, when interpreted by what actually occurred. Lest interference in Scotland, or the admonition or persuasion of England or France, should dash the cup from their lips, the lovers had laid a plan, to which the Earl of Huntly was a consenting party, that Bothwell should carry off the queen by seeming force. She was to return to Edinburgh on the 24th; she could be intercepted on the way, and the violence which had been offered to her would then make the marriage a necessity;

the entire English peerage, and especially to those among the peers who were most interested in discovering them to be forged, and by them admitted to be indisputably in the handwriting of the Queen of Scots; because the letters in the text especially refer to conversations with Lord Huntly, who was then and always one of Mary Stuart's truest adherents—conversations which he could have denied had they been false, and which he never did deny; because their contents were confirmed in every particular unfavourable to the queen by a Catholic informant of the Spanish ambassador, who hurried from the spot to London immediately after the final catastrophe for which they prepared the way; and lastly, because there is no ground whatever to doubt the genuineness of the entire set of the casket letters, except such as arises from the hardy and long-continued but entirely baseless denial of interested or sentimental partisans.

[1] Bothwell's brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntly.

[2] Maitland.

while Bothwell could plead his own danger, and the general difficulties of his position, as an excuse for his precipitancy.

It was a wild scheme—not so wild perhaps in Scotland as it would have seemed in any other country, but still full of difficulty. Lord Huntly on mature consideration was against attempting it; the queen could not travel without a strong escort, and the escort, though it might be under Huntly's own command, would resist unless taken into the secret.

A few hours after the last letter the queen wrote again:—

"My lord, since my letter written, your brother-in-law that was came to me very sad, and has asked my counsel what he should do after to-morrow, because there are many here, and among them the Earl of Sutherland, who would rather die than suffer me to be carried away, they conducting me—and that he feared there should some trouble happen of it—that it should be said of the other side he was unthankful to have betrayed me.

"I told him he should have resolved with you upon all that, and that he should avoid if he could those that were most mistrusted.[1] He has resolved to write thereof to you by my opinion; for he has abashed me to see him so unresolved at the need. I assure myself he will play the part of an honest man; but I have thought good to advertise you of the fear he has that he should be charged and accused of treason, to the end that without mistrusting him you may be the more circumspect, and that you may have the more power. We had yesterday [2] more than 300 horse of his and Livingstone's. For the honour of God he accompanied rather of more than less, for that is the principal of my care."

Again, and still more deeply, it seems that Huntly's mind misgave him. In a third note, the queen said that he had returned a second time and "preached unto her that it was a foolish enterprise, and that with her honour she could never marry Bothwell, seeing that he was married already; his own people would not allow her to be carried off, and the lords would unsay their promises."

"I told him," she said, "that seeing I was come so far, if you did not withdraw yourself of yourself, no persuasion nor death itself should make me fail of my promise.—I would I were dead, for I see all goes ill. Despatch the answer that I fail not, and

[1] *i.e.* in selecting the men who were to form her guard, he should choose those on whom he could rely *not* to resist.

[2] On the way to Stirling, April 22.

put no trust in your brother for this enterprise, for he has told it." [1]

This last note must have been written from Stirling at midnight, between the 23rd and 24th of April. Bothwell was lying in wait at Linlithgow, and not daring to trust Huntly further, the queen sent it to him by the trusted hands of Paris the page.[2] The earl, when Paris found him, was lying asleep, "his captains all about him." He rose, wrote a hasty answer, and as he gave it into the page's hands said, "Recommend me humbly to her majesty, and say I will meet her on the road to-day at the bridge." [3]

The scheme had got wind. The queen's own movements, the considerable preparations which had been made by Bothwell at Dunbar, and the large number of armed men which he had collected at Linlithgow, had quickened the already roused suspicions of the people.[4] Huntly had betrayed the secret, dreading the indignation of the noblemen who were still hoping to save the queen; and so well it was known, that Lennox, writing from some hiding-place where he was waiting for a ship

[1] This is confirmed by Sir William Drury, who writes to Cecil:—"Bothwell was secretly at Linlithgow the night before he took the queen. In the morning he broke with Huntly of his determination for having the queen, which in no respect he would yield unto."—*Border MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Je vous envoye ce portier car je n'ose me fier à vostre frère de ces lettres ni de la diligence." The original French of this letter, and of one other, has at last been recovered. The solitary critical objection to the genuineness of the letters has been rested on the obvious fact, that, although Mary Stuart corresponded with Bothwell in French, the French version which was published by Buchanan contained Scotch idioms and must have been translated from Scotch. It was naturally conjectured in reply that the originals were out of Buchanan's reach, and that his French and Latin versions of the letters were retranslations from the Scotch translation, which was made when they were first discovered. It is now certain that this was the truth. On the examination of the original letters at Westminster, two were produced before the others, and of these two, copies were taken at the time, one of which, that which I have quoted in the text, is at Hatfield among Cecil's notes of the examination. The other, that commencing "Monsieur, s'y l'ennuy de vostre absence," is in the *Record Office MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, vol. ii. No. 66. This part of the question may thus be said to be set at rest. The Hatfield letter is endorsed "From Stirling upon the ravishment."

[3] "Recommendes me humblement à la Majestie, et luy dictes que j'yray aujourdhuy la trouver sur la chemyn au pont."—Confession of Nicholas Hubert called Paris: PITCAIRN, vol. i. p. 510.

[4] On the morning of the 24th Sir William Drury wrote from Berwick:—"This day the queen returns to Edinburgh or Dunbar. The Earl Bothwell hath gathered many of his friends, some say to ride in Liddisdale; but there is feared some other purpose which he intendeth much different from that, of the which I believe shortly I shall be able to advertise more certainly."—Drury to Cecil, April 24: *Border MSS.*

to take him to England, was able to inform his wife particularly of what was about to happen.[1] The queen, however, was too infatuated to care for the consequences: on the morning of the 24th she took leave of the prince; not finding herself able to carry him with her as she had meant to do, she commended him rather needlessly to the care of the earl whose chief business was to protect him from his mother;[2] she then mounted her horse, and attended by Huntly, Maitland, James Melville, and her ordinary guard, she prepared for the concluding passage of Bothwell's melodrama. The first act of it had been the king's murder, the second the trial at the Tolbooth; the scene of the third was Almond Bridge, two miles from Edinburgh on the road to Linlithgow. There, as he had promised, the adventurous earl lay waiting for the Queen of Scotland; as the royal train appeared he dashed forward with a dozen of his followers and seized her bridle-rein; her guard flew to her side to defend her, when, with singular composure, she said she would have no bloodshed; her people were outnumbered, and rather than any of them should lose their lives, she would go wherever the Earl of Bothwell wished. Uncertain what to do, they dropped their swords. Huntly submitted to be disarmed, and, with Maitland and Melville, was made prisoner. Their followers dispersed, and Bothwell, with his captives and the queen, rode for Dunbar. The thinnest veil of affectation was scarcely maintained during the remainder of the journey. Blackadder, one of Bothwell's people who had charge of Melville, told him, as they went along, that it was all done with the queen's consent.[3] Drury, writing three days later from Berwick, was able to say

[1] "The queen returns this day from Stirling. The Earl of Bothwell hath gathered many of his friends. He is minded to meet her this day, and take her by the way and bring her to Dunbar. Judge ye if it be with her will or no."—The Earl of Lennox to Lady Lennox, April 24: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[2] Sentiment, both in words and in painting, has made much of this parting charge of Mary Stuart to the Earl of Mar. The story current at the time in Scotland, though as improbable as the fine sentiments attributed on the occasion to the queen, is more characteristic of contemporary feeling. Sir William Drury writes:—

"At the queen's last being at Stirling, the prince being brought unto her, she offered to kiss him, but the prince would not, but put her face away with his hand, and did to his strength scratch her. She took an apple out of her pocket and offered it, but it would not be received by him, but the nurse took it, and to a greyhound bitch having whelps the apple was thrown. She ate it, and she and her whelps died presently; a sugar loaf also for the prince was brought thither at the same time and left there for the prince, but the Earl of Mar keeps the same. It is judged to be very evil compounded."—Drury to Cecil, May 20: *Border MSS.*

[3] Memoirs of Sir James Melville.

that the violence which had been used was only apparent.[1] The road skirted the south wall of Edinburgh. Some one was sent in, as if to ask for assistance for the queen, and Sir James Balfour replied by firing the castle guns at Bothwell's troop; but "the pieces had been charged very well with hay,"[2] and gave out sound merely. Even the Spanish ambassador, in transmitting to Philip the opinion of a trustworthy Catholic informant, could but say that "all had been arranged beforehand, that the queen, when the marriage was completed, might pretend that she had been forced into consent.[3]

It was twelve o'clock before the party reached Dunbar. There, safe at last in his own den, the earl turned like a wolf on the man who had attempted to stand between him and his ambition. "Maitland," it is said, "would have been slain that night," but for the protection which his mistress threw over him. Huntly and Bothwell both set on him, and Mary Stuart—be it remembered to her honour—thrust her body between the sword-points and the breast of one whose fault was that he had been her too faithful servant. "She told Huntly that if a hair of Ledington's head did perish, she would cause him forfeit lands and goods and lose his life."[4] Melville and Huntly were released the following morning, but Maitland was detained close prisoner, and was still in danger of murder. He contrived to communicate with the English at Berwick, to whom he intended if possible to escape. The queen remained to suffer (according to her subsequent explanation of what befell her) the violence which rendered her marriage with Bothwell a necessity, if the offspring which she expected from it was to be born legitimate.

But this concluding outrage determined the action of the nobility. The last virtue which failed a Scot was jealousy of his country's honour—and they felt that they were becoming the byword of Europe. They wrote to Mary on the 27th of April offering her their swords, if it was true that she had been carried off unwillingly,[5] and requesting to be certified of her

[1] "The manner of the Earl Bothwell's meeting with the queen, though it appears to be forcible, yet it is known to be otherwise."—Drury to Cecil, April 27: *Border MSS.*

[2] Drury to Cecil, May: Ibid.

[3] De Silva to Philip, May 3: *MS. Simancas.*

[4] Maitland himself described the scene to Drury. It is likely that Huntly had consulted Maitland at Stirling, that Maitland revealed the scheme to the lords, and that Huntly desired to save himself from Bothwell's fury at Maitland's expense.—Drury to Cecil, May 6: *Border MSS.*

[5] The Lords to the Queen of Scotland, April 27, from Aberdour: *MS.* in possession of Mr. Richard Almack.

pleasure; but whatever that pleasure might be, they determined to acquiesce no longer in her remaining the companion of Bothwell. Elizabeth had given them no sign of encouragement, but du Croq the French ambassador said, that whenever they pleased to ask for it, they might have assistance from France. The Scotch alliance was of infinite moment to the court of Paris; the Queen of Scots had forfeited for a time the affection even of her own relations; she had flung away the interests of the Catholic League upon a vulgar passion; and if the Scots would return to their old alliance, the French court were ready to leave them free to do as they pleased with her. There was a profound belief that the Queen of Scots was a lost woman; that she would be a disgrace to any cause with which she was connected; and if the friendship of Scotland could be recovered to France by sacrificing her, it would be cheaply purchased.

Thus assured of support from one side or the other, the Earls of Mar, Morton, Athol, Argyle, and others, assembled at Stirling a few days after Mary Stuart was carried off. They were determined at all hazards to take her out of Bothwell's hands, and if after the letter which they had addressed to her she persisted in remaining with him, they made up their minds to depose her and crown the infant prince.[1] Kirkaldy, a friend of England, induced them with some difficulty to consult Elizabeth once more.

"The cold usage of my Lord of Murray," Sir Robert Melville wrote to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, "lost your sovereign many hearts in this realm; they may be recovered, if she will be earnest in this most honest cause, and nourish a greater love than ever was between the countries, that both Protestant and Papist may go one away."[2]

"The queen," wrote Kirkaldy to Lord Bedford,[3] "will never cease till she has wrecked all the honest men of this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell ravish her to the end that she may the sooner end the marriage which she promised before she caused murder her husband. There is many that would revenge the murder, but that they fear your mistress. The queen minds hereafter to take the prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands, and put him in his hands that murdered his father. I pray your lordship let me know what your mistress will do, for if we seek France we may find favour at their hands, but I would rather persuade to lean to England."

[1] Drury to Cecil, May 5: *Border MSS.*
[2] May 5, 1567: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*
[3] Grange to Bedford, April 26: *MSS.* Ibid.

Elizabeth still continued silent, and the French overtures continuing, the lords were unwilling to wait longer upon her pleasure. It was known that Bothwell intended to destroy the prince, for fear the prince when he grew to manhood should revenge his father's death. There was no time to be lost, and they insisted on knowing explicitly what they were to look for from England. Du Croq, they said, had promised in the name of the King of France, that if they would relinquish the English alliance, they should have assistance to "suppress" Bothwell. Du Croq had warned the queen herself that if she married Bothwell, "she must expect neither friendship nor favour" from the French court. Finding that "she would give no ear" to his remonstrances, he had offered to join the lords at Stirling openly in his master's name; he had been lavish of promises if at the same time they would abandon the English alliance; and the lords gave Elizabeth to understand that she must send them some answer, and hold out to them some encouragement, or the hand so warmly offered by France would be accepted.[1]

Elizabeth, since her misadventure at the time of the Darnley marriage, had resolved to have no more to do with Scotch insurgents. Interference between subject and sovereign had never been to her own taste. She had yielded with but half a heart to the urgency of Cecil, and she had gone far enough to commit herself, without having intended even then to go farther. The result had been failure, almost dishonour, and the alienation of a powerful party who till that time had been her devoted adherents. She was again confronted with a similar difficulty, and at a time which was extremely critical. The eight years, at the end of which, by the terms of the Peace of Cambray, Calais was to be restored to England, had just expired. She had sent in her demand, and the French government had replied that the Peace of Cambray had been violated by England in the occupation of Havre, and that they were no longer bound by its provisions. On the part of England, it had been rejoined that the peace had been first broken by France in the usurpation of the English arms by Mary Stuart and the dauphin, and by

1 Sir Robert Melville impressed on Cecil the same view of the question. "Thus far," he said, "I will make your honour privy. France has offered to enter in bond with the nobility of the realm, and to give divers pensions to noblemen and gentlemen, which some did like well of; but the honest sort have concluded and brought the rest to the same effect, and will do nothing that will offend your sovereign without the fault be in her majesty; and it appears both Papist and Protestant serve together with an earnest affection for the weal of their country."—Robert Melville to Cecil, May 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

the notorious preparations which had been made to dethrone Elizabeth in their favour. So the dispute was hanging. The feeling between the two countries was growing sore and dangerous, and in the midst of it Elizabeth was encountered by the dilemma of having to encourage a fresh revolt of the Scots, or of seeing the entire results of Cecil's policy undone, and Scotland once more in permanent alliance with England's most dangerous neighbour. What was she to do? As usual, she attempted to extricate herself by ambiguities and delays. Lord Grey's instructions were out of date before he had started. She did not renew them; Grey remained at the court, and she communicated with the lords through the Earl of Bedford, who had returned to Berwick.

The rescue of the queen, she said, the prosecution of the murderers of Darnley, and the protection of the young prince, were objects all of which were most desirable; she was pleased to find her own friendship preferred to that of France; but she desired to be informed "how she might, with honour to the world and satisfaction to her conscience," "intermeddle" to secure those objects. She could not see how it could be said that the Queen of Scots was forcibly detained by Bothwell, seeing that "the Queen of Scots hourly had advertised him in a contrary manner;" and again, however much the punishment of the murderers was to be wished for, if Bothwell married the queen—"being by common fame the principal author of the murder"—she could not tell how it could be brought about "without open show of hostility." The lords, therefore, must tell her more particularly how they meant to proceed, and she hoped their intentions might be such as "she could allow of in honour and conscience." As to deposing the queen and crowning the prince, "she thought it very strange for example's sake."[1]

Elizabeth was more than usually enigmatical, since her real object was one which she durst not avow. Both she and the French desired to get the person of the prince into their hands, under pretence of providing for his safety, and whichever first approached the subject might throw the prize into the hands of the other. Bedford, however, was permitted to hint what the queen could not say, and to make the suggestion less unpalatable, he was allowed—as usual on his own responsibility—to hold out indefinite hopes to the lords that they might calculate

[1] Bedford to Grange, June 5; Bedford to Cecil, June 5: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

on Elizabeth's assistance more surely than her own letter implied.[1]

But events were moving too fast for diplomacy of this kind. It was now publicly understood in Scotland that the marriage waited only till Bothwell's divorce suit was concluded, and the people were growing daily more fearless in the expression of their indignation. The boys at Stirling played the murder of Darnley before the lords. The trial of Bothwell followed, and the boy who represented Bothwell was found guilty, hurried to the gallows, and hung with such hearty goodwill that, like the London youth who played Philip before Wyatt's insurrection, he was half dead before they cut him down.[2] The law courts in Edinburgh were closed, as if the powers of the magistrates had ceased with the queen's confinement. The whole country was hushed into the stillness which foretold the coming storm. Mary Stuart herself appeared entirely careless. She replied at last to the question which had been presented to her by the lords: "It was true," she said, "that she had been evil and strangely handled;" but she had since "been so well used and treated that she had no cause to complain, and she wished them to quiet themselves."[3] The Hamiltons, for their own purposes, had held aloof from the Stirling confederates; the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the duke's brother, had charge of the divorce case, which he was hurrying forward with all the speed which his courts allowed; and relying on the treacherous support of his family, she despised alike the warnings and the menaces of the rest.[4] The difficulty foreseen by de Silva had occurred in Bothwell's suit; the divorce being demanded by the wife on the ground of her husband's adultery, the law did not permit him to marry again. Lady Buccleuch had come to the rescue by volunteering to swear that he had promised marriage to her before he had married Lady Bothwell, and that the latter, therefore, was not lawfully his wife;[5] but shameless as the parties were, this resource was too much for their audacity; and at length a cousinship in the fourth degree was discovered between the Hepburns and the Gordons, for which the required dispensation had not been procured. On this ground the arch-

[1] Bedford to Grange, June 5; Bedford to Cecil, June 5. *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[2] Drury to Cecil, May 14: *Border MSS.*

[3] Drury to Cecil, May 5: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] "The Hamiltons are furtherers of the divorce, and not least gladdened with the proceedings at court, hoping the rather to attain the sooner to their desired end."—Drury to Cecil, May 2: *MSS.* Ibid.

[5] Same to the same, April 30: *MSS.* Ibid.

bishop declared Bothwell's marriage null; for fuller security a suit was instituted in the Protestant Consistorial Court on the plea of adultery; and thus in the first week in May the earl found himself as free to marry again as his own and the archbishop's iniquity could render him. The object of the stay at Dunbar having been accomplished, he returned on the 3rd to Edinburgh, accompanied by the queen. On the following Sunday "the banns" were asked in St. Giles's Church. The minister, John Craig, refused at first to publish them; but Bothwell threatened to hang him, and he submitted under protest.[1] Maitland, who was still kept with the court as a prisoner, sent private word to Drury that the marriage would certainly take place, and that he himself intended to escape at the first opportunity and join his friends.[2]

On the 6th, Mary Stuart dared the indignation of Edinburgh by riding publicly through the streets with Bothwell at her bridle-rein. On the 7th, the last forms of the divorce were completed, and on the 8th, the queen informed the world by proclamation that, moved by Bothwell's many virtues, she proposed to take him for her husband. The court was still surrounded by a band of cut-throats. The queen had 5000 crowns, besides her jewels. The gold font which Elizabeth presented at James's baptism was melted down at the Mint;[3] and thus provided with means of paying their wages at least for a time, she assured herself that she had nothing to fear. On the 12th, she appeared in the Court of Session; "Whereas the judges," she said, "had made some doubt to sit for the administration of justice, in consequence of her captivity; she desired them to understand that although she had been displeased at her capture, the earl's subsequent good behaviour, the recollection of his past services, and the hope of further service from him in the future had induced her to forgive him. She was now free, and under no restraint. The business of the state could go forward as usual, and as a token of her favour she intended to promote the earl to further honour."

The same day she created Bothwell Duke of Orkney, "the queen placing the coronet on his head with her own hands."[4]

One distinct glimpse remains of this man now on the eve of his marriage, and before Mary Stuart's degradation was com-

[1] Robert Melville to Cecil, May 7: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Drury to Cecil, May 6: *Border MSS.*
[3] Grange to Bedford, May 8: *MSS. Scotland.* Drury to Cecil, May 31: *MSS. Border.*
[4] Keith.

pleted. Sir James Melville, since his release from Dunbar, had kept at a distance from the court, not liking the earl's neighbourhood. He came, however, once more to Holyrood to see his mistress before all was over. When he entered the hall he found the new-made duke sitting at supper there with Huntly and some of the ladies of the court. The duke "bade him welcome," said he was a stranger, and told him to sit down and eat. "I said," writes Melville—he may relate the scene in his own words—"I said that I had supped already. Then he called for a cup of wine and drank to me, saying, 'You need grow fatter; the zeal of the commonwealth hath eaten you up and made you lean.' Then he fell in discoursing with the gentlewomen, speaking such filthy language that they and I left him and went up to the queen." [1]

To make an end of this.

In the early daylight at four in the morning, on the 15th of May, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, Queen of France, and heir presumptive to the English crown, became the wife of this the foulest ruffian among her subjects. Not a single nobleman was present; Huntly, Crawford, Fleming, Boyd, Herries, were all in Edinburgh, but they held resolutely aloof. Du Croq "came not," though earnestly entreated. The ceremony was performed in the council chamber, not in the chapel. Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who called himself a Protestant, officiated; and hopeless of gaining the Catholics, the earl expected idly that he might earn favour with the Reformers by bringing the queen to dishonour openly the Catholic forms, and allow herself to be married with the Calvinist service. It was not without a pang that Mary Stuart made this last sacrifice to her passion, and broke the rules of a religion which no temptation hitherto had prevailed on her to part with. She was married "in her dool weed," in deep mourning, "the most changed woman in the face that in so little time without extremity of sickness had been seen." She heard mass that day for the last time, and thenceforth so long as they remained together both she and her husband were to be Protestants. In true Calvinistic fashion the earl did public penance for his past iniquities. A sermon followed the marriage, in which the bishop "did declare the penitence of the Earl Bothwell for his life past, confessing himself to have been an evil and wicked liver, which he would now amend, and conform himself to the Church." [2] The passive

[1] Memoirs of Sir James Melville.
[2] Drury to Cecil, May 16: *Border MSS.*

queen in all things submitted. His first act was to obtain a revocation from her of all licences to use the Catholic services, and a declaration that for the future the Act of Religion of 1560, prohibiting the mass to every one, should be strictly maintained.[1]

It seems as if the fatal step once taken, Mary Stuart's spirit failed her. More than once already in her sane intervals she had seen through the nature of the man for whom she was sacrificing herself. She had been stung by his coldness, or frightened at his indifference, which she struggled unsuccessfully to conceal from herself; and the proud woman had prostrated herself at his feet, in the agony of her passion, to plead for the continuance of his love.[2]

[1] Keith.

[2] How profoundly she was attached to Bothwell appears in the following letter—one of the two of which I have recovered the original words. It was written just before the marriage.

"Monsieur,—Si l'ennuy de vostre absence, celuy de vostre oubli, la crainte du dangier tant promis dun chacun a vostre tant ayme personne peuvent me consoller, je vous en lesse a juger; veu le malheur que mon cruel sort et continuel malheur m'avoient promis, a la suite des infortunes et craintes, tant recentes que passes, de plus longue main, les quelles vous scaves. Mais pour tout cela je me vous accuserai ni de peu de souvenance, ni de peu de soigne, et moins encore de vostre promesse violee, ou de la froideur de vos lettres; m'estant ya tant randue vostre que ce qu'il vous plaist m'est agreable; et sont mes penses tant volonterement aux vostres asubjectes, que je veulx presupposer que tout ce que vient de vous procede non par aulcune des causes desusdictes, ains pour telles qui sont justes et raisonnables, et telles que je desire moymesme: que est l'ordre que m'aves promis de prendre final pour la seurte et honorable service du seul soubtien de ma vie, pour qui seul je la veux conserver et sans lequel je ne desire que breve mort: or est pour vous tesmoigner combien humblement sous vos commandement je me soubmetz, je vous ay envoié en signe d'homage par Paris l'ornement du chief, conducteur des aultres membres, inferant que vous investant de la despoille luy qui est principal, le rest ne peult que vous estre subject; et avecques le consentement du cœur, an lieu du quil, puis que le vous ay ja lesse, je vous envoie un sepulcre de pierre dure, peinct du noir, seme de larmes et de ossements. La pierre je la compare a mon cueur qui comme luy est talle en un seur tombeau, ou receptacle de vos commandments, et sur tout du vostre nom et memoire, que y sont enclos comme mes cheveulx en la bague, pour jamais n'en sortir que la mort ne vous permet faire trophée des mes os: comme la bague en est remplie, en signe que vous aves fayt entiere conqueste de moy de mon cueur, et jusque a vous en lesser les os pour memoir de vostre victoire et de mon agreable perte.

"Les larmes sont sans nombre, ainsi sont les craintes, de vous desplair; les pleurs de vostre absence et le desplaiser de ne pouvoir estre en effect exterieur vostre comme je suys sans faintyse de cueur et d'esprit: et a bon droit quand mes merites seront trop plus grands que de la plus perfayte que jamais feut, et telle que je desire estre: et mettray peine en condition de contrefair pour dignement estre employee soubs vostre domination. Resents la donc mon seul bien en aussi bonne part comme avecques extreme joie j'ay fait vostre mariage, qui jusque a celuy de nos corps en public ne sortira de mon sein, comme merque de tout ce que jay ou espere ni desire de felicite en ce monde. Or craignant mon cueur de vous ennuyer

She was jealous of his divorced wife, to whom she suspected that he was still attached, and he in turn was irritated at any trifling favour which she might show to others than himself.[1] On the day of her marriage she told du Croq that she was so miserable that she only wished for death;[2] and two days after, in Bothwell's presence, she called for a dagger to kill herself.[3] Du Croq gave her poor consolation. He told her that her marriage was utterly inexcusable; if the queen-mother had not forbidden him to leave his post he would not have remained in Edinburgh after it had taken place, and he refused to pay respect to Bothwell as her husband.[4] Yet her periods of wretchedness were but the intermittent cold fits in the fever of her passion. She had sacrificed herself soul and body, and he held her enthralled in the chains of her own burning affection.

In Scotland generally there was yet outward stillness. The lords had threatened that if she married they would crown the prince. It seemed as if they had thought better of it, for they dispersed to their homes; and the queen, taking courage, sent a demand to the Earl of Mar for the surrender of Stirling and of the child. Elizabeth's uncertain answer had delayed the resolution to act; and Mar, not venturing to give a direct

autant a lire que je me plaise descrir, je finiray, apres vous avoir baisé les mains d'aussi grande affection, que je prie Dieu o le seul soubtien de ma vie vous la donner longue et heureuse, et a moy vostre bonne grace comme le seul bien que le desire et a quoy je tends."—*MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. No. 66. *Rolls House.*

[1] "There is often jars between the queen and the duke already. He was offended with her for the gift of a horse which was the king's to the Abbot of Arbroath" (Lord John Hamilton).—Drury to Cecil, May —, 1567: *Border MSS.* The anger about Arbroath may have been jealousy. "There is a witch in the North Land," Drury wrote on the 20th of May, "that affirms that the queen shall have yet to come two husbands more; Arbroath shall be one of them, to succeed the duke now, who she says shall not live half a year or a year at the most. The fifth husband she names not, but she says in his time she shall be burned, which death divers doth speak of to happen to her, and as yet it is said she fears the same."

[2] A very commonplace reason was given by Maitland for her unhappiness. "Bothwell," he said, "would not let her look at any one, or let any one look at her, et qu'il scavoit bien qu'elle aymoit son plaisir et a passer son temps aultant que autre du mond."—Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, June 17: Teulet, vol. ii.

[3] Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, May 18: Ibid. Sir James Melville, probably referring to the same scene, says, "The queen meanwhile was so disdainfully handled and with such reproachful language, that in presence of Arthur Erskine, I heard her ask for a knife to stab herself; 'or else,' said she, 'I shall drown myself.'"—*Memoirs of Sir James Melville.*

[4] "Si est ce que jay parle bien hault . . . ni depuis ne l'ay point voullu recognoistre comme mary de la Reyne."—Teulet, vol. ii.

refusal, could only reply that "he dared not deliver the prince out of his hands without consent of the Estates." The answer was allowed to pass. It was not Bothwell's object to precipitate a quarrel, and he continued to follow the course which he began at his marriage by paying court to the Protestants. He attended the daily sermons with edifying regularity, and was pointedly attentive to the ministers. Every day he rode out with the queen, and was ostentatiously respectful in his manner to her. There were pretty struggles when he would persist in riding "unbonneted," and she would snatch his cap and force it on his head. "The hate of the people increased more and more," yet he would not see it; and though he went nowhere without a guard, yet he offered himself as a guest at the meals of the unwilling Edinburgh citizens. On the 25th of May, to amuse the people, there was a pageant at Leith, and a sham fight on the water was got up by Bothwell's followers. Everything was tried to dispel the strangeness, and make the marriage appear like any other ordinary event. The Bishop of Dunblane was sent to Paris, to pacify the queen's friends there. He was to excuse her as having been forced into marrying Bothwell by what had happened at Dunbar; yet not so severely to blame him as to make him appear unfit to be her husband. It was but a limping message. She said in her instructions to the bishop, that the earl had been misled into violence by the vehemency of his love, that he had been a faithful servant in her past troubles, and, that persecuted as he was by calumny, she had no means of saving his life except by becoming his wife. Not very consistently with this argument, she said that all Scotland seemed to be at his devotion. Her people desired to see her married rather to a native Scot than to a stranger. Bothwell had shocked her in many ways; especially he ought to have considered what was due to her religion. Yet she did not wish that too much fault should be laid upon him. The past could not be recalled. He was her husband, and she trusted that other courts would acccept him as such. It might be objected that he had been already married; but a legal divorce had been pronounced, and he was free before she became his wife.[1]

She could not conceal from herself the lameness of the explanation, but she hoped it would be admitted as tolerable; and she wrote at the same time to the Archbishop of Glasgow, begging him "to bestow his study in the ordering of the message,

[1] Instructions to the Bishop of Dunblane: Keith.

and in persuading those to whom it was directed to believe that it was the truth." [1]

Dunblane made but a poor apologist. He spoke of himself when he arrived as a fugitive for religion from a country where the Catholic faith would no longer be permitted to exist. The Archbishop of Glasgow did his best, with truth or without it. He ventured a falsehood to the Spanish ambassador, assuring him that the report that she had forsaken her religion was incorrect, and that the day after her marriage a thousand persons had heard mass with her. Dunblane, however, let out the fatal certainty, and with it his own fears, that "unless God set to His hand, there would soon be no more mass in Scotland." [2]

The French court received the apology with open and undisguised contempt. Mary Stuart was regarded as a lost woman, and their own policy was now to anticipate England in supporting the lords, to get the prince into their hands, and recover thus the influence which they had lost. "The queen-mother," wrote Sir H. Norris,[3] "is minded all she can to make profit of this cruel murder, and to renew the old practices there with as many as shall be able to serve her turn." [4]

"Your majesty," said du Croq to his mistress, "may show yourself as displeased as you will with this marriage. It is a bad business. For myself, I had better withdraw, and leave the lords to play their game for themselves." [5]

It was not to be long in playing. The first week in June, Argyle, Morton, Athol, Glencairn, the Master of Graham, Hume, Herries, Lindsay, Tullibardine, Grange, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, rejoined Mar at Stirling. Maitland stole away to them from the court without leavetaking. Catholic and Protestant for once were going heartily together.

[1] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, May 27: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[2] "Dixó me el dicho embajador (the Archbishop of Glasgow, ambassador at Paris) que el dia siguiente del matrimonio de su ama, fué publicamente á la missa, y que hubó mill personas en ella. Dice el obispo (de Dunblane) que es burla, y verdad que el proprio dia que se casó, oyó missa, y de la capilla donde la oyó fué á una sala grande donde se hizó el matrimonio por mano de uno obispo el mayor herege que ay en aquel reyno; y que toda la cerimonia fué á la Calvinista: y ninguno de los dias despues del matrimonio sabe que se haya dicho en su casa, y que algunos particulares la hacen decir en sus casas secretamente, pero que esto se acabará presto si Dios no pone su mano."—Don Frances de Alava á Felipe II. Junio 16: TEULET, vol. v.

[3] The English minister at Paris.

[4] Sir H. Norris to Sir N. Throgmorton, May 23: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

[5] Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, May 18: TEULET, vol. ii.

Their first thought was to make a stoop on Holyrood, surround the palace, and take Bothwell prisoner. Argyle, who was himself too deeply committed in the murder to take an active part, sent warning to the queen; and the duke, seeing plainly that the crisis was come, and that he must fight or perish, determined to be the first in the field. Money was again wanting. Mary Stuart had not disposed of her jewels, and the guard was mutinous and untrustworthy. Bothwell's chief strength lay among the borderers. He sent word to his friends to collect at Melrose on the 7th of June; and dropping the queen at Borthwick Castle on his way, hastened down, with as many of his men as would follow him, to place himself at their head. He was out of favour with fortune, however. Maxwell, Herries, and Lord Hume prevented the borderers from moving, and on reaching the rendezvous he found no one there. He returned upon his steps, rejoined the queen, and sent to Huntly, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and Sir James Balfour, who were in Edinburgh Castle, to come to him with all the force which they could raise. The lords themselves meanwhile on hearing of the queen's departure had removed to Edinburgh. Bothwell's messenger was intercepted by a band of Morton's followers; and Morton, learning where Bothwell was, attempted to surprise him. Hume, Lindsay, and Mar joined the party, and on the night of the 10th (Tuesday) they galloped down to Borthwick, and surrounded the castle in the darkness. Some of them, professing to represent the succours expected from Edinburgh, presented themselves at the gate; they said that they were pursued, and clamoured for admittance. The duke at the moment was stepping into bed. He flung on his clothes on hearing the noise, and reached the courtyard barely in time to discover the mistake and prevent the stratagem from being successful. But the castle was unfurnished and could not long be defended. He knew that if he was taken he would be instantly killed, that his dangerous secrets might die with him; and, accompanied only by a son of Lord Cranston, he slipped out by a postern among the trees. The fugitives were seen and chased, and they separated to distract their pursuers, who unluckily followed and caught the wrong man. Bothwell was not an arrowshot distant; and young Cranston in his terror pointed to the way which he had taken, but he was not believed. The duke escaped to Haddington, and thence to Dunbar.

The lords, not knowing at first that he was gone, were shouting under the windows—"calling him traitor, murderer,

butcher," "bidding him come out and maintain his challenge." The queen too was not spared, and foul taunts were flung at her, which she, desperate now and like a wild cat at bay, returned in kind.[1] When they learned that Bothwell had escaped, they drew off, leaving the queen to dispose of herself as she pleased, and returned to Edinburgh. They arrived at eight in the morning. The castle party had shut the gates, but Lindsay scaled the wall without meeting any resistance, and the lords then entering in a body repaired to the marketplace, and declared publicly that they had risen in arms "to pursue their revenge for the death of the king." Du Croq, anxious to prevent bloodshed, went to the castle to consult Huntly, and by Huntly's advice sent to Mary to offer to mediate. She replied that he might do what he could, but if the lords intended to injure her husband she would make no terms with them.[2]

Thus events were left to their course, and as the mountain heather when kindled in the dry spring weather blazes in the wind, and the flame spreads and spreads till all the horizon is ringed with fire, so at the proclamation of the lords the hearts of the Scotch people flashed up in universal conflagration. The murdered Darnley was elevated into a saint and endowed with all imaginary virtues; [3] and in flying broadsheets of verse, every

[1] "With divers undutiful and unseemly speeches used against their queen and sovereign, too evil and unseemly to be told, which, poor princess, she did with her speech defend, wanting other means in her revenge."—Drury to Cecil, June 12. These words were crossed out in the MS. and made illegible, though from the fading of the second ink they can now again be read. The letter perhaps had to be shown to Elizabeth, and Cecil may have feared to let her see what might exasperate her too much against the lords.

[2] "Mais s'ilz ataquoient à son mari qu'elle ne vouloit poinct d'appointment."—Du Croq to Charles IX., June 12: TEULET, vol. ii.

[3] The feeling of the Scottish people at this crisis is singularly and powerfully expressed in the following ballad, which was printed on broadsheets and scattered about Edinburgh:—

A BALLAD

To Edinburgh about six hours at morn,
As I was passing *pansand* out the way,
Ane bonny boy was sore making his moan;
His sorry song was Oche and wallaway.

That ever I should lyve to see that day,
Ane king at eve with sceptre, sword, and crown;
At morn but a deformed lump of clay,
With traitors strong so cruelly put down!

Then drew I near some tidings for to speir,
And said, My friend, what makis thee sa way;
Bloody Bothwell hath brought our king to beir
And flatter and fraud with double Dalilay.

Scot who could wield blade, couch lance, or draw trigger, was invited to take part in the revenge.

A message came up from Berwick that if there was to be a civil war, the lords had better send the prince to England for security. It was a poor dishonest overture, and at the moment and in their present humour they had no leisure for such small intrigues. They had taken in hand an unexampled enterprise, and till the work was done they would not let their minds be called away from it.

On Wednesday night, the 11th, Mary Stuart herself stole

At ten houris on Sunday late at een
When Dalila and Bothwell bade good-night,
Off her finger false she threw ane ring,
And said, My lord, ane token you I plight.

She did depart then with an untrue train,
And then in haste an culverin they let craik,
To teach their feiris to know the appoint time
About the kinge's lodging for to clap.

To dance that night they said she should not slack,
With leggis lycht to hald the wedow walkan;
And baid fra bed until she heard the crack,
Whilk was a sign that her good lord was slain.

O ye that to our kirk have done subscryve,
These Achans try alsweill traist I may,
If ye do not the time will come belyve,
That God to you will raise some Josuay;

Whilk shall your bairnis gar sing wallaway,
And ye your selvis be put down with shame;
Remember on the awesome latter day,
When ye reward shall receive for your blame.

I ken right well ye knaw your duty,
Gif ye do not purge you ane and all,
Then shall I write in pretty poetry,
In Latin laid in style rhetorical;

Which through all Europe shall ring like ane bell,
In the contempt of your malignity.
Fye, flee fra Clytemnestra fell,
For she was never like Penelope.

With Clytemnestra I do not fane to fletch
Who slew her spouse the great Agamemnon;
Or with any that Ninus' wife does match,
Semiramis quha brought her gude lord down.

Quha do abstain fra litigation,
Or from his paper hald aback the pen?
Except he hate our Scottish nation,
Or then stand up and traitors' deeds commend?

away, disguised as a man, from Borthwick. Bothwell met her on the road and brought her to Dunbar, where she arrived at three in the morning. There, without wardrobe, without attendants save the duke's troopers, she borrowed a dress from some woman about the place. The captain of Inchkeith, a Frenchman in Bothwell's pay, who came in at his master's summons, found the Queen of Scotland in a short jacket with a

Now all the woes that Ovid in Ibin,
Into his pretty little book did write,
And many mo be to our Scottish queen;
For she the cause is of my doleful dyte.

Sa mot her heart be fillet full of syte,
As Herois was for Leander's death;
Herself to slay for woe who thought delyte,
For Henry's sake to like our queen was laith.

The dolour als that pierced Dido's heart,
When King Enee from Carthage took the flight;
For the which cause unto a brand she start,
And slew herself, which was a sorry sight.

Sa might she die as did Creusa bright,
The worthy wife of douty Duke Jason;
Wha brint was in ane garment wrought by slight
Of Medea through incantation.

Her laughter light be like to true Thisbe,
When Pyramus she found dead at the well,
In languor like unto Penelope,
For Ulysses who long at Troy did dwell.

Her dolesome death be worse than Jezebel,
Whom through an window surely men did thraw;
Whose blood did lap the cruel hundys fell,
And doggis could her wicked bainis gnaw.

Were I an hound—oh! if she were an hare,
And I an cat, and she a little mouse,
And she a bairn, and I a wild wod bear,
I an ferret, and she Cuniculus.

To her I shall be aye contrarius—
When to me Atropos cut the fatal thread,
And fell deithis dartys dolorous,
Then shall our spirits be at mortal feid.

My spirit her spirit shall douke in Phlegethon,
Into that painful filthy flood of hell,
And then in Styx and Lethe baith anone—
And Cerberus that cruel hound sa fell

Shall gar her cry with mony gout and yell,
A wallaway that ever she was born,
Or with treason by ony manner mell,
Whilk from all bliss should cause her be forlorn.

red petticoat which scarcely reached below her knees,[1] the royal dignity laid aside with the royal costume—but once more herself in her own free fierce nature, full of fire and fury. As before, when she had fled to the same Dunbar after Ritzio's murder, she seemed to need no rest. Her one thought was to rally every man from every corner of the country who would rise in her cause. The hackbutters were got together, two hundred of them, some light field-pieces, and a few score of horse. Bothwell went off towards the border again, where his own people were at last gathering to join him; and not caring to be cooped up in Dunbar, the queen dared her fate, and resolved to advance against the confederate lords. On Thursday morning she had reached Dunbar—on Saturday she moved out of it at the head of some six hundred men, who in one way or another she had scraped together. Bothwell joined her at Haddington with sixteen hundred more, and together they went on to Seton. There, in that spot, full to her of evil memories, they passed the night. The next day they meant to be in Edinburgh, where they hoped to find the castle still held for them by Sir James Balfour.

Hearing that the queen was coming, the lords made up their minds for the struggle. The same Saturday before midnight the trumpets sounded to horse. By two o'clock on the Sunday morning their little army was on the road to Musselburgh—two thousand men more or less—about as many as were with the queen and Bothwell. The dawn was clear and cloudless, the still opening of a hot June day, as they wound along the valley under Arthur's Seat. Their banner was spread between two spears. The figure of a dead man was wrought upon it lying under a tree; a shirt lay on the ground, a broken branch, and a child on its knees at its side, stretching its hands to heaven and crying, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord."

So in the grey light they swept on; at five they were at the old bridge at Musselburgh, and there halted to breakfast. Du Croq, in the absence of positive instructions, could not commit himself by accompanying them, but he followed at a distance, and while they were waiting came up and again volunteered to mediate. Whatever had been their sovereign's faults, he said they were bound to remember that she *was* their sovereign.

[1] "Estant adverti je partis de ceste ville pour les aller trouver à Donbar, où elle estoit abillée d'une cotte rouge qui ne luy venoyt que à demie de la jambe, et avoit emprunté ung tounriche (*sic*) avec un tafetaz pardessus." —Teulet, vol. ii. p. 303. The account in Calderwood says merely "a short petticoat little syder than her knees," vol. ii. p. 364.

As they had not accepted his previous overtures, he could not answer what the court of France might do, and victory might be as embarrassing to them as defeat.

Had the lords shown any resolute intentions of throwing themselves upon France, his language would doubtless have been very different; but they had seen in both France and England a mean desire to make political advantage out of their difficulties, and with serious business in hand they did not choose to be trifled with.

They replied coldly that there were but two modes by which bloodshed could be avoided. If the queen would abandon the wretch whom she called her husband, they were ready to return to their allegiance. If Bothwell would maintain his own challenge, either alone, or with as many seconds as he pleased, they would produce on their side an equal number, who were ready to fight in the quarrel.

Du Croq, apparently conscious that neither of these alternatives would be accepted, asked if there was no third expedient. They said that they could think of nothing else. They would rather be buried alive than leave the king's murder unexamined into and unpunished. The God of Heaven would revenge it upon them if they sate still.

Du Croq asked to be allowed to go forward to the queen. They were most unwilling to consent. They knew not what he might say or do. He promised that if he failed to persuade her to make some concessions he would not remain with her. They still hesitated, but at last Maitland interposed and they yielded. They gave him a few horse for an escort, and bade him go to the queen or go where he would.

Mary Stuart, on the news that the lords were advancing, had been early in the field at Seton. Her pennons could be seen from beyond the bridge, two miles distant, on the brow of the hills towards Preston Pans, on the ground on which the English army had slept twenty years before, the eve of the battle of Pinkie Cleugh. Du Croq was led into her presence. She was sitting on a stone in the dress which she had borrowed at Dunbar. He told her how it would grieve the King of France and the queen-mother to hear the issue at which she had arrived with her subjects. He told her what the lords had said, and implored her to consider what she was doing.

She said fiercely that the lords were going against their own plighted word. They had themselves acquitted the earl of the crime of which they now accused him. They had themselves

recommended her to marry him. They should submit and sue for mercy, and she would then receive them back into her favour.

While she was speaking Bothwell came up with his suite. Du Croq saluted him distantly, but declined to take his hand.[1] He demanded in a loud voice, that all who were standing round might hear, whether it was against himself that the lords' enmity was directed.

Du Croq replied, in the same high tone, that the lords had assured him of their loyalty to the queen; and he added, dropping his voice, "of their mortal enmity to his lordship."

Again Bothwell asked what hurt he had done to them—they envied his elevation—but fortune was a friend to all who had the spirit to accept her favours—and there was not one of them who would not gladly be in his place. But he desired no bloodshed, he said, and since things were come to that pass, if the lords would produce a champion of sufficient rank, he would waive his own privileges as the queen's consort, and would meet him in the field; his cause was good, and God would be on his side.

Mary Stuart, fuming and chafing, here broke in. "The quarrel was hers," she cried. "The lords should yield, or try their chances in a battle."

"Then there is no need for further parley," said Bothwell; "and your excellency may, if you please, be like the envoy who tried to mediate between Scipio and Hannibal. He could do nothing, and stood aside, and so witnessed the most splendid spectacle in the world."

Du Croq, in his account of the scene, credited Bothwell with bearing himself like a man, and with displaying fine qualities as a commander. He thought that if his followers were true to him, he might, after all, come out victorious. Not a single nobleman was on his side; but he rather gained than lost by their absence, because he commanded alone. Tears rose into Mary Stuart's eyes as du Croq took leave of her. He rode back to the lords, and told them that she insisted on their laying down their arms. They said it was impossible; and he withdrew from the field.

The two parties were by this time close together. The confederate force, after crossing the river, had edged along the meadows towards Dalkeith, on the eastern bank, before turning to the hills; and then sweeping round, they took up a position on

[1] "Nous nous saluasmes, mais je ne me presentay point pour l'embrasser."—Du Croq to Charles IX.: TEULET, vol. ii.

the ridge of Cowsland, with the sun upon their backs. In front of them was a hollow, "two or three crossbow shots across," and on the opposite side the queen's lines, covering the slopes and crest of the present park at Carberry.[1]

Here, from eleven o'clock till two, the armies remained confronting each other; each side being unwilling to lose the advantage of the ground, and descend to the attack. The day was intensely hot. Bothwell's men showed no anxiety to fight; and some wine-casks having followed them from Seton, as the day wore on, they began to fall into the rear to drink.[2] They were ordered back to their ranks; but they paid no attention; and at last not more than three or four hundred men remained about the queen. The humour of the men was evidently cold. There was a general feeling that the quarrel was personal; that if the duke was willing to fight it out alone, there was no reason why he should not be allowed to do so; and at last two French gentlemen went across to learn whether the lords would still abide by their proposal.

Tullibardine, who had before taken up the challenge which Bothwell pinned against the Tolbooth door, instantly stepped forward. The duke made no difficulty; but the queen, cowardly for him, though for herself incapable of fear, found an excuse in Tullibardine's rank. "He was too mean a man," she said, "to fight her husband."

Bothwell, villain as he was, would not show the white feather in the field, and in the queen's presence: "Let Morton meet him then," he said.

Morton desired nothing better. Morton better than any one knew Bothwell's guilt, for Bothwell had tried to make him a partner of it. But Lord Lindsay, clear himself of any stain of faint complicity in the crime, claimed precedence as a nearer kinsman of the dead king. Morton gave place. Lindsay stepped out before the lines, "prayed, on his knees, that God would preserve the innocent, and punish those who had shed innocent blood," and then stripped off his armour. Morton gave him the huge double-handed sword of Angus Bell-the-Cat; while Bothwell implored Mary Stuart to consent that he should undertake the combat.

[1] "L'aultre cousté voyant que nous avions l'advantaige de cest endroit, ilz marchent et gaignent une autre mont à deux ou trois jects d'arballatre l'ung de l'aultre." — Narrative of the Captain of Inchkeith: TEULET, vol. ii. p. 305. This precise description renders the spot easy to be identified.

[2] Ibid.

She, torn with a thousand feelings, hate and rage, and terror for her husband's safety, agreed, and again refused, and then cried passionately to the group who were round her, that "if they were men they would go down all upon the traitors, and sweep them from the hillside." [1]

But her wild words fell powerless. In the long delay, the two parties had intermixed, and conversed freely. The merits of the quarrel were too well understood. The order was given for an advance in the queen's army, but not a man stirred; and she was forced to feel that her case was desperate. Finding Bothwell did not come forward, two hundred confederate horse, led by Kirkaldy of Grange, crossed the hollow to the right, as if to cut off his retreat. Still thinking only of Bothwell's safety, she sent a message, with a white flag, to desire Grange to come to her.

He approached and knelt at her feet. She asked, passionately, if it was impossible for the lords to be reconciled to her husband. Grange answered that the lords were irrevocably determined to take him or die. But glad enough as they would be to kill Bothwell, she knew well that there were some of them to whom as a prisoner he would be dangerously inconvenient; she induced Grange to go again to consult his friends; and he returned presently, with a message, that if the queen would leave the earl, and return with them to Edinburgh, she would be well treated, and the duke might go where he pleased; but she must come to an immediate resolution, or it would be too late, as the evening was growing on.

The lords were seen mounting their horses; the men astir, and preparing to cross the hollow. The queen's force had been all day melting away, and was now reduced to a handful of the duke's personal followers. Even escape, except with the permission of their enemies, was become impossible; and with a bitter wrench of disappointment, the queen saw that so it must be. There was nothing left but to bid him farewell. He bade her remember her promise to be true to him. She wrung his hand, and with a long passionate kiss they parted. Bothwell sprung upon his horse, and galloped off with his servants unpursued. The queen, turning to Grange, said she was ready

[1] The Bishop of Ross, in his "Defence of Queen Mary's Honour," says that she prevented an engagement from a desire to spare her subjects. Nothing can be more untrue. The captain of Inchkeith says distinctly, "Elle ne desiroit autre chose que de les faire combattre, et persuada Monsieur le Duc plusieurs fois a ce faire et se advancer."—TEULET, vol. ii. p. 306.

to go with him; and scornful, proud, defiant as ever, she allowed him to conduct her into the lines of the confederate noblemen.

She was received by Morton and Hume with the usual signs of homage. She required them to take her to the Hamiltons, who were believed to be in force in the neighbourhood. Morton said briefly it could not be. He told her that she was now in her proper place, among her true and faithful subjects. She felt that she was a prisoner, and that the net had closed about her. The first faint tokens of respect which had been paid to her soon disappeared. As she passed between the ranks, a long fierce cry arose out of the crowd, "Burn the whore!" —"Burn the murderess of her husband!"[1] The queen shuddered at the horrible sound;[2] Grange and others rode up and down, striking at the speakers with the flat of their swords to silence them; but it was to no purpose; the pent-up passion of a whole people was bursting out. As she was borne along, the banner, with Darnley's body on it, was flaunted before her eyes. She had touched no food since the night before, "and could scarce be held upon her saddle for grief and faintness;" but, like some fierce animal brought to bay and in the clutch of the hounds, she still fought and struggled. "I expected," wrote du Croq, "that the queen would have been gentle with the lords, and have tried to pacify them; but on her way from the field, she talked of nothing but hanging and crucifying them all."[3] They protested that their intention had been only to punish Bothwell for his crimes. She said they should never do it while she lived.[4] Lindsay was the special object of her fury. "Give me your hand, my lord," she said to him, as he rode beside her. "By this hand," she swore, as he gave it, "by this hand, which is now in mine, I will have your head for this, and therefore assure you."[5] She lingered on the road wherever she could, looking for the Hamiltons to rescue her; and the long June evening was growing dark as they brought her at last into Edinburgh. She was in the same wild costume, but "her face was now disfigured with dust and tears." The crowd was so dense in the streets, that they could but move at a foot's

[1] *Narrative in* CALDERWOOD.

[2] "After her coming in to the lords upon Sunday in the field, the Earl of Athol's company, with the Lord of Tullibardine's and others who were of the North parts, with one voice cried in her hearing 'Burn the whore,' which much amazed and grieved her, and bred her tears amain."—Drury to Cecil, June 20: *Border MSS.*

[3] Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, June 17: TEULET, vol. ii. p. 310.

[4] Sir John Foster to Elizabeth, June 20: *Border MSS.*

[5] Drury to Cecil, June 18: Ibid.

pace in single file, and from all that close-packed throng, and from every stair and window, there rained only yells, and curses, and maledictions. Through it all she was forced along, the road leading her past Kirk-a-Field, which still lay charred in ruins. A lodging had been prepared for her at the provost's house, at the corner of the Grassmarket. Supper was on the table; but she was one of those high-blooded people whose bodies do not ask attention when the soul is sick. She desired to be taken to her room instantly; but even privacy was at first denied her. The shrieking mob crowded on the stairs, and forced themselves into her very presence, till Maitland, whom she saw under the window and called to help her, came up and drove them out. To Maitland she could speak as to one who had but lately owed his life to her. When they were alone she asked him, in agony, why they had torn her from her husband, with whom she had looked to live and die?[1] He told her, that they were doing her no injury, they were consulting only both her honour and her interest. "She did not know the duke," he said. "Since her pretended marriage with him, he had, again and again, assured Lady Bothwell that she only was his wife, and that the queen was his concubine;" he said he could show her Bothwell's own letter which contained the words. But nothing which he could say produced the least effect.[2] The only desire of the lords, at this time, was to wake her from her dream, and induce her to sacrifice the wretch to whom she had attached her fortunes; she herself, with a devotion which their joint crimes could not deprive of beauty, told Maitland, at last, that she would be content to be turned adrift with Bothwell in a ship upon the ocean, to go where the fates might carry them.[3]

Maitland, when he left the queen, had a conversation with du Croq, in which he seemed to think that if she would not give up Bothwell, this was the best course to be pursued with her.

[1] "Avec le quel elle pensoit vivre et mourir avec le plus grand contentment du monde."—Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, June 17: TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] De Silva was even informed that the duke after his marriage spent several days in each week with the wife that he had divorced. "Avisan que el Bothwell todavia estaba algunos dias de la semana con la muger con que habia hecho el divorcio."—De Silva al Roy, Junio 21: *MSS. Simancas*. De Silva had his own Catholic correspondent in Scotland, and his words therefore have an independent value.

[3] "La fin de leurs propos fut que estant reduicte en l'extremité ou elle estoit elle ne demandoit sinon qu'ilz les missent tous deux dans un navire pour les envoyer là ou la fortune les conduiroit."—Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, June 17: TEULET, vol. ii.

She might go where she would, he said, provided it was not to France. Du Croq replied that if she went to France, the king would judge her deeds as they deserved, for the unhappy truth was but too surely proved.[1] The ambassador would have been well pleased had the queen, Bothwell, and prince been sent to France, all three of them—the queen to be shut up in a convent, Bothwell to be hanged, and the prince to be educated in French sympathies. He told Maitland they would find it harder to keep the queen than to take her. If they called in the English to assist them, the King of France would indisputably take the queen's part. Maitland could only reply that so far they had had no intelligence with any foreign power at all. They desired only to be left to themselves, and they could settle their own quarrels. If his master interfered, then indeed they would be driven back upon England, but they would far rather see both the prince and the realm under the open protection of France.

France, replied du Croq, would scarcely take part avowedly against the queen, but France would leave them to do as they pleased, provided the English were not allowed to meddle.[2]

Du Croq knew as well as Maitland that for dethroned princes there is but one safe prison, and these words might easily have been Mary Stuart's death-warrant. Had it been so, she would have fallen in the midst of her faults with a perverted heroism which would have gone far to make the world forgive them. "During all these scenes," said the captain of Inchkeith, "I never saw man more hearty and courageous than the queen. She desired nothing so much as to fight out her quarrel in fair battle with the lords."[3] Left alone to brood over Maitland's story, the poor creature wrote a few passionate words of affection to Bothwell, which she bribed a boy to carry to Dunbar. The boy took the money, and carried the note to the lords. As day broke, in a fresh spasm of fury, she flung open the window, and with hair all loose and bosom open, she shrieked for some friend to come and set her free. In answer, the banner was again dangled before her, and hung where she could not look out without encountering its terrible design. She could touch no

[1] "Je luy dictz au contraire que je vouldrois qu'ilz y fussent et le Roy en jugeroit comme le faict le merite car les maleureux faicts sont trop prouvés."—Du Croq to Catherine de Medici, June 17: TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Je ne veult point oublier que durant toutes les menées par cydevant mentionnées je ne veis jamais homme de plus grand cueur et de plus grand courage pour mettre une entreprise a execution de bataille que la Reyne de sa part: car j'estime que son principal but estoit pour donner la bataille aux seigneurs dessus nommez."—Recit des Evenements: TEULET, vol. ii.

food. It was said that she had made a vow to eat nothing till she was again with the duke. A woman who saw her at the window flung some bitter taunts at her. She turned venomously, "threatened to cause burn the town, and slocken the fire with the blood of its inhabitants."[1] Thus beating against the bars of her cage, she passed the weary hours. While she continued in such a humour what was to be done with her? The letter to Bothwell added fuel to the already excited passions of the lords. In meddling with sovereigns fear is ever mixed with considerations of policy; to rise in arms against the prince, if it fails, is death; and there was usually but a short shrift for such dangerous prisoners. Once before she had slipped through the lords' hands. They could not risk such a misadventure a second time, and though safe on the side of France, they knew not what to look for from Elizabeth.

Once more they entreated her to abandon Bothwell. But "she would agree to nothing whereby the duke should be in danger;"[2] and in a council which was held on Monday, voices were already raised to make a swift end with her. She had committed crimes, it was said, for which a common woman would have deserved to die; if, because she was their sovereign, it was unlawful to execute her, it was unlawful also to keep her a prisoner; so long as she lived there would for ever be conspiracies to set her at liberty, and "it stood them on their lands and lives to make her safe."[3]

Morton, to his credit, interfered, at least to protract the catastrophe, till they had made a further effort to tame her spirit. Some one prophetically said, that "as Morton was a stayer of justice, he should feel the justice of God strike him with the sword;" but his own conscience was not so clear in the business of the murder that he could allow the whole weight of it to be visited on the queen.

It was necessary, however, to determine upon something, for the people were becoming fast uncontrollable. The Laird of Blackadder, one of Bothwell's officers, was brought into Edinburgh in the morning. He had been taken at sea, in attempting to escape from Dunbar. Report said that he was one of the murderers, and as he was dragged through the street, the mob rushed at him with knives and stones, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was brought alive into the gaol.[4]

[1] CALDERWOOD.
[2] Note of occurrents in Scotland, June 24: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*
[3] CALDERWOOD.
[4] Drury to Cecil, June 20: *Border MSS.*

If the queen remained in the town, the house might be broken into, and she might be torn in pieces. At Kinross, on the borders of Fife, in the most Protestant district of Scotland, far away from Gordons or Hamiltons, or Catholic Highlanders, lay the waters of Lochleven, made immortal in Scottish history by the events of the few next months. Towards the middle of the lake, half a mile from the shore, was an island about an acre in extent, on which a castle stood belonging to Sir William Douglas, half-brother to the Earl of Murray. Here, under the charge of the Lady of Lochleven, once the mistress of her father, the lords determined to immure their sovereign till they could resolve at leisure on her fate. When informed of their intention, Mary Stuart fiercely charged them with treachery. She had placed herself in their hands, she said, under promise of fair treatment, and they were breaking their plighted word. It was coldly answered that she too had promised to separate herself from Bothwell, and on the past night she had assured him of her unfailing affection. She must submit to be restrained till she could be brought to some better mind.

It was unsafe to remove her by daylight. Blackadder had swift justice or swift injustice. He was tried, sentenced, executed, and quartered, all in a few hours, protesting his innocence to the last; but the citizens were in no humour to discriminate. After dark, on Monday evening, the queen was taken down to Holyrood. The streets were full as ever, and a guard of 300 men was barely sufficient to keep off the howling people. She went on foot between Athol and Morton, amidst weltering cries of "Burn her!—burn her! She is not worthy to live. Kill her!—drown her!"[1] Could the mob have reached her she would have been sent swiftly with a stone about her neck into the Nor Loch. The palace was not safe, even for the night. In an hour or two she was carried on to Leith, and across the water to Burnt Island; a rapid ride of twenty miles brought her thence to the island fastness, where early on Tuesday (so swiftly the work was designed and executed), the Queen of Scotland was left to rest and to collect her senses.

Having thus secured their prisoner, the confederate noblemen drew up in form a defence of their proceedings. The composition of it showed more regard for the queen's honour than for the completeness of their own justification: they brought no charge against her of any worse crime than infatuated love

[1] Drury to Cecil, June 20: *Border MSS. Narrative of the Captain of Inchkeith:* TEULET, vol. ii.

for a bad man. As yet they had evidently formed no intention of pushing matters to extremity, and meant rather to leave the road still open for her to extricate herself.

The late king, they said, having been shamefully murdered, "the fame thereof was in six weeks dispersed in all realms and among all Christian nations; Scotland was abhorred and vilipended; the nobility and whole people no otherwise esteemed but as if they had been all participant of so unworthy and horrible a crime." "None of the Scottish nation, though he was never so innocent, was able for shame in any foreign country to show his face." There had been "no manner of just trial." There was no prospect of any just trial. The murderers could not be arrested, because the chief of them "made the stay." The Earl Bothwell had appeared at the bar, but he came there "accompanied with a great power of waged men of war, that none should compeer to pursue him." The murder was committed, and justice was smothered and plainly abused.

"Adding mischief to mischief, the Earl Bothwell had beset her majesty's way, took and ravished her most noble person, and kept her prisoner at Dunbar, while sentence of divorce was pronounced between him and his lawful wife, grounded upon the cause of his own turpitude." He had thus pretended to marry her majesty; her faithful subjects were allowed no access to her; "her chamber door was continually watched by men of war;" and the noblemen, though too late, began to consider her highness's shameful thraldom, and the danger of the fatherless prince; his father's murderer and his mother's ravisher being clad with the principal strength of the realm, and garnished with a guard of mercenaries.

To deliver their sovereign from ignominy, to preserve the prince, and to see justice ministered, they had taken arms; and they bound themselves never to leave their enterprise till the king's murderers had been executed, the wicked marriage dissolved, their sovereign released from the ruffian with whom she had connected herself, and the prince placed in safety.

"The which to do and faithfully perform," they then and there bound themselves, "as they would answer to Almighty God upon their honour, truth, and fidelity—as they were noblemen and loved the honour of their native country;—wherein if they failed in any point they were content to sustain the spot of perjury, infamy, and perpetual untruth, and to be accounted culpable of the above-named crimes, and enemies and betrayers of their native country for ever." [1]

[1] Band of the Lords, June 16: *Printed in* KEITH.

CHAPTER XIV

ABDICATION OF QUEEN MARY—CORONATION OF JAMES VI

THE ex-Queen of France, the sister-in-law of the king, the niece of the Cardinal of Lorraine, might naturally have looked for support to the country which had so long been her home. The Queen of England might have been expected to regard her misfortunes with indifference if not with satisfaction. Whatever might have been their personal feelings, both Charles and Catherine on one side, and Elizabeth on the other, were determined in the course which they pursued by public considerations alone. From France Mary Stuart found the most settled disregard; from Elizabeth, immediate and active friendliness.

As soon as it was known in Paris that the lords had taken arms against the queen, the first thought, as du Croq anticipated, was of the effect which the insurrection might produce, or of the use to which it might be turned, in renewing the old relations between France and Scotland. The queen's cause, even before her capture at Carberry had been heard of, was obviously regarded as hopeless. Catherine de Medici was only afraid that Elizabeth would use the opportunity to weave a new strand in the Anglo-Scotch alliance, and determined to be beforehand with her. Without waiting to see how far her alarms would be verified, she sent for the Earl of Murray, who was then in Paris, to persuade or bribe him into consenting that the prince should be made over to her; while M. de Villeroy was despatched to Scotland to come to an understanding with the confederate lords. The queen-mother explained her views to de Villeroy himself with the utmost distinctness, and she left him free to take such measures in connection with du Croq as should seem most expedient upon the spot.

"She was very sorry for the Queen of Scots," Catherine said, "and would gladly have been of use to her had it been possible; but the interests of France were first to be thought of. The Queen of Scots was herself the cause of all her misfortunes, and, as God was just, it was likely enough that the lords would bring the enterprise which they had taken in hand to some result

which the world would not be able to find severe fault with.[1] The English, in pursuit of their own purposes, would undoubtedly support them, if they were not already encouraging them underhand. It was essential to supersede the English: it was essential to France to preserve the attachment of the Scotch people; and that attachment could not and would not be preserved if the lords supposed that France intended to interfere with them. The lords must be assured that the Most Christian King would stand by them in promoting anything which would be to the advantage of the realm; the king wished well to the queen, but he did not mean to thwart them in her behalf when they were but doing what was reasonable and just. He hoped only that without violating these principles, some means might be found of reconciling his sister-in-law with her subjects."[2]

In the commission of de Villeroy Catherine thus accepted the exact position of the confederate lords themselves. The most unprincipled woman in Europe, except perhaps the Queen of Scots herself, confessed to a consciousness that in certain cases God insisted that justice should be done, that it was useless to fight against him, and that it was therefore most prudent to take the same side of the question.

Elizabeth saw differently both her interests and her obligations. Elizabeth, though she had given many provocations to the Catholic powers, had as yet but little reason to complain of their conduct to herself. Her ministers, acting in her name and not without her sanction, had supported the Huguenots in France with arms and money, and had fomented the growing disquiet in the Low Countries; but the Protestant propagandism of Cecil had always been personally distasteful to half the council, and in reluctantly acquiescing in his policy the queen had defended herself behind political reasons which had a real existence, and which both France and Spain had not refused to recognise. The retaliatory schemes for a Catholic insurrection in England and Ireland had been so far uniformly discountenanced by Philip II. He had arrested the anathemas of successive popes at the moment when they were about to be delivered; and Elizabeth, whose conceptions of the royal prerogative strengthened as she grew older, believed it necessary to her own

[1] "Et qu'il pourroit estre, comme Dieu est juste, que leurdict entreprise viendroit a quelque effect dont le fondement ne seroit pas blasmé ne improuvé de tout le monde."—*Mémoire pour M. le Villeroy:* TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] Ibid.

security, as unquestionably it harmonised with her own feelings, to practise a corresponding forbearance.

Her desertion of the Earl of Murray at the time of the Darnley marriage had not been wholly cowardice. The insurrection had been encouraged by Cecil and Bedford against her own judgment. It failed for want of the support which, at the last moment, she refused to give, and in disowning Murray she had but asserted in public what from the first had been her private opinion.

In entire opposition to those who would have persuaded her now to retrace her steps, and to use the present opportunity for reviving her influence in Scotland, she chose a course which Catherine de Medici would herself have dictated, had she been asked in what way Elizabeth could most effectually play into her hands. On first hearing that the lords were about to take arms, she had expressed some kind of hesitating approval. Their movements were avowedly directed rather against Bothwell than the queen; and for the queen's own interests she was eager to see her separated from the man who, as long as he remained at her side, implicated her in the world's eye in his own crimes: Elizabeth's relationship with Darnley entitled her to demand that Bothwell should not be allowed to go unpunished; and as the prince's kinswoman, she might fairly desire to protect him from his father's murderer.

But even so, she had refused to sanction an armed movement against Mary herself; and when she learned that, without consulting her pleasure further, they had captured their sovereign in the field, and were holding her prisoner at Lochleven, she saw only a precedent of disobedience which her own Catholic subjects might imitate against herself.

Cecil, Bacon, Bedford, Mildmay, Knollys, all those members of her council who were on the side of the Reformation, saw in what had befallen the Queen of Scots the natural and providential consequences of her own crimes. Elizabeth felt an instinctive prescience of the hard judgment of posterity upon herself; she feared, if she looked on, that she would be suspected of indulging a jealous dislike of a dangerous rival; and she dreaded, on the other hand, the recoil upon herself of the example of a successful revolt. "Two special causes move her majesty," so Cecil writes, describing Elizabeth's feelings: "one that she be not thought to the world partial against the queen; the other, that by this example none of her own be encouraged."[1]

[1] Cecil to Throgmorton, August 11: *Conway MSS.*

Leicester, relating doubtless the language which he heard daily from her own lips, wrote at the same time, "that however wicked a sovereign, the subject's duty was to obey: the wicked sovereign being sent by heaven as much as the good; the one for the happiness of the subject, the other as their scourge."[1]

On two points Elizabeth was at once decided: first, that Mary Stuart should be instantly restored to liberty and to her sovereign state; secondly, that in the prosecution for the murder of Darnley, Mary Stuart should herself escape accusation, and that means should be taken to cover her reputation. Having formed this resolution, her next step was to write to the Queen of Scots herself; and as she was going to act towards her with so substantial kindness, she seized the opportunity to add another sisterly admonition.

When the Bishop of Dunblane was sent to Paris to announce the queen's marriage with Bothwell, Sir Robert Melville came to London on the same errand. Elizabeth had as yet taken no notice of the communication. "Madam," she now wrote, "it hath been always held for a special principle in friendship that prosperity provideth, but adversity proveth friends; whereof at this time finding occasion to verify the same with our actions, we have thought meet, both for our professions and your comfort, in these few words to testify our friendship, not only by admonishing you of the worst, but also to comfort you for the best." "We have understood by Robert Melville such things as you gave him in charge to declare on your behalf

[1] "There is no persuading the queen majesty," Leicester continues, "to disguise or use policy, for she cannot but break out to all men her affection to this matter, and saith most earnestly she will become an utter enemy to that nation if that queen perish. And for my part, though I must confess her acts to be loathsome and foul for any prince, yet is the punishment more unnatural, and in my conscience unjustly and without authority done upon her—and surely will never prosper with the doers. I know not what wresting of Scripture may be used, but these rules we have plain for us in Scripture. In the Old law we have the example of David, who not to die would ever touch his anointed sovereign, when he had him in his will and danger to do what he listed with him. In the New we have plain commandments to obey and love our princes, yea though they be evil—for God sendeth them not for us to punish at our will when they fault, but appointeth them to us if they be evil to plague us for our faults. The words be plain and the example true. I mean for my part with God's grace to keep it, and I am heartily sorry that those there do no better follow it. For what doth the world say, but subjects having gotten their prince into their hands for fear of their own estates and for ambition to rule, depose their sovereign and make them themselves by a colour the head governours. Well, well, though she have been very evil some ways, yet is she over-hardly recompensed."—Leicester to Throgmorton, August 6: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

concerning your estate, and specially of as much as could be said for the allowance of your marriage. Madam, to be plain with you, our grief hath not been small, that in this your marriage so slender consideration hath been had, that as we perceive manifestly, no good friend you have in the whole world can like thereof: and if we should otherwise write or say we should abuse you; for how could a worse choice be made for your honour, than in great haste to marry such a subject, who besides other notorious lacks, public fame hath charged with the murder of your late husband, besides the touching of yourself also in some part, though we trust in that behalf falsely? And with what peril have you married him that hath another wife alive, whereby neither by God's law nor man's yourself can be his lawful wife, nor any children betwixt you legitimate! Thus you see plainly what we think of the marriage, whereof we are heartily sorry that we can conceive no better, what colourable reason soever we have heard of your servant to induce us thereto. We wish, upon the death of your husband, the first care had been to have searched out and punished the murderers; which having been done effectually—as easily it might have been in a matter so notorious—there might have been many more things tolerated better in your marriage than that now can be suffered to be spoken of. And surely we cannot but for friendship to yourself, besides the natural instinct that we have of blood to your late husband, profess ourselves earnestly bent to do anything in our power to procure the due punishment of that murder against any subject that you have, how dear soever you hold him; and next thereto, to be careful how your son the prince may be preserved, for the comfort of you and your realm; which two things we have from the beginning always taken to heart, and therein do mean to continue; and would be very sorry but you should allow us therein, what dangerous persuasions soever be made to you for the contrary.

"Now for your comfort in such adversity as we have heard you should be in—whereof we cannot tell what to think to be true—we assure you, that whatsoever we can imagine meet to be for your honour and safety that shall lie in our power, we will perform the same; that it shall well appear you have a good neighbour, a dear sister, a faithful friend; and so shall you undoubtedly always find us and prove us to be indeed towards you; for which purpose we are determined to send with all speed one of our trusty servants, not only to understand your state, but also, thereupon, so to deal with your nobility and people, as they

shall find you not to lack our friendship and power for the preservation of your honour and greatness." [1]

It would seem from the tone of this letter as if the details of the Queen of Scots' misadventures were as yet but vaguely known in London. Elizabeth appeared only to understand that the Queen of Scots was on bad terms with her subjects, and had met with some large disaster. In the same spirit, and by the same messenger, she wrote to the lords.

She never clearly remembered that the Scotch nobility were not her own subjects. She addressed them habitually in the language of authority, and on the present occasion took on herself to dictate, as if she was their lady paramount, the line of conduct which she expected them to pursue.

First she required the evidence of Bothwell's guilt to be laid out distinctly before her, that "she might be induced to believe the same by all probable means." He might then be divorced from the Queen of Scots, and be punished with his accomplices. His castles she desired to see be placed in the hands of "neutral noblemen," who should bind themselves to admit no French or Spanish troops into Scotland; and the queen should for the future be assisted in the administration by a council, to be chosen by the Parliament of Scotland. Elizabeth said that she expected the Act for the establishment of the Protestant religion to be at length formally ratified; and the constitution so established would then be upheld and guaranteed by the English government.[2]

Thus having arranged all things to her own satisfaction, she chose Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the strongest supporter in the court of Mary Stuart's claims on the English succession, to carry down her pleasure to the confederate noblemen. That he would be permitted to see Mary Stuart was assumed as a matter of course. Elizabeth believed that she had but to express her pleasure as to the settlement of the state to be immediately obeyed; and still more satisfied with herself and her good intentions, she thought proper to accompany the execution of them with a second and stronger admonition to the Queen of Scots, on the magnitude of her recent offences.

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, June 23: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[2] Notes for the government of Scotland for Sir N. Throgmorton, July, 1567: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.* At the foot of the page Cecil wrote the following most significant note:—

"Athaliah Regina intercepta per Joash regem."

Meaning, perhaps, that if Mary Stuart was continued on the throne, she would destroy the prince if she could, and if the prince was saved from her, he in turn might revenge on her his father's death.

"Her fame and honour," she said, "had been in all parts of Christendom impaired and decayed;" her husband had been horribly murdered, almost in her presence, and the perpetrators of the crime were going at large unpunished and unsought after. "She had favoured and maintained the Earl of Bothwell, a man of infamous life, and notoriously charged by all the world as the principal assassin. She had assisted him in procuring a divorce such as was never heard of; that a man guilty should for his own offence put away his innocent wife, and that to be coloured by form of law;" and finally, "she had brought mortal reproof upon herself, by taking that defamed person to be her husband."

"These doings," Elizabeth continued, "had been so shocking, that she had never thought to have dealt more with the Queen of Scots in the way of advice," "taking her by her acts to be a person desperate to recover her honour." She had not been alone in her ill opinion of her. "Other princes, the Queen of Scots' friends and near kinsfolk, were of like judgment." Her capture and imprisonment, however, had "stirred a new alteration and passion of her mind." She "felt her stomach provoked to an inward commiseration of her sister;" nor "could she suffer her, being by God's ordinance a princess and sovereign, to be in subjection to those who by nature and law were subject to her." She intended to interfere in her favour, and "to do as much for her (the circumstances of her case being considered), as if she was her natural sister or only daughter." The Queen of Scots must tell Throgmorton the whole truth, "that her subjects might be reprehended for things unduly laid to her charge." "Where her faults could not be avoided or well covered, the dealing therein should be so used and tempered as her honour might be stayed from ruin, and her state recovered to some better accord." If her subjects would not consent to make arrangements with her, "she should not lack English aid to compel them thereto."

So much for the message to the queen, whom, at the same time, Elizabeth recommended "to use wisdom and not passion in her adversity;" and to remember that her own faults had brought her to the trouble in which she found herself.

To the lords she assumed the power and the language of supreme feudal arbiter. She directed Throgmorton to tell them that "she neither would nor could endure, for any respect, to have their queen and sovereign to be by them imprisoned, or deprived of her state, or put in peril of her person." Subjects had no right to take upon themselves to reform the faults of

princes; they might seek the amendment of their queen's faults by counsel and humble requests; if they did not succeed, they "should remit themselves to Almighty God, in whose hands only princes' hearts remained." For "doing justice upon the murderers," she believed the Queen of Scots would consent to it. If she refused, the lords could do no more: but Elizabeth conceived "that some power existed in herself, and that for the punishment of horrible and abominable facts, one prince and neighbour might use compulsion with another."

Finally, she impressed on Throgmorton himself the desirableness of bringing the prince to England. He would then be out of personal danger, "and many good things might ensue to him of no small moment;" that is to say, the road would be opened to him towards the succession. "She meant truly and well to the child;" and while she cautioned Throgmorton to be wary in approaching so ticklish a subject, she said at the same time, "that of all matters by him to be compassed, she would most esteem of his success in this."[1]

In the policy which she was pursuing Elizabeth may have consulted wisely for her own reputation; but her attitude of haughty dictation was the last which she ought to have assumed, if she desired Scotch statesmen to be guided by her wishes. The tone of semi-command was certain to irritate the national sensitiveness; nor had she understood the extraordinary complication of Scotch parties and interests.

In the hatred of Bothwell the lords of all creeds and parties had been unanimous. Glencairn, Mar, and Lindsay among the Protestants, Caithness and Athol among the Catholics, had been unconnected from the first with the intrigue for Darnley's murder, and were sincere in their horror of it. Argyle, Huntly,

[1] Instructions to Sir N. Throgmorton, June 30: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.* From the commencement of the disturbances both France and England had been making overtures to get possession of the prince. De Silva writes on the 21st of June to Philip:—

"Tienen al Principe en mucha guarda. El Embajador que esta en aquel Reyno por el Rey de Francia ha hecho gran instancia para haberle, como tengo escrito por todas las vias que he podido—prometiendo á los Señores y á otros de parte de su Rey pensiones y otras dadivas por cartas del Rey. Resolutamente le han respondido que no se le quieren dar . . . y á los que se le pedian de parte desta Reyna, que tenian en mucho el cuidado que mostraba de la seguridad de su vida, pero que no querian que el niño saliese ni se criase fuera de aquel reyno."—*MSS. Simancas.*

On the 13th of July, Cecil wrote to Sir H. Sidney:—

"We are in secret contention with the French who shall get the prince of Scotland. They fish with hooks of gold, and we but with speech. Sir N. Throgmorton is in Scotland about these matters."—*MSS. Ireland, Rolls House.*

Maitland, and Sir James Balfour, who had been parties with Bothwell to the bond at Craigmillar, were equally indignant at his relations with the queen, and equally determined to separate him from her.

No sooner, however, was Mary Stuart at Lochleven, than private feuds, and political divisions and sympathies, split and rent the confederacy in all directions. Some had French sympathies; some were for the old religion, and some were for the new. After the queen and the prince, the next place in the succession was disputed between the house of Hamilton and the house of Lennox. If the queen was deposed, the regency, in the prince's minority, would go by the custom of Scotland to the nobleman next in blood to the crown. The queen, by her marriage with Darnley, had estranged the Hamiltons. The Hamiltons, in return, had been privy to the murder, and had encouraged afterwards the marriage of the queen with Bothwell, simply in the hope that she, too, would be ruined, the prince probably murdered also, and the throne of Scotland become theirs.

On the other hand, the Protestants, and the friends of England and of the house of Lennox, were opposed equally to the claims of a family who were half Papist and half French. A fortnight after Carberry Hill, Sir William Drury wrote that already the question was asked of every man, "Was he a Hamilton or a Stuart." "The Hamiltons could not digest that the prince should be at the devotion of England;" and there was a strong anti-English faction at their back: while Morton, Athol, Ruthven, and Mar were utterly opposed to them; if the prince died, these noblemen would have the crown go to Darnley's younger brother; and Drury "thought it would prove hard for Scotland to nourish both families." [1]

And, again, the difficulties were scarcely less in making a fair inquiry into the circumstances of the murder. The world demanded an investigation; yet if the investigation was more than a form, the names of four or five of the most powerful men in the country could hardly fail to be compromised. Sir James Balfour made no secret of his own share in the crime. He, too, like the rest, was furious at having been taken in by Bothwell and the queen; and he earned his own pardon by surrendering Edinburgh Castle to the lords, and by a frank confession of all that he knew. "The queen," he said, "one day sent for him, and after a few flattering words expressing the confidence which

[1] Drury to Cecil, June 29, and July 1: *MSS. Border.*

she placed in him, said that she could never forgive the king for his ingratitude, and for the death of David Ritzio; he had become so hateful to her that she could not bear the sight of him; she wished to have him killed, and she desired Balfour's assistance." Balfour, according to his own story, had replied, "that in any other matter he would gladly serve her, but that to kill a king was more than he dared." The queen said that with her sanction he might do it; she was his sovereign and he was bound to obey her. He again declined, and then she said he was a coward, and if he betrayed her confidence it should cost him his life.[1] This account fell in but too well with what was already known; but the lords, bad and good, working together for their several ends, were obliged to shield those who, like Balfour, were ready to desert to them; and it was no less necessary to conceal the evidence which implicated Argyle and Huntly.

An open and candid exposure of the whole truth—such an exposure as would have satisfied the demands of Elizabeth, or have acquitted the confederates before the bar of posterity for their treatment of their own sovereign—was believed to be impossible.

Meanwhile the body of the people, untroubled by difficulties of this kind, yet made unjust too on their side by the violence of religious fanaticism, had fastened the guilt exclusively on Mary Stuart. They had learnt from Knox that Papistry was synonymous with devil-worship. The queen, long hateful to them as the maintainer of Romish enormities, had now, like another Jezebel, shown herself in her true colours; and as she had been a signal example of the moral fruits of her creed, so they desired to make her as signally an example in her punishment.

No sooner had she been despatched to Lochleven, than

[1] The Catholic correspondent of de Silva is the authority for Sir James Balfour's confession. The exact words are worth preserving.

"El qual declaró que la Reyna le habia mandado llamar un dia aparte, y le habia dicho despues de haber encarecido la confiança que del tenia, que ella estaba muy indignada del Rey por la muerte del secretario David, y por la gran ingratitud que con ella habia usado; y assi le tenia tan aborrecido que no podia verle, y estaba determinado de le hacer matar, y que lo queria executar por su mano, y le pedia y mandaba se encargase dello. A lo qual el habia respondido que en cualquiera otra cosa le serviria como era obligado, mas que en esto no lo podia hacer por ser su marido tenido y publicado por Rey. E que le habia replicado que el lo debia y podia hacer por su mandado, que era su Reyna natural; y que escusandose otra vez, le habia dicho que lo dexaba de hacer de cobarde y no por otro respeto, y que le mandaba su pena de muerte que no descubriese á nadie lo que le habia dicho."—De Silva to Philip, September 6: *MSS. Simancas.*

Glencairn, with a party of Calvinist zealots, purged the chapel at Holyrood of its Catholic ornaments, melting down the chalices, and grinding the crucifixes to powder; while the alleys and wynds of Edinburgh were searched from loft to cellar, and such servants of the palace or followers of Bothwell as were found lurking there were seized and brought to trial. Sebastian, whose marriage on the night of the murder had been the excuse for the queen's departure from the house at Kirk-a-Field, was one of the first to be taken, and it is to the credit of his examiners, considering the temper of the times, that he was acquitted. Blackadder, it has been seen, was convicted, hanged, and quartered in a few hours. Powrie and Patrick Wilson were examined under torture.[1] They confessed to their own share in the murder, and were reserved—probably because they knew no dangerous secrets—to keep their evidence available. On the 20th of June Sir James Balfour placed in the hands of the confederates a body of documents, which for the first time revealed to many of them the inner history of the whole transaction. The Earl of Bothwell, on leaving Edinburgh for the borders, had left in Balfour's hands the celebrated casket which contained the queen's letters to himself, some love sonnets, the bond signed at Seton before his trial, and another, probably that which was drawn at Craigmillar after the queen's illness. The casket itself was a silver enamelled box, one of the treasures which Mary Stuart had brought with her from France. She had bestowed it upon her lover, and her lover in return had made use of it to preserve the proofs that he had been acting in the murder only as the instrument of his mistress, and with the authority of half her council.[2] Being of infinite importance to him, he sent Dalgleish, one of his servants, from Dunbar after his flight from Carberry Hill to fetch it. Balfour gave it to Dalgleish, but sent private word to the confederates, who captured both the prize and its bearer.

That the queen had in some way and to some degree been an accomplice in the murder was already evident to all the world, except perhaps to Elizabeth. But her relations with Bothwell,

[1] "The council order the said persons to be put in the irons and torments for furthering of the trial of the verity, provided always that this cause being for a prince's murder, be not taken as a precedent in other cases."—Sitting of the Lords of Secret Council, June 27: KEITH.

[2] That some casket was discovered cannot be denied by the most sanguine defender of the Queen of Scots, for it was admitted by her own advocate. The only point on which a question can be raised, is the exact nature of its contents.—See the statement of Lord Herries, KEITH, vol. i. p. 683, *note*.

the terms on which she had placed herself with him while she was still encumbered with a husband, the treachery, for which "infernal" is not too hard an epithet, with which she had enticed him to the scene of his destruction, and the secret history of her capture at the bridge, though conjectured too accurately by popular suspicion, had not as yet been distinctly known, and the proofs of them laid out in deadly clearness acted on the heated passions of the lords like oil on fire.

Even unscrupulous politicians like Maitland, who had seen no sin in ridding the world of a vindictive unmanageable boy, might feel anger, might feel in a sense legitimate indignation, when they perceived the villainy to which they had lent themselves. They might have experienced too some fear as well as some compunction, if, as Lord Herries said, the casket contained the Craigmillar bond, to which their names remained affixed. This at least it was necessary to keep secret, and uncertain what to do they sent one of their number in haste to Paris to the Earl of Murray, to inform him of the discovery of the letters, and to entreat him to hurry back immediately.[1]

[1] The theory that the letters were forged in the later maturity of the conspiracy against the queen falls asunder before the proof that the contents of the most important of them were known to Murray before he left France. If forged, therefore, the letters must have been forged in the first heat and confusion of the revolution—at a time when the confederates were endeavouring if possible to screen the queen's reputation, if she could be induced to abandon Bothwell. On his way through London at the end of July, Murray saw the Spanish ambassador, and de Silva, who had the fullest confidence in Murray's integrity, gave the following account to Philip of the conversation which had passed between them:—

"Se vinó á declarer mas, diciendo me que por la voluntad que le habia mostrado, me queria decir lo que no habia querido communicar á esta Reyna, aunque ella le habia dado algunas puntadas en ello, pero de lejos. Era que el tenia por gran difficultad que se pudiese concertar este negocio, porque era cierto que la Reyna habia sabidora de la muerte de su marido; de que el estaba muy penado; y que se habia sabido sin duda por una carta de la Reyna scripta á Bothwell, demas de tres pliegos de papel, toda en su propria mano y firmada de su nombre. En la qual escribia en sustancia que no tardase en poner en execution lo que tenian ordinado, porque su marido le decia tantas buenas palabras por engañarle y traerle á su voluntad, que podria ser que la moviese á ello; sino se haria lo demas con presteza, y que ella misma iria á traerle, y vendrian á una casa en el camino, á donde procuraria se le diese algun bevediza; y que si esto no pudiese hacerse le pondria en la casa á donde estaba ordenado lo del fuego para la noche que se habia de casar un criado suyo, como se hizo. Y que el se procurase de desembaraçar de su muger, apartandose della ó dandole alguna bebida con que muriese, pues sabia que ella por el se habia puesto en aventura de perder su honra y Reyno y lo que tenia en Francia y á Dios, contentandose con su sola persona. Y que demas desto, habia hecho otro estraño y no visto trato la noche de la muerte que habia sido el dar una sortiza á su marido, habiendole hecho muchos amores y regalos teniendole tratado la muerte, que habia sido aun peor que lo demas que

John Knox, who had been absent from Scotland since the death of Ritzio, and had been half inclined to abandon his poor country altogether and return to Geneva and Calvin, came back at this crisis to resume the command of the Church, and the general assembly met at Edinburgh on the 25th of June. Chatelherault was at Paris, paying his court to Charles and Catherine. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Lord Arbroath, Argyle, Huntly, Crawford, Herries, Seton, Fleming—all those who preferred the French alliance to the English—were assembled at Hamilton Castle watching the proceedings of the other party. As the best hope of a peaceful solution of the difficulties in which they found themselves, the confederates invited these noblemen to join them at Edinburgh in a general convention. The request was declined, but not so declined as to leave no hope that it might be accepted on certain conditions. It was understood that the support of the Hamiltons would be given freely to the party who had imprisoned the queen, if the succession to the regency were determined in their favour.

Such was the condition of parties, humours, and dispositions in Scotland which Elizabeth had sent Throgmorton to command and control. Some intelligent intimation of the confusion which he was to find there had been already sent to Cecil by Maitland. It was important to make England feel that France was ready and willing to take the lords under its protection on the lords own terms. To himself, Maitland said, the English alliance had always appeared most beneficial to Scotland, and he preferred even in the present emergency to work in harmony with the English court. M. de Villeroy, however, had come over with such warm and liberal offers from the King of France, that if Elizabeth refused to support them, if Elizabeth interfered between them and the queen, they would be compelled to close with the French proposals. De Villeroy would otherwise throw himself upon the Hamiltons, and there would be a civil war.[1]

Throgmorton had started before Maitland's letter arrived, but it produced no effect upon Elizabeth. She had provided means, as she supposed, to parry the danger from France; for if the confederate lords refused to release Mary Stuart, Throgmorton, too, was directed to address himself to the Hamiltons. The threatened civil war was not, in Elizabeth's opinion, too

se diria; y que lo de la carta lo sabia de quien le habia visto y leydo; y lo demas era notorio, de que el estaba lastimadissimo por el honor de la casa de su padre."—De Silva to Philip, August 2: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Maitland to Cecil, July 1: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

dear a price for her cousin's liberty. She was prepared to take part with the pretensions of the family who had been the unvarying opponents of England, if they on their side would join with her in the procuring the release of the queen, and Charles might support, if he pleased, the Protestant noblemen in oppressing his own kinswoman.

In the hope that if she had time to think Elizabeth would not persist in so extraordinary a policy, Throgmorton lingered on the road. He stopped at Gorhambury to talk to Bacon; he was ten days in reaching Berwick; while Elizabeth was counting the hours which would have to pass before he could reach Edinburgh, and sent message after message to him to make haste.

Bacon, Cecil, and Leicester alike deplored the determination into which she had settled herself; the highest interests of England were being sacrificed; but their opinions and their remonstrances were alike disregarded. Leicester had to tell Throgmorton, in a passage which he underlined, "that he did not see any possibility that the queen's majesty could be won to deal as she should or would do, if the Queen of Scots were not in personal danger;"[1] and Throgmorton, on whom the truth of the situation forced itself more and more clearly as he approached Scotland, could but reply, "that he was very sorry that the queen's majesty's disposition altered not towards the lords; for, when all was done, it was they which would stand her in more stead than the queen her cousin, and would be better instruments to work some benefit and quiet to her majesty and the realm than the Queen of Scotland, who was void of good fame."[2]

Thus reluctantly he was driven forward on his unpromising mission. He had left London on the 1st of July; on the 12th he was at Fast Castle, where Maitland and Hume met him, and confirmed his misgivings of the probable effect of his message. They said, briefly, that they had no kind of trust in Elizabeth. In all her transactions with them she had considered no interests but her own. She was still playing her old game; and if they "ran her fortune," and allowed her to direct them in their present condition, they well knew "she would leave them in the briars." Throgmorton spoke of the siege of Leith. They replied that in expelling the French she had been consulting her own safety, not theirs; "and upon other accidents which had

[1] Leicester to Throgmorton, July 8: *Conway MSS.*
[2] Throgmorton to Cecil, July 11: Ibid

chanced since, they had observed such things in her majesty's doings as had tended to the danger of such as she had dealt withal, to the overthrow of her own designments, and little to the satisfaction of any party." As to her present message, Maitland said, with a smile, that she had better leave them to themselves. The French "were ready to deliver them of their queen for ever, to end her life in France, in an abbey reclused;" the French would protect the prince, and protect the confederate noblemen from Elizabeth, or from any one; and they themselves intended either to close with their proposals, or else "do what they thought meet for their state and country, and use their remedies as occasion should move them." Throgmorton asked whether he could see the queen. They replied that it was highly unlikely. The French ambassador had been refused, and they would not offend their friends in Paris, by showing favours to the minister of Elizabeth which had been withheld from du Croq, unless Elizabeth would pay a higher price for their preference than she seemed inclined to offer. As to setting the queen at liberty, "it was but folly" to speak of such a thing. If the Queen of England insisted upon this, it could only be because "she meant their undoing." [1]

At Edinburgh Sir Nicholas found the same humour, or a humour, if possible, more unfavourable to England. He did not think Mary Stuart to be in present personal danger. She was closely guarded, but her health was reported to be good; and, so far as he could learn, there appeared to be no intention either of publishing her guilt or of touching her life. She might be released, he was told, if she would make up her mind to give up Bothwell; but she continued obstinate; "she avowed constantly that she would live and die with him;" "if it were put to her choice whether she would relinquish crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would rather leave her kingdom and dignity to live as a simple damsel with him; and she would never consent that he should fare worse or have more harm than herself." [2]

So long as this mood continued, neither the persuasions nor threats of England should unlock the gates of Lochleven Castle. But, so far as Throgmorton could learn, the purpose of the confederate noblemen ended in her confinement, and if they were left to themselves they did not mean to hurt her.

The clergy and commons, however, were in a less gentle

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, July 12: *Conway MSS.*
[2] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 14: *MSS. Scotland.*

temper. The general assembly had been prorogued after a short session, but was to reopen on the 20th of July. It was understood that Mary Stuart's deposition, if not her death, would then be fiercely demanded; and "the chiefest of the lords durst not show her as much lenity as they would," in fear of the people. "The women were most furious and impudent against her; yet the men were mad enough." And the queen's peril was aggravated by the peculiar infamy of the Hamiltons, who in form and outwardly were pretending to be on her side; but rather "because they would have the lords destroy her, in fear that otherwise she might be recovered from them by violence." The queen once dead, the only considerable obstacle would be removed which stood between them and the crown.[1] Treachery so profound might have seemed incredible; but it was in harmony with all their previous conduct, and it was brought to a point and openly avowed immediately after.

The danger was greater and more immediate than Throgmorton supposed. The mission and message of de Villeroy had conclusively satisfied the confederates that they had nothing to fear from France. He had told them, that if the queen were sent to Paris, she would be taken care of there, and should trouble them no further; and they would at once have closed with his terms, but for the reflection that "time would help to cancel her disgrace;" and that "she might be an instrument at some future time to work new unquietness." De Villeroy carried back their refusal; but no resentment followed, and no change of tone. Catherine de Medici, so far from taking offence, sent a second minister, M. de Lignerolles, a gentleman of her household, with a mission precisely similar. De Lignerolles was ordered to reconcile the Hamiltons and the confederate noblemen; to do something for the queen, if possible, but chiefly and especially to draw Scotland nearer to France; to assure all parties that France desired merely the well-being of their country, and was ready to support them in any measure which they considered necessary. In other words, that they might do what they pleased, provided they would renounce England, and reattach themselves to their old allies.[2]

Thus, day after day, it grew more likely that the lords would take the brief sure way with Mary Stuart, and the tone taken by Elizabeth only increased her danger. Throgmorton had not been idle. He had found means to communicate with her. He

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 14: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Instructions to M. de Lignerolles: TEULET, vol. ii.

had urged her to consent to the single condition under which he could hope to interfere for her successfully, but he found her as obstinate as others had found her. "She would by no means yield to abandon Bothwell as her husband, but would rather die." She believed, or affected to believe, that she was with child; but a situation which suspends the execution of an ordinary criminal, only tended to precipitate the fate of the Queen of Scotland, and the prospect of issue from so detestable a marriage "hardened the lords to greater severity against her."

Both John Knox and his fellow-minister Craig agreed in advocating the execution. "They were furnished with many arguments, some from Scripture, some from histories, some grounded, as they said, upon the laws of the realm." "The Commons convened at the assembly did mind manifestly the queen's destruction;" and "it was a public speech among all people, and among all estates, that the queen had no more liberty to commit murder nor adultery than any other private person."[1]

The unhappy woman, alarmed at last at the fate which appeared so near her, made an effort to save herself. Subdued, or half subdued, and obstinate only in her love for Bothwell, she begged that they would remember, at least, that she was her father's daughter, and their prince's mother. If it would save her life, she said that she would make over the government either to her brother or to a council of the lords, or to any person or persons they might be pleased to name.

But it was not likely to avail her. "The preachers were of one mind" that she should be put to death. The more moderate among the noblemen "durst not speak for her, to avoid the fury of the people." Murray himself, detained at Paris, sent over his friend Mr. Elphinstone to intercede, but seemingly without effect. "The people were greatly animated against her." The confederates "were too far over the stream to leave themselves unprovided for:" and "the common voice declared, that it should not lie in the power of any within the realm, or without, to keep her from condign punishment for her notorious crimes."[2]

Unhappily, the hands which would have executed this high act of justice were themselves impure. Those who talked the loudest of the guilt of murder, had felt no horror at the murder of Ritzio; and even with Knox himself, and with his iron-

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 18; Throgmorton to Cecil, July 16. July 18: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Ibid.

hearted congregation, the rage against the queen was but partly due to her moral iniquities. They, too, were men of no very tender nerves; and had Darnley proved the useful Catholic which the queen intended him to be, they would have sent him to his account with as small compunction as Jael sent the Canaanite captain, or they would have blessed the arm that did it with as much eloquence as Deborah.

So far as Throgmorton could judge, there were four possibilities. Maitland, who had the merit of remembering his own share in Darnley's death, proposed that the queen should be released and restored to a titular sovereignty. The power could be vested wholly in a council, and her hands tied so that she could do no harm. Legal securities could be taken for the establishment of the Protestant religion; the prince could be conveyed to some safe place, either France or England, as convenience might dictate; and Bothwell be taken, divorced, and executed. Morton and Athol preferred shaking off the queen, and making arrangements for her confinement for life in England, if Elizabeth would consent to take charge of her. The prince should be crowned, and Scotland governed by the lords.

But neither of these opinions found general favour. The mass of the people, ignorant of the secret history of the murder, insisted that the queen should be publicly tried, and if found guilty should either remain a prisoner among themselves, where she could give no more trouble, or else be put to death.

Of these last alternatives the second was most likely to be preferred, "for they dreaded mutation among themselves, the commiseration of foreign princes, and likewise that in time the Scots themselves would have compassion for her." Throgmorton interceded, argued, protested. Subjects, he said, could not sit in judgment on their sovereign. If they executed her, "they would wipe away her infamy," and "turn upon themselves the indignation of the world." But the fierce rhetoric of Knox, with the bloody annals of the chosen people for his text, tore to shreds these feeble considerations. The English minister was told that "in extraordinary enormities and monstrous doings there had been and must be extraordinary proceedings. New offences did in all states occasion new laws and new punishments." "Surely," said Maitland to him with bitter truth, "the Queen of England has taken an ill way to have us at her devotion. The Earl of Murray found cold relief and small favour at her hand, and now she has sent here to procure our queen's liberty. I would I had been banished my country for seven

years on condition the queen your mistress had dealt liberally and friendly with us. However the case fall out we shall find little favour at her hands more than fair words." [1]

"I pray you advise," Throgmorton privately wrote to Cecil, "I pray you advise what is best; and so as the queen being dead either in body or estate, this prince and country come not in the French devotion to one camp. If her majesty do not in time win these lords and recover her crased credit among them before they have ended these matters without her advice, I see they will take a course little to our advantage." [2]

It seemed as if, overborne by the storm, and by the hopelessness of the situation, the English ambassador now gave up the queen for lost, and was turning his thoughts and his efforts to preserving the alliance between England and Scotland. Even this would be no easy matter, so exasperated were the Scots at the tone which Elizabeth had assumed to them. "Il perde le jeu qui laisse la partie," said Maitland to him in another conversation: "to my great grief I speak it, the queen my sovereign may not be abydin among us, and this is no time to do her good if she be ordained to have any. Therefore take heed that the queen your mistress do not lose the goodwill of this company irreparably. I assure you if the queen's majesty deal not otherwise than she doth you will lose all, and it shall not lie in the power of your well-willers to help it no more than it doth in our power now to help the queen our sovereign." [3]

Mary Stuart's sun was now at the point of setting. The people well knew her nature, and among the passions which were distracting them, the fear which is the mother of cruelty was not the least powerful. In their eyes the gentle sufferer of modern sentimentalism was a trapped wild cat, who if the cage was opened would fix claw and fang into their throats. On the 21st of July, at a meeting of the council, the milder propositions of Maitland and Morton were definitively set aside. It was resolved to proceed immediately with the coronation of the prince. If the queen consented—as when she first knew the extent of her danger she had promised to do—her life would be spared, and her letters and the other evidences of her "infamy" would be withheld from public knowledge. If she refused, the truth in all its deformity would be laid before the world. In some form or other she would be brought to trial and as certainly

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, July 19: KEITH.
[2] Throgmorton to Cecil, July 19: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*
[3] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 21: *MSS. Scotland.*

condemned. Under no circumstances should she leave the realm; and "having gone so far," "they would not think to find any safety so long as she was alive." Mary Stuart herself looked for nothing but extremity. From a loophole in the round tower which was her prison in an angle of Lochleven Castle, she called to a child who was allowed to wander on the island, and bade him "tell her friends to pray to God for her soul—her body was now worth but little." [1]

John Knox, who, in theological language, expressed the conclusions of keen cool political sagacity, "did continue his severe exhortations against her, threatening the great plagues of God to the whole country and nation if she was spared from condign punishment." [2]

Elizabeth's behaviour at this crisis was more creditable to her heart than to her understanding. She had only to remain neutral, and she would be delivered for ever from the rival who had troubled her peace from the hour of her accession, and while she lived would never cease to trouble her. There was no occasion for her to commit herself by upholding insurrection. The Scots were no subjects of hers, and she was not answerable for their conduct. The crime of Mary Stuart's execution—if crime it would be—would be theirs not hers; and if she did not interfere to prevent or revenge it, the ultimate effect would inevitably be to draw the bands closer between Scotland and England. Yet she forgot her obvious interest; and her affection and her artifices vanished in resentment and pity. Her indignation as a sovereign was even less than her sorrow for a suffering sister. She did not hide from herself the Queen of Scot's faults —but she did not believe in the extent of them; they seemed as nothing beside the magnitude of her calamities, and she was prepared to encounter the worst political consequences rather than stand by and see her sacrificed.

"You may assure those lords," she wrote in answer to Throgmorton's last letters, "that we do detest and abhor the murder committed upon our cousin the king; but the head cannot be subject to the foot, and we cannot recognise in them any right to call their sovereign to account. You shall plainly

[1] The Spanish ambassador heard this from Elizabeth:—"La Reyna me habia dicho que despues que la habian puesto en la torre con tanta estrecheza y poca compania, que habia visto por una ventanilla un muchacho que por ser de poca edad las guardas no tenian cuenta, y solia darle algunos avisos, y le habia dicho que dixese á sus amigos que rogasen á Dios por el alma, que el cuerpo valia poco."—De Silva al Rey, Julio 26: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 21: *MSS. Scotland.*

tell them that if they determine anything to the deprivation of the queen their sovereign, we are well assured of our own determination that we will make ourselves a plain party against them to the revenge of their sovereign for all posterity. As to the French alliance, it will grieve them in the end as much as it will injure England; and yet were it otherwise, we cannot, nor will for our particular profit at this time, be induced to consent to that which we cannot in conscience like or allow, but shall remit the consequences thereof to the goodwill and favour of Almighty God, at whose hands we have found no lack in the doing or omitting anything whereunto our conscience has induced us." [1] So she wrote to Scotland; and the Spanish ambassador, who was suspicious enough generally of her motives, was satisfied that she meant what she said. If the lords persevered, she told him, she would call on France to join with her in punishing them; if France refused, and gave them countenance, she would invite Philip to hold France in check, while she herself sent an English army to Scotland to set the queen at liberty and replace her on her throne.[2] Yet she felt that her menaces might miss their effect, nay, perhaps, might produce, if she attempted to act upon them, the very thing which she most dreaded. She might revenge Mary Stuart's death, but she would not prevent the lords from killing her if she provoked them to extremities. And again, when it came to the point, the sending troops to Scotland on such an errand, against the opinion of half her council, might involve an English revolution. Violently as she was affected, she could not hide the truth from herself, and, therefore, for the immediate purpose—saving Mary Stuart's life—she looked with much anxiety to the return of the Earl of Murray from France. On Murray's regard for his sister, and on Murray's power to protect her, she believed that she could rely. On his passage through London in April, whatever might have been his secret thoughts, he had breathed no word of blame against her. He had mentioned to de Silva the reports which were current in Scotland, but he had expressly said that he did not believe them. To Elizabeth "he never spoke one dishonourable word of her;" and in Elizabeth's opinion he "was so far from the consent of any confederacy against her, that she was certainly persuaded, her sister had not so honourable and true a servant in Scotland." [3] De Silva

[1] Elizabeth to Throgmorton, July 27: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Elizabeth to de Silva, July 29: *MSS. Simancas.*
[3] Heneage to Cecil, July 8: *MSS. Scotland.* So Leicester, writing to Throgmorton, says, "I have thought good to require you if ye possibly

excepted him by name to Philip as the one Scottish nobleman whose behaviour in all the transactions which had followed the murder had been irreproachable.[1]

He had found no little difficulty in escaping from France. Catherine, who eight years before had tried to gain him, now renewed her overtures with increased earnestness, as more and more she knew that he was the only man whose integrity could be relied on, and who, as she hoped, had been divorced from his English sympathies by Elizabeth's ill usage of him. She offered him rank, pension, power, the Scotch regency, even the Scotch crown she would have offered him, if he would lend himself to French interests. He had answered simply that he could agree to nothing prejudicial to his sister and to his nephew. If the French court would assist in saving the queen he would be grateful for their help,[2] but he declined accepting power for himself. His personal injuries had not blinded him to the advantages of the English alliance to Scotland, and he met Catherine's advances so coldly that she invented pretences to detain him in Paris. She complained that "he had a right English heart."[3] She found him entirely unwilling to lend himself to the evil game which she was playing.

At last "by his discreet and wise answers he rid himself out of her hands,"[4] and made his way to the sea. Still afraid of what might befall him, he durst not venture to cross the Channel in a French vessel, but had sent beforehand to Rye for an English fishing-boat.[5] Once in England, his object was to reach his own

may to let that queen understand, as I bear faith to God and my prince, I never heard directly or indirectly any unreverend word from my Lord of Murray's mouth towards the queen his sovereign—but as dutifully and honourably as the best affected subject in the world ought and should speak of their prince—which my testimony I would not give to abuse any one; neither is there any cause specially at this time that I should do so. But as I have always thought, so do I now verily believe, my Lord of Murray will show himself a most faithful servant and subject to her majesty to adventure his life for her."—Leicester to Throgmorton, July 8: *Conway MSS.*

[1] De Silva to Philip, July: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Alava to Philip, July 13: TEULET, vol. v.

[3] Sir H. Norris to Cecil, July 23: *MSS. France.*

[4] Ibid.

[5] "The Earl of Murray finding himself in some discontentment by his long delay of the French king, as also in hazard of detaining by force, beside peril of his person by such as have grudged much his affection towards England, required my lord my master (Sir H. Norris) to assist him by some policy to escape secretly out of France; whereupon I was despatched towards Dieppe to stay some English bark under some colour—for my Lord of Murray will pass in no Frenchman—and if I find not an Englishman, then to haste over to Rye to provide him with all diligence: where I am arrived this afternoon; and mean as soon as wind and tide

country with the least possible delay. He had formed no settled plan. He knew at last the full magnitude of his sister's guilt, for though he had not seen her letters to Bothwell, he had received an accurate description of the worst of them; yet he was determined to do his best for her, and, at the same time, to prevent his friends from breaking with England. It was necessary for him to pass again through London. Elizabeth sent for him, and spoke to him in a style which, had he been capable of resentment, might have tempted him to reconsider his intentions. He was obliged to tell her that his country had claims upon him, prior either to his sister's or her own.[1]

He had again a long conversation with de Silva, and spoke more openly to him than he had cared to do to the queen. De Silva expressed a hope that something might be done with his sister short of dethronement—something like that which had been proposed by Maitland, and accompanied with proper securities against further mischief from her. Murray required no pressing. Could Bothwell be caught and hanged, he thought such an arrangement not entirely out of the question, and both he and his friends would not, if they could help it, offend Elizabeth. De Silva, who understood thoroughly the entire truth, scarcely offered to advise under circumstances so extraordinary. Murray, however, he said might do what no one else could do. The lords would trust him as their friend, and the queen as her brother. Murray answered that as de Silva had spoken so reasonably, he would be entirely frank with him. The difficulty of an arrangement had been infinitely increased by the discovery of the queen's letters to Bothwell. They had revealed (and he related the substance of one of them) the most profound and horrible treachery. She had brought dishonour upon his father's house, and had made her restoration all but impossible. Her life, however, he had good hopes that he could save.[2]

He impressed de Silva with the very highest opinion of his character, and he impressed no less favourably such of Elizabeth's ministers as spoke with him. Sir Walter Mildmay, with whom he spent a night on his way down to Scotland, found him

serve, God willing, to repair towards Dieppe again, where a messenger attends my arrival to give knowledge to my Lord of Murray at the court, whereby he may under assurance of this vessel determine and adventure his purpose."—Thomas Jenyr to Cecil, July 13: *MSS. France.*

[1] "Notwithstanding so many practices, the Earl of Murray will continue a good Scotsman. The hard speeches used by her majesty to him hath somewhat drawn him from the affection he was of to this realm."—Bedford to Cecil, August 10: *Border MSS.*

[2] De Silva to Philip, August 2: *MSS. Simancas.*

"very wise and still very well affected to the maintenance of friendship between the two realms;" "content to forget his own particular griefs," and shrinking only from the responsibilities which were waiting for him.[1]

Bedford, whom he saw at Berwick, found him "neither over pitiful nor over cruel;" inclined, at all events, to prevent the queen from being put to death, but refusing to commit himself further—much, in fact, in Bedford's own humour, and such as Bedford wholly approved.[2]

Meantime events in Scotland had been moving with accelerating speed. Each post which came in from England brought fiercer threats from Elizabeth, which all the warnings of her council could not prevent her from sending. It might have been almost supposed that with refined ingenuity she was choosing the means most likely to bring about the catastrophe which she most affected to dread.[3]

The letters from Edinburgh were all to the same purpose, that the louder Elizabeth menaced the more obstinate became the

[1] Sir Walter Mildmay to Cecil, August 4: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Bedford had formed a strong opinion as to the impolicy of Elizabeth's attitude. She had herself written to explain her views to him. "Although," she said, "apparent arguments may be made that the neglecting of that queen's estate in this her captivity, by supporting of the others, might tend greatly to our particular profit and surety—yet finding the same not agreeable to our princely honour, nor the satisfaction of our conscience, we cannot agree to certain demands made to us for the contrary, whereof we have thought good to let you understand our meaning." —Elizabeth to the Earl of Bedford, July 20.

Bedford, commenting to Cecil on this letter, says: "Those that serve must be directed always, though oftentimes it be to their great grief to put in execution all that they be commanded. I am sorry to see that her majesty is no better affected to the lords in Scotland. How much it shall stand us in stead to embrace their gentle offers and good wills, will one day appear."—Bedford to Cecil, July 25 and August 1: *Border MSS.*

Sir Walter Mildmay, writing also to Cecil on the same subject, says: "The matters in Scotland are come to a far other conclusion than as I perceived by your first was looked for here; but surely to none other than was like to follow, the case itself and the proceedings considered. A marvellous tragedy, if a man repeat it from the beginning, showing the issue of such as live not in the fear of God."—Mildmay to Cecil, August 4: *Domestic MSS.*

To Mildmay also it seemed false wisdom to attempt to arrest or change the natural retribution for crime.

[3] "Her majesty remains in her first opinion; we have shown her that if the lords are left out of hope of her majesty, it will not only be a means of the greatest extremity to that queen, but also a perpetual loss of those which neither she, nor hers, are like to recover again. It is showed her further, that the thing which she would fainest should not come to pass of all other things is by this her manner of dealing most likely to be brought to pass the sooner against her. She answers still she will not comfort subjects against their prince."—Leicester to Throgmorton, July 22 *Conway MSS.*

lords. They would tolerate no interference between themselves and the imprisoned queen. It was a Scottish question, which Scots and Scots alone should deal with. They would send the little James to be educated in England—but on one condition only.

"Let your queen," said Maitland to the English ambassador, "exalt our prince to the succession of the crown of England, for fault of issue of her majesty's body. That taking place, he shall be as dear to the people of England as to the people of Scotland, and the one will be as careful for his preservation as the other. Otherwise it will be reported that the Scottishmen have put their prince to be kept in safety as those who commit the sheep to be kept by the wolves." [1]

On the 24th of July a full meeting of the council was held in the Tolbooth. Throgmorton, compelled to obey the instructions which he received from home, demanded audience, and in his mistress's name required them formally to release their queen. Without condescending to notice his request, they also communicated formally the decision at which they had themselves arrived.

"In consideration of the queen's misbehaviour," her public misgovernment, and her private and personal enormities, "they could not permit her any longer to put the realm in peril by her disorders." If she would resign the crown, "they would endeavour to preserve both her life and honour, both which otherwise stood in great danger." If she refused, the prince would be crowned, and she herself, in compliance with the demand of the general assembly, would be placed on her trial for her husband's murder, and for other crimes.[2] She would be indicted on three several counts:—"the breach of the laws of the realm," the statute of religion of 1560, which had been passed in her absence and which she had never yet ratified, but which, nevertheless, they assumed to be binding upon her; "incontinency with Bothwell as with others, having sufficient evidence against her" in each particular case; and thirdly, the murder, in which "they said they had as apparent proof against her as might be, as well by the testimony of her own handwriting which they had recovered, as also by sufficient witnesses."

[1] Throgmorton to Leicester, July 26: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] "The general assembly hath made request that the murder of the late king may be severely punished, according to the law of God, according to the practice of their own realm, and according to the law which they call Jus Gentium, without respect of any person."—Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 25: *Conway MSS*

"Jus gentium" as well as precedent, there might perhaps be for the essentials of this proceeding. The doctrine of the responsibility of princes to their subjects had been preached thirty years before by Reginald Pole, when the Catholics were at issue with Henry VIII.; but kings and queens, when they had committed crimes, had been brought to justice so far by the wild method of assassination, and the establishment of a formal court in which a prince regnant could be indicted, was a new feature in European history. The messenger chosen to carry to Lochleven the intimation of the council's intentions was the rugged Lindsay, the man of few words, who would have fought Bothwell at Carberry, and whom Mary Stuart had sworn to hang. Ruthven went with him, son of the hard earl who had been the first to seize Ritzio in her cabinet, and Robert Melville the diplomatist. These three represented the three parties into which the lords were divided. Lindsay was the mouthpiece of the fiery zealots of the assembly; Ruthven belonged to the more moderate faction of Morton and Mar; while Melville, as the secret agent of Maitland and Throgmorton, carried a note from the latter concealed in the scabbard of his sword, advising Mary to comply with any demand which should be presented to her, and assuring her that no act which she might do under such compulsion could prejudice her rights.

Short time was allowed her for reflection. The same morning on which the council communicated their purpose to the English minister, Lindsay repaired to Lochleven. Persuasion was to be tried first, and Melville was admitted alone to the queen's presence. He found her still unbroken—at times desponding, at times, "speaking as stout words as ever she did."[1] Having an unexpected opportunity of speaking privately to her, he gave her Throgmorton's message, and added another directly from Elizabeth, with which he had been charged also, if he was able to give it; that "at all times she might count upon a sure friend in the Queen of England."

These fatal words—the prime cause of Elizabeth's long troubles in after years—"were no small comfort to her in her grief."[2] She said she would rather be in England under Elizabeth's protection, "than obliged to any prince in Christendom." Her proud blood boiled at the indignities which were thrust upon her, and in her first passion she fought fiercely against all that Melville could urge. But his arguments, coupled with

[1] Bedford to Cecil, August 10: *Border MSS.*
[2] Sir R. Melville to Elizabeth, July 29: *MSS. Scotland.*

the dreadful recollection of the Sunday night which followed her capture at Carberry, told at last upon her. The council had sent three instruments for her signature—one her own abdication; another naming the Earl of Murray regent, or, if Murray should refuse the offer, vesting the government in a council; a third empowering Lindsay and the Earl of Mar and Morton to proceed to the coronation of her son. It has been said that when the papers were laid before her and she hesitated to sign them, Lindsay clutched her arm and left the print of his gauntleted hand upon the flesh; that having immediate death before her if she refused, she wrote her name at last with a scornful allusion to his brutality, and a contemptuous intimation of the worthlessness of concessions so extorted. The story rests on faint authority. If the Queen of Scots had hinted that she would not consider herself bound by the act to which she was setting her hand, her life would unquestionably have been forfeited; and however violent the intentions of Lindsay's party, it appears certain that she was not informed that her life was in immediate danger.[1]

However it was—whether in fear, or, as is far more likely, relying secretly on the assurance that an abdication obtained from her in her present condition would have no legal validity—she signed the papers, and Lindsay returned the same night with them to Edinburgh. Yet her peril was scarcely diminished. The instruments for the coronation of the prince, it was understood, would be immediately acted on. Conscious of the effect which such an act would produce on Elizabeth, Throgmorton interceded with Maitland at least for a few days' delay. Maitland said that for himself he wished what the Queen of England wished; but "he was in place to know more than Throgmorton knew," and if Throgmorton meddled or used "threatening speech," it would be the queen's death-warrant. He could only intreat him, if he valued her preservation, to be silent. On the afternoon of the 25th the English ambassador was conducted again to the Tolbooth.

[1] The following mutilated fragment of a note addressed to her by Throgmorton remains in the Rolls House. It is dated the 28th of July, four days after her abdication:—

"Madam, I have received your memoir. I cannot obtain . . . lords to have access to your majesty: and nevertheless . . . assure yourself the queen my sovereign hath great . . . your good, and relieve you of your calamity and peril, which I find . . . greater than my sovereign doth suspect. It behoveth . . . somewhat to eschew the personal danger towards you, which is *much greater than your majesty doth understand.*"

There stood or sate before him that stern body of fierce men—some who, in the fervour of godliness, had made the Scottish Reformation—some, the most of them, who had played with it for mere worldly purposes, but had all united on the purpose which they had then in hand. There they were, earls, barons, lords, and gentlemen, in armour every one, with their long boots and long steel spurs, ready to mount and ride. He was told briefly that the queen had resigned, that they were going forthwith to Stirling to crown the prince, and he was invited to accompany them.

Notwithstanding Maitland's caution, he dared not be silent. Solemnly, in the name of his mistress, he protested against an act which would bring down upon them the indignation of Europe. In his own person he pleaded with such of them as he privately knew or could hope to influence. At least he urged them to wait for the return of Murray; and as to the coronation, he declared, that he neither might nor would "be present at any such doings."

They were prepared for his remonstrances, and prepared to defy them. The lords who sate in front said briefly that they must do their duty; the realm could not be left without a prince, and the government would be administered for the future "by the wisest of the nobility." A loud cry rose from the crowd of gentlemen who stood behind, that "the realm could not be governed worse than it had been; the queen was advised by the worst council or no council."

The lords rose: "My lord," they said, "we will trouble you no further; the day passeth away, and we have far to ride." Their horses were before the gate; they mounted, and the iron cavalcade streamed away across the Grassmarket. Three days later, so far as subjects could make or unmake their sovereign, the reign of James VI. had commenced.

Throgmorton could only write to request his recall. He dreaded now that Elizabeth would reply to so daring a contempt of her commands by some open act of hostility; and that, whatever else might come of it, Mary Stuart's doom would then be sealed. "As the case stands with this miserable queen," he wrote the morning after the lords' departure, "it shall be to little purpose to me to have access to her, or to treat with her according to my instructions. It is to be feared that this tragedy will end in the queen's person after this coronation, as it did begin in the person of David the Italian and the queen's husband."[1]

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, July 26: *MSS. Scotland.*

Yet Throgmorton's efforts had not been wholly thrown away: Mary Stuart's throne was lost irrecoverably, and her life was hanging by a thread; but both her life and the exposure and infamy which would accompany her public trial might yet be prevented, if Elizabeth could only be kept quiet. To this Mary Stuart's best friends in Scotland, and Elizabeth's wisest ministers at home, had now to address themselves.

Sir Robert Melville wrote directly to the Queen of England:—"What may yet fall out to the worst," he said, "I am in great doubt. Your majesty may be remembered that at my last being with your highness I feared this extremity, and could give no better advice for my sovereign's weal than by gentle dealing with these lords, in whose hands lies both to save and to spill. The greater number be so bent on rigour against my mistress, that extremes had been used if your highness's ambassador had not been present, who did so utter both his wisdom and affection to her majesty, that he only did put aside the present inconvenience, and did so procure the matter as both life and honour have been preserved." [1]

Preserved they were for the moment; but with the first move of an English soldier towards Scotland—with the first symptoms of an active intention to restore Mary Stuart to her throne by force—it was equally certain that they would not be preserved. The lords would not expose themselves to the risk of any such contingency. Throgmorton, nor daring to address his mistress herself, applied himself to Leicester. "He could but deplore," he said, "the dangerous discommodious opinion" in which her majesty had fixed herself; an opinion which would be at once politically ruinous to England, and fatal to Mary Stuart herself. "Whether it was fear, fury, or zeal which had carried the lords so far," he could not tell, but this he could boldly affirm, "that nothing would so soon hasten her death as the doubt that the lords might conceive of her redemption to liberty and authority by the queen's majesty's aid." [2]

In England, though with extreme difficulty and with but limited means, the council were labouring to the same purpose. Elizabeth for a time seems to have been utterly ungovernable. Her imagination had painted a scheme in which she was to appear as a beneficent fairy coming out of the clouds to rescue an erring but unhappy sister, and restore her to her estate, with a wholesome lecture on her past misconduct. It was

[1] Sir R. Melville to Elizabeth, July 29: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Throgmorton to Leicester, July 31: Ibid.

an attitude pleasing to her fancy and gratifying to her pride, and all was shattered to the ground. Throgmorton no longer even wished to see Mary Stuart. To read to her Elizabeth's admonition "appeared too hard considering her calamity and temptation:"[1] and the proud queen, who could never realise that the Scots were not her own subjects, writhed under her defeat.

Cecil, who understood his mistress best, ventured only quiet protestations "when opportunity offered itself," and modified the violence which he could not wholly check. Those who were at a distance from the court were more outspoken. Sir Walter Mildmay "could not conceive what moved the queen to strive against the stream, and trouble herself with unnecessary quarrels." The Earl of Bedford, from Berwick, remonstrated on grounds of public morality, and insisted on the practical mischief which was already resulting from it. Bothwell was still at large. The want of settled government in Scotland had let loose the borderers, who were his sworn friends and allies; on the 15th of July, "by procurement of the Earl of Bothwell, a thousand horse had crossed the marches and pillaged Northumberland;" yet because the border thieves called themselves the Queen of Scots' friends, Elizabeth had distinctly forbidden the English marchers to retaliate. "The marchers," she had told Bedford, "could not be allowed to redress their own injuries;"[2] nor would she permit the regular forces at Berwick to redress them either, lest, by the just execution of the border laws, she should lend even this remote semblance of countenance to the lords. The wardens all along the line from Carlisle to Berwick had written for instructions in anger and perplexity.[3] Never in all recent experience had the border been in such confusion; yet Elizabeth's displeasure had been reserved for Bedford, whom she accused of having taken part against the Queen of Scots. The old earl proudly acknowledged the truth of the charge. "Wishing the lords well," he said, "I cannot but say that I have favoured them and their actions, because I see that it is good and honourable, and their queen's doings abominable and to be detested."[4]

It would have been well if Elizabeth had rested here; but

[1] Throgmorton to Leicester, July 31; *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Elizabeth to Bedford, July 20: *Border MSS.*
[3] Scrope and Sir John Foster to Cecil, July, 1567; Bedford to Cecil, July 13; Bedford to Cecil, July 15; Bedford to Cecil, July 19: *MSS. Border.*
[4] Bedford to Throgmorton, August 4: *Conway MSS.*

after her conversation with Murray, and not liking the language in which he replied to her menaces, she ventured upon a step, which, if it had been likely to succeed—as in the end, and when circumstances changed, it succeeded but too fatally—might have created, and was intended to create, a civil war in Scotland. She had directed Throgmorton when she sent him on his commission, if he failed with the confederate lords, to address himself to the Hamiltons. She had been warned of the game which the Hamiltons were playing, but she believed that she could tempt them through their ambition to declare themselves for the queen; and while Throgmorton was busy with the lords, she attempted through some other agent to work upon their adversaries. Her advances were not successful.

"I understand by a very sure friend," Bedford wrote to Cecil, "that her majesty does work with the Hamiltons against the lords, and that somewhat has been offered to them in that behalf. Her majesty has spent much money to rid the French out of this country, and this is the next way to bring them in again, and breed her majesty great disquietness in the end—what else I dare not say. Her majesty is a wise princess, and you and the rest be wise councillors. As soon as the Hamiltons understood thereof they sent to the lords and offered the sooner to agree; so that thus little was saved, for this was the way to have one Scotsman cut another's throat." [1]

The effect indicated by Bedford was brought more plainly before Throgmorton, who himself also knowing what Elizabeth expected of him, had put out feelers in the same direction.[2] The Hamiltons, as Bedford truly said, immediately betrayed to the lords the advances which had been made to them. So wild Elizabeth's movements seemed to both parties, that each assumed she must be influenced by some sinister motive. The Hamiltons imagined that she wished to weaken Scotland by a civil war; Maitland, who more respected her ability than her principles, suspected her of an insidious desire to provoke them to make an end of the queen." [3]

[1] Bedford to Cecil, July —, 1567: *Border MSS.*

[2] On the 6th of August Leicester wrote to him to say that "her majesty did will that he should make all search and inquiry to know what party might be made for the queen, whether the house of Hamilton did stand for her or no, and that as much encouragement as was possible might be given to them for their better maintenance therein."—*Conway MSS.*

[3] Throgmorton, after the coronation, in obedience to orders from home, had given a severe message to Maitland. "Yea," saith he, "it is you that seek to bring her death to pass, what show soever the queen your mistress and you do make to save her life and set her at liberty.

Both concurred in believing that she meant ill to them and to Scotland, and, in consequence, instant and sinister overtures came in from all the noblemen who had hitherto held aloof from the confederates. The true objects of the Hamiltons, long suspected, now began to show themselves. They cared nothing for the queen; they cared much for the greatness of their house, and something they cared for Scotland. They had no humour to fill the country with blood to please their "auld enemies;" and if the confederate lords would resolve finally to abandon the detested alliance with England, return to their old traditions, accept France for their patron, and admit the Hamilton succession, the prisoner at Lochleven might cease to be a difficulty. Her life, in fact, was the only obstacle to an immediate union of parties. Were she once dead no question could be raised about her. So long as she lived there was the fear that she might one day be restored by Elizabeth; and if the Hamiltons came over to the lords while this possibility continued, "they would lose her thanks for their former well doings, incur as much danger as those who had been first and deepest in the action against her, and suffer most having most to lose." "Let the lords proceed," they said; "let them provide for themselves and such as would join with them, that they should come to no dangerous reckoning—(meaning thereby the dispatch of the queen, for they said they could not honour two suns), and it should not be long ere they could accord and run all one course." These were the words which on the 9th of August were reported to Throgmorton by Murray of Tullibardine, as a communication which had been just received from the counter-confederacy at Hamilton Castle. Throgmorton had heard something of it before. The archbishop was known to have promoted the Bothwell marriage merely to ruin the queen; yet selfishness and baseness so profound seemed scarcely credible when laid out in black and white.

"Surely," Throgmorton said, "the Hamiltons could make more by the queen's life than by her death. They might make a better bargain by marrying her to the Lord of Arbroath."

The alternative had been considered, Tullibardine replied, but after careful thought had been laid aside. "They saw not

The Hamiltons and you concur together—you have nothing in your mouths but liberty, and nothing less in your hearts. I have heard what you have said to me. I assure you if you should use this speech unto them which you do unto me, all the world could not save the queen's life three days to an end—and as the case standeth, it will be much ado to save her life."—Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

so good an outgate by this device as by the queen's destruction; for she being taken away, they accounted but the little king betwixt them and home. They loved not the queen: they knew she had no great fancy to any of them, and they thus much feared her, the more because she was young and might have many children, which was the thing they would be rid of."

"My lord," he continued, as he saw Throgmorton still half incredulous, "never take me for a true gentleman if this be not true that I tell you. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's and the Abbot of Kilwinning [1] have proposed this much to me within these forty-eight hours." [2]

The substantial truth of Tullibardine's words was easily ascertained. Both the Hamiltons and Lord Huntly had made the same proposals, had suggested the same measures through separate messengers; and, perplexed and fatally disheartened, Throgmorton went once more to Mar and Maitland, on whose general moderation he believed that he could rely. From neither of them, however, could he gather any comfort. Mar told him that he would do what he could for the queen in the way of persuasion, "but to save her life," he said, "by endangering her son or his estate, or by betraying my marrows, I will never do it, my lord ambassador, for all the gowd in the world." [3]

Maitland was scarcely less discouraging, and replied to his appeal with mournful bitterness.

"My lord," he said, "we know all the good purposes which have passed between you and the Hamiltons and the Earl of Argyle and Huntly. You know how I have proceeded with you since your coming hither; I have given you the best advice I could to prevent extremity, and either the queen your sovereign will not be advised, or you do forbear to advise her. I say unto you, as I am a Christian man, if we which have dealt in this action would consent to take the queen's life from her, all the lords which hold out and lie aloof from us would come and join with us within two days. My lord ambassador, if you should use the speech to the lords which you do to me, all the world could not save the queen's life three days to an end." [4]

At length, and after weary expostulations, Throgmorton succeeded in extracting a promise "that the woeful queen should not die a violent death, unless some new accident occurred,"

[1] Gawen Hamilton.
[2] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 9: *MSS. Scotland.*
[3] Throgmorton to Leicester, August 9: Ibid.
[4] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 9; Throgmorton to Cecil, August 9: Ibid.

before the coming of Murray, who was now daily expected. It was high time indeed for Murray to arrive. Two days after, there was a scene at Westminster, which, if the lords had heard of it before Murray was on the spot to control them, would have been the signal for the final close of Mary Stuart's earthly sufferings. On the 11th of August, "at four o'clock in the afternoon," Elizabeth sent for Cecil, "and entered into a great offensive speech," reproaching him for having as yet contrived no means for the rescue or protection of the Queen of Scots. Cecil giving evasive answers, the queen produced a letter which she required him to send to Throgmorton. It was to inform the lords that whatever other princes might do or forbear to do, she for herself, "if they continued to keep their sovereign in prison, or should do or devise anything that might touch her life or person, would revenge it to the uttermost upon such as should be in any wise guilty thereof." She told Cecil that she would immediately declare war. She insisted that Throgmorton should deliver her words as an immediate message from herself, and that "as roundly and as sharply as he could, for he could not express it with more vehemency than she did mean and intend."[1]

It was Cecil's duty to speak plainly, and furious as Elizabeth was, he did not hesitate. He exhausted every kind of direct argument. At length when nothing which he could say would move her, he suggested what Maitland had already hinted as the belief which was growing up in Scotland, "The malice of the world would say that she had used severity to the lords to urge them to rid away the queen." Such an interpretation of her conduct had not occurred to her. Full of her immediate object, she had forgotten that her past artifices might recoil upon her when she least deserved it. She hesitated, and at the moment an opportune packet came in from Edinburgh assuring her that a single hostile move would be the queen's death-warrant. Even this, and the too possible calumny, did not wholly convince her. She still insisted that her letter should be sent; but she so far modified her orders that she allowed the ambassador "to use discretion in the persons to whom it should be shown." She named Murray, who by this time she knew must have arrived, and Maitland, "in whom with the other she reposed most trust to preserve the queen."[2]

She had counted rightly on Murray, though to his face she had abused and threatened him. One word from him, or no

[1] Elizabeth to Throgmorton, August 11: *Conway MSS.*
[2] Cecil to Throgmorton, August 11: Ibid.

word—for his silence would have been enough—and his sister would have had as short a shrift as she had allowed to Darnley. The same 11th of August, while Elizabeth was storming at Westminster, he rode into Edinburgh, uncertain whether to accept the regency, to which he learnt at Berwick that he was to be raised; uncertain how to act on any side till he had seen his sister's letters with his own eyes—till he had spoken with his sister himself.

His selection as regent spoke well for the intentions of the confederates. He was the only prominent nobleman who had carried himself innocently and honourably through the wild doings of the past years. He was a Calvinist, yet he was too generous to be a fanatic, and the Catholic courts in Europe respected the integrity which they had tried and failed to corrupt. His appointment would be unpalatable to the Hamiltons, yet they would find a difficulty in opposing it. In the minority of the sovereign they claimed the regency by proximity of blood, yet until they had recognised the queen's deposition they could not contend for the administration of her government; while the French, to whom they might have looked for support, were willing and eager to give their help to Murray—if Murray in turn would desert the English alliance.

And what cause had Murray to prefer the friendship of a sovereign who had bretayed him into rebellion, and then repudiated her own instructions—who had reproached him openly in her own court for conduct which she had herself invited him to pursue, and had then left him to bear as he might the consequences of having consented to serve her? Why should he prefer Elizabeth, who had even now dismissed him from her presence with menaces and "hard words," to Catherine de Medici and Charles, who had loaded him with honours, tempted him with presents, and were ready to support him with the armed hand of France in taking the place to which he was called by his country? It would seem as if he could have given no intelligible reason, except there were objects which he preferred to his own personal interest. The hand of France was still extended to him, and every practical difficulty would have been removed by his acceptance of it. Although he had stolen away from Paris, Catherine had shown no resentment. De Lignerolles overtook him between London and Berwick, but only to bring him a magnificent present, and to renew the offer of the pension which he had refused. While Elizabeth was flattering herself that Catherine would go along with her, that

troops which were reported to be assembling in Normandy under M. de Martigues were to be used in assisting her to crush the confederate lords, de Lignerolles accompanied Murray to Edinburgh, where he assured Throgmorton "that the whole Protestants of France would live and die in those men's quarrels;" that if de Martigues came, "it would be with a good force to succour them." [1] He explained distinctly that while his formal instructions were to intercede for the liberty of the queen, yet if the lords refused, "they being noblemen of another country, and not the king's subjects but his friends, the king could do no more but be sorry for his sister's misfortunes." He told Maitland "that the king his master was as careful for their safeties as they themselves could be, and to that end advised them to provide substantially. France cared only for the old league, and could be as well contented to take it of the little king as otherwise." [2]

It would have perhaps been better for the interests of Europe if the support thus offered by France had been accepted, if Murray's integrity had been less, or his political insight had been greater. If the Scotch noblemen, supported by the nearest relatives of the queen, had brought her to trial for her crimes and publicly executed her, she at least would have ceased to be an element of European discord. Her claims on England and the question of her guilt would have at once and for ever been disposed of. The French government would have insensibly committed themselves on the side of the Reformation, by uniting with a party who had been its great promoters in another country. Their dependence upon the Guises would have been weakened; their connections with the Huguenots would have been drawn closer; the smouldering remnant of the Catholic faction in Scotland would have been extinguished; and England and France, no longer divided by creed, might have been drawn together with Scotland as a connecting link, and hand in hand have upheld in Europe the great interests of freedom.

Other consequences, it is true, might have followed. Mary Stuart, in life or death, was the pivot of many possibilities; and speculations "as to what might have been" are usually worthless; yet this particular result, looked at by the light of after events, appears so much more likely than any other, that the loss of an opportunity, which, if caught and used, might have prevented such tremendous misfortunes, cannot be passed over without some expression of regret.

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, August 12: *MSS. Scotland.* [2] Ibid.

For the first two days after Murray's arrival it seemed as if France would gain the day. He had left Elizabeth foaming with indignation at the conduct of the lords; he knew that it would be idle to ask her to recognise a government of which he was the head; while Catherine was ready to receive a minister from him at the French court, and Maitland was already spoken of as the person who was to be sent to Paris. When the casket and its contents were laid before him, "none spoke more bitterly against the tragedy and the players therein than Murray; none showed so little liking to such horrible sins." [1] He expressed "great commiseration towards his sister," and he hesitated about the regency; yet it was clear that, in spite of Elizabeth, "he intended to take his fortune with the lords." He told Throgmorton that "he would not gladly live in Scotland if they should miscarry or abandon his friendship."

Before he formed a final resolution he insisted that he must see the queen, and the lords, after some hesitation, consented. He "showed himself much perplexed, honour and nature moving him one way, his duty to his friends and to religion drawing him the other." Time, at any rate, would be gained, and there was no longer a fear, as there had been a few days previously, that the queen would be secretly murdered. Her friends could only hope that Elizabeth would give the lords no fresh provocation, and would be brought to consider the situation more temperately.

"I trust," Throgmorton wrote on the 14th to Leicester, "that the woeful lady hath abidden the extremity of her affliction; and the way to amend her fortune is for the queen's majesty to deal in her speech more calmly than she doth, and likewise not to let them see that her majesty will shake off all their friendship, for surely that will bring a dangerous issue. Scotland, and all the ablest and wisest of the nation, will become good French, which will breed and nourish a cumbrous sequel to her majesty and her realm." [2]

Elizabeth too on her side was "perplexed," as reason alternated with passion. She was able to acknowledge Murray's difficulties, and she feared at times "he would be in more peril himself than be able to do anything for his sister; she doubted the matter to be so handled as he must either endanger himself or dishonour himself:" but she trusted that "he would show himself such an one as he seemed to her he would be." [3] That

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, August 12: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*
[2] *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*
[3] Leicester to Throgmorton, August 6: *Conway MSS.*

he would dishonour himself there was little likelihood, and for personal danger Murray cared as much for it as noble-minded men are in the habit of caring; but his position was one in which more than moral qualities were wanted. For the work cut out for him "he had too much of the milk of human kindness."

The curtain rises for a moment over the interior of Mary Stuart's prison-house. When the first rage had passed away, she had used the arms of which nothing could deprive her; she had flung over her gaolers the spell of that singular fascination which none who came in contact failed entirely to feel. She had charmed even the lady of Lochleven, to whose gentle qualities romance has been unjust; and, "by one means or another she had won the favour and goodwill of the most part of the house, as well men as women, whereby she had means to have intelligence, and was in some towardness to have escaped." [1] So alarming an evidence of what she might still do to cause disturbance of course increased her peril, and for the two weeks which followed she was confined a close prisoner in the rooms set apart for her use.

The island on which the castle stands was then something under an acre in extent. The castle itself consisted of the ordinary Scotch tower, a strong stone structure, five and twenty feet square, carried up for three or four stories, which formed one corner of a large court from ninety to a hundred feet across. The basement story was a flagged hall, which served at the same time for kitchen and guardroom. The two or three rooms above it may have been set apart for the lord and lady and their female servants. The court was enclosed by a battlemented wall eighteen or twenty feet high, along the inner sides of which ran a series of low sheds and outhouses, where the servants, soldiers, and retainers littered in the straw. In the angle opposite the castle was a round turret, entered, like the main building, from the court; within it was something like an ordinary lime-kiln from seven to eight feet in diameter; the walls were five feet thick, formed of rough hewn stone rudely plastered, and pierced with long narrow slits for windows, through which nothing larger than a cat could pass, but which admitted daylight and glimpses of the lake and the hills. This again was divided into three rooms, one above the other; the height of each may have been six feet; in the lowest there was a fireplace, and the windows show marks of grooves, which it is to be hoped were fitted with glass. The communication from

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 5: *MSS. Scotland.*

room to room must have been by ladders through holes in the floors, for there was no staircase outside, and no space for one within.

Here it was, in these three apartments, that the Queen of Scots passed the long months of her imprisonment. Decency must have been difficult in such a place, and cleanliness impossible. She had happily a tough healthy nature, which cared little for minor discomforts. At the worst she had as many luxuries as the wives and daughters of half the peers in Scotland. At her first coming she had been allowed to walk on the battlements and on the terrace outside the gate; but since her attempt to escape she had been strictly confined to her tower; and she was still a close prisoner there when, on the 15th of August, the Earl of Murray, accompanied by Athol, Morton, and Lindsay, arrived at the island.

The brother and sister met without the presence of witnesses; and the character of the interview can be gathered only from what one or the other cared to reveal. Thus much Throgmorton was able to tell. The queen received Murray "with great passion and weeping," which however produced no effect. Murray understood her tears by this time as well as Knox. He sat with her for several hours, but he was cold and reserved. She was unable to infer from his words "either the ill which he had conceived of her or meant towards her." She tried to work upon his weakness, and she failed. But the meeting did not end there: in the evening, "after supper," they were again together, and then it seems that Murray spoke out his whole heart. Deep into the night, until "one of the clock" they remained; the young, beautiful, brilliant Queen of Scotland, fresh from act

> "That blurred the grace and blush of modesty"—

fresh from "the enseamed bed" of a brutal cutthroat, and the one man in all the world who loved her as his father's daughter, who had no guilt upon his own heart, like so many of those who were clamouring for her death, to steel his heart towards her, who could make allowances only too great for the temptations by which she had been swept away.

"Plainly without disguising he did discover unto her all his opinions of her misgovernment, and laid before her all such disorders as might either touch her conscience, her honour, or her surety." "He behaved himself rather like a ghostly father unto her than like a councillor," and she for the time was touched

or seemed to be touched. Her letters had betrayed "the inmost part of her" too desperately for denial. "Sometimes," says Throgmorton, "she wept bitterly; sometimes she acknowledged her unadvisedness; some things she did confess plainly; some things she did excuse, some things she did extenuate." [1] What Throgmorton could not venture to report more plainly to Elizabeth, Lady Lennox added to the Spanish ambassador:—"The Queen of Scots admitted to her brother that she knew the conspiracy for her husband's murder." [2]

He left her for the night, "in hope of nothing but God's mercy, willing her to seek to that as her chiefest refuge." Another interview in the morning ended less painfully. It has pleased the apologists of the Queen of Scots to pretend an entire acquaintance with Murray's motives; to insist that he had intended to terrify her, merely that she might again consent to make over the government to him. How, in the sense of these writers, the government of Scotland could have been an object of desire either to Murray or to any man, is less easy to explain. A less tempting prospect to personal ambition has been rarely offered—a regency without a revenue, over a country which was a moral, social, and religious chaos. He had the certain hatred of half the nobility before him if he allowed the queen to live; the certain indignation and perhaps the open hostility of Elizabeth if he accepted the government; the imminent risk of an early and violent death. With these conditions before him, ambition, unless to save his sister, or at his own deadly peril to bring his country out of the anarchy in which it was weltering, could have had but little influence with Murray, and ambition such as that does not compass its ends with baseness.

He had forced her to see both her ignominy and her danger, but he would not leave her without some words of consolation. He told her that he would assure her life, and if possible he would shield her reputation, and prevent the publication of her letters. Liberty she could not have, neither would she do well at present "for many respects" to seek it. He did not wholly believe her professions of penitence: he warned her "that if she practised to disturb the peace of the realm, to make a faction in it, to escape from Lochleven, or to animate the Queen of England or

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 20: KEITH.

[2] "Milady Margarita ma ha enviado á decir que luego que el Conde de Murray llegó á Escocia fué á hablar á la Reyna, la qual trató con el de su deliberacion, encomendandole lo que toca á su vida y negocios; y que la Reyna habia confesado que supó el trato de la muerte de su marido." —De Silva to Philip, August 30: *MSS. Simancas.*

the French king to trouble the realm;" finally, "if she persisted in her affection for Bothwell,"—his power to protect her would be at an end. If, on the contrary, "she would acknowledge her faults to God; if she would lament her sins past, so as it might appear that she detested her former life and intended a better conversation and a more modest behaviour;" "if she would make it evident that she did abhor the murder of her husband, and did mislike her former life with Bothwell, and minded no revenge to the lords and others who had sought her reformation,"—all might yet be well, and she might hope eventually to recover her crown.

"She took him in her arms and kissed him." They spoke of the government: she knew that in his hands, and his only, her life would be in no danger, and she implored him not to refuse it. He told her distinctly the many objections—he knew that it would be a post of certain peril—but she pressed him, and he consented. Then "giving orders for her gentle treatment and all other good usage," he took his leave, with new fits of tears, kisses, and embraces.[1]

"Kisses and embraces!" and from that moment, as Mary Stuart had hated Murray before, so thenceforth she hated him with an intensity to which her past dislike was pale and colourless. He had held a mirror before her in which she had seen herself in her true depravity; he had shown her that he knew her as she was, and yet he spared her; while she played upon his affections she despised him as imbecile, and the injury of his kindness she never forgave.

Even in the eyes of men of the world his conduct was profoundly imprudent.

"The Earl of Murray," said James Melville, who understood Mary Stuart as well as he, "instead of comforting his sister, entered with her majesty in reproaches, giving her such injurious language as was like to break her heart: we who blamed him for this lost his favour. The injuries were such as they cut the thread of love betwixt the queen and him for ever."[2]

The men of the world would have killed her, or made friends with her: had Murray been as they he would have seen the force of the alternative, but he would not have fufilled his duty better as an affectionate brother or a Christian nobleman.

Murray then was to be regent, and the Queen of Scots' deposition was to be confirmed, with Elizabeth's pleasure or

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 20.
[2] Memoirs of Sir James Melville.

without. The state of Scotland demanded it—his sister's safety demanded it, fume or fret as sovereign princes might at the example. The theory that when rulers misconducted themselves, subjects must complain to God, and if God took no notice must submit as to a divine scourge, was to find no acceptance. The study of the Old Testament had not led the Scots to any such conception of what God required of them. "The lord regent," reported Throgmorton, three days later, "will go more stoutly to work than any man hath done yet; for he seeks to imitate rather some who have led the people of Israel than any captain of our days. As I can learn, he meaneth to use no dallying, but either he will have obedience to this young king of all estates in this realm, or it shall cost him his life. He is resolved to defend the lords and gentlemen that have taken this matter in hand, though all the princes in Christendom would band against them." [1]

Thus the difficulties which lay before him were not long in showing themselves. Since the queen was to be allowed to live, the Hamiltons and their friends considered that they would best consult their own interests by holding aloof. Elizabeth, even before she heard that he had made his decision, sent him word that she would never recognise his government and threatened him with "public ignominy." [2]

To the Hamiltons he replied, "that there should be no subject nor place within the realm exempted from the king's authority," or from obedience to himself as regent there.[3] To Elizabeth he said, that his course "was now past deliberation," and "for ignominy and calumniation, he had no other defence but the goodness of God, his upright conscience, and his intent to deal sincerely in his office. If that would not serve he had no more to say, for there was none other remedy but he must go through with the matter." [4]

Throgmorton asked him whether there was a hope that the queen would be released. He replied that as long as Bothwell was at large and unpunished, it could not be spoken of, and "they would not merchandise for the bear's skin before they had caught the bear." The queen's liberty would depend upon her own behaviour: "if she digested the punishment of the murderer," without betraying "any wrathful or revengeful

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, August 20: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Cecil to Throgmorton: *Conway MSS.*
[3] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 23.
[4] Throgmorton to Cecil, September 1: *MSS. Scotland.*

mind," and if Elizabeth would seek the quiet of Scotland, and not endeavour to trouble him "by nourishing contrary factions," the lords would be more compliant than for the present they were disposed to be.[1] Meanwhile her life and her reputation were for the present safe. The publication of the letters would, at any moment, serve as his complete defence against public censure; he said that he would forbear from using this advantage as long as he was let alone; but Murray, or Maitland for him, warned the English ambassador that if Elizabeth "made war upon them," "they would not lose their lives, have their lands forfeited, and be reputed rebels throughout the world, when they had the means in their hands to justify themselves, however sorry they might be for it."[2]

The gauntlet was thus thrown down to Elizabeth. If she hesitated to take it up, and to send an army by way of reply into Scotland, it was from no want of will to punish the audacious subjects who had dared to depose their sovereign. So angry was she that when Cecil and his friends remonstrated with her, she reproached them with themselves meditating disloyalty; and those ministers who had laboured for years in drawing Scotland and England together, and smoothing the way for a more intimate union, saw their exertions shipwrecked against the queen's theories of the sacredness of princes.[3] To avoid forcing Murray upon France, Cecil ventured to hint that she should receive a minister at the court from him. She told Cecil he was a fool[4] for suggesting anything "so prejudicial to the queen," and she sought a more congenial adviser in de Silva; who, however well he thought of Murray, and whatever ill he knew

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, September 1: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August 22: Keith.

[3] "The queen's majesty is in continual offence against all these lords, and we here cannot move her majesty to mitigate it do what we can, or to move her to hide it more than she doth. But surely the more we deal in it the more danger some of us find in her indignation; and specially in conceiving that we are not dutifully minded to her majesty as our sovereign; and where such thorns be, it is no quiet treading. For howsoever her majesty shall in this cause (touching her so nearly as it seemeth she conceiveth, though I trust without any just cause) be offended with my arguments, I will, after my opinions declared, obey her majesty to do that which is my office. Very sorry I am to behold the likelihood of the loss of the fruit of seven or eight years' negotiations with Scotland, and now to suffer a divorce between this realm and that, where neither of the countries shall take either good or pleasure thereof. If religion may remain, I trust the divorce shall be rather in words and terms than in hearts; and of this I have no great doubt."—Cecil to Throgmorton, August 20: *Conway MSS.*

[4] "Noting in me no small folly."—Ibid.

of the Queen of Scots, was too glad of an opportunity to encourage a quarrel among Protestants.

"The queen," de Silva wrote to Philip, "assured me that she not only meant to set the Queen of Scots at liberty, but was determined to use all her power to punish the confederate lords. She said she would send some one to the King of France to tell him what she was going to do, and to express her hope that other princes would stand by her; especially, she told me, she depended upon our sovereign, the greatest of them all, meaning by these words your majesty. Your majesty, she was confident, would not allow the French to interfere in defence of the rebels.

"Every one," I replied, "would approve of such conduct on the part of her highness in a just and honest cause. Your majesty, I was quite sure, could be always relied upon by your friends, and above all by her highness, to whom your majesty had borne such peculiar goodwill.

"She desired me not to repeat what she had said, for there were persons about her who for their own purpose did not agree with her views in the matter, and she did not wish them to know what she was going to do. She had spoken to me because she counted on my discretion, and because in all her communications with me, she had found me the truest friend that she possessed." [1]

As a step towards the intervention which she meditated, she had again made secret advances to the Hamiltons. She was aware of the proposals with which they had approached the confederate lords. She was aware that they were Catholic and French, and that in assisting them she was feeding the enemies of all which her own government had most carefully laboured to encourage. Yet if they would form a party for the queen and against Murray, other drawbacks were trivial in comparison.

They, at all events, had no objection to receive Elizabeth's money. Maitland said they would take it and laugh at her. Throgmorton thought that anyhow it would be utterly thrown away.[2] But the Hamiltons intimated as much readiness to meet her wishes as would ensure her supplying them. They selected Lord Herries, a smooth-tongued plausible person, to make arrangements either with Elizabeth in person, if she would

[1] De Silva to Philip, August —: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] "As to the Hamiltons and their faction," "their conditions be such, their behaviour so inordinate, the most of them so unable, their living so vicious, their fidelity so fickle, their party so weak, as I count it lost whatsoever is bestowed upon them."—Throgmorton to Cecil, August 20: *MSS. Scotland.*

allow him to come to London, or with any person whom she would depute to meet him on the borders.[1]

She was prudent enough to refrain from receiving him herself, and she commissioned Lord Scrope, the governor of Carlisle, who was more than half a Catholic, to represent her. She sent Herries 3000 marks,[2] and, both through Scrope and Throgmorton, she gave the Hamiltons to understand that "she allowed their proceedings" in resisting Murray, and would uphold them to the utmost of her power.

Mary Stuart's misdoings, however, were too recent to allow a party as yet to form itself which could openly take the field in her cause. Elizabeth would have lighted up a civil war if she could. The Hamiltons, Argyle, Huntly, Fleming, and several other noblemen, met at Glasgow at the beginning of September, to consider what could be done; but "the more they disputed the greater difficulty they found."[3] Argyle was offered the lieutenancy of the federation, but he refused, and, with Gawen Hamilton and Lord Boyd, "made his peace" with Murray. Herries told Scrope, that "he could not be sure of four persons besides himself to stand firmly on the queen's side."[4] The opportunity was gone, he said, or was not yet come. On returning from the borders he followed the example of his friends, and on the 15th of September, Murray was able to tell the English ambassador, not without some irony, "that the noblemen who had stood out had all at last submitted; so that he praised God there appeared no break in the whole wall."

Elizabeth could but digest her disappointment and the loss of her money as best she could. She of course recalled her

[1] The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the Lords Fleming, Arbroath, and Boyd to Throgmorton, August 19: *MSS. Scotland.*

As the name of Lord Herries will occur frequently in the following pages, the following account of him will not be out of place:—

"The Lord Herries is the cunning horseleech and the wisest of the whole faction, but, as the Queen of Scotland saith, there is no one can be sure of him. He taketh pleasure to bear all the world in hand. Here among his own countrymen he is noted to be the most cautelous man of his nation. It may like you to remember that he suffered his own hostages, the hostages of the Lairds of Lochinvar and Garlies, his next neighbours, to be hanged for promises broken by him. Thus much I speak because he is the likeliest and the most dangerous man to enchant you."—Throgmorton to Cecil, August 20.

Bedford's opinion was much the same:—

"I hear," he wrote, "that the Lord Herries desireth to come up to the queen's majesty. He is the subtlest and falsest man for practice that is in Scotland."—Bedford to Cecil, August —: *Border MSS.*

[2] Sir James Melville to Throgmorton, September 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Ibid.

[4] Scrope to Cecil, September 12: *Border MSS.*

minister. De Lignerolles had returned to Paris loaded with presents. Throgmorton took his leave, happy only in his ill-success, and was allowed to accept nothing. In obedience to orders, when offered the usual compliments, he said "that he would take anything which the Queen of Scotland might be pleased to give him; he could receive no present from a king who had attained that honour by injuring his mother." He was told briefly that "such expressions did but breed contention to no purpose. He had better say no more and go his way." [1]

The administrative relations between the two countries were left in confusion. Bedford was forbidden to recognise the commissions of the Scottish wardens—running as they did in James's name—and had to manage the borders as he could. Scrope, at Elizabeth's secret command, continued to correspond with Herries, and Herries, who was on the point of leaving Scotland and giving up the game, consented to remain. The Hamiltons professed to have yielded from an inability to believe that the English government could seriously pursue a policy so contrary to English interests. Could they be assured "that her grace would enter into the matter," they promised to hold themselves in readiness, watch their opportunities, and endeavour to the best of their ability to carry out her wishes.

So were the seeds sown of those miserable feuds, which for five years harassed the hearths and homes of Scotland—which made for ever impossible that more temperate spirit, which but for this might have softened the rigours of Calvinism—which caused the eventual ruin of the person whose interests Elizabeth was intending to serve, by tempting her to take refuge in the dominions of a sovereign who was so persistently pretending to be her friend.

Meanwhile the regent was left with a few months of quiet, to show the world the happier fate which might have been in store for Scotland, had Cecil's counsels and Bedford's stormy protests found a listener in their queen.

Tullibardine and Kirkaldy of Grange set out in pursuit of Bothwell, who when the country began to settle had fled from Dunbar to his dukedom in the Orkneys, and was there leading the wild life of a pirate chieftain. Being warned of their coming, he crossed to the Shetlands, and there, among the narrow channels and inlets, he was at his last shift, when Grange's ship, in hot pursuit of him, ran upon a rock. Grange sprang into a

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, September —: *MSS. Scotland.*

boat to continue the chase, but the vessel was sinking, and he could not leave his crew to drown. The occasion of so much confusion and misery made his way to Denmark, where the king long protected him in expectation that Mary Stuart would be restored, and afterwards threw him into prison, where he died. His pursuers returned to Leith, having missed their principal prey, but having taken many of his followers, among others the young Laird of Tallo, who, with Hepburn, fired the train in the house at Kirk-a-Field. The regent set himself to the solid work of restoring the majesty of justice and extinguishing the anarchy which was reducing the noble kingdom of the Stuarts to a second Ireland. The first sufferers were the border thieves, who had given so much trouble to the English wardens. Stooping down unexpectedly " on market day " at Hawick, he seized six-and-thirty of them, hot-handed in their iniquities. Thirteen were promptly hanged, nine with stones about their necks were sent to the bottom of the nearest pool; fourteen were taken off to Edinburgh, and for some months at least the peaceful traders could carry a full purse through Liddisdale.[1]

Elizabeth on her side had her hands full of vexations and troubles of another sort, which explain if they do not excuse her violence and perverseness. The powerful party which, in Parliament and out of it, had so long advocated the Queen of Scots' succession, though disorganised by Darnley's death, had not been destroyed. The Queen of Scots' participation in the murder was known as yet only through rumour, and the many Catholics who had so long looked upon her as their one stay and hope, could not easily part with so dear an expectation. The confederate lords had from the first determined if they spared her life to respect her reputation, and beyond the circle of those who were admitted to state secrets, men affirmed her guilt or denied it according to the complexion of their creed. While the attitude which would be assumed by Elizabeth was yet uncertain, the Archbishop of Glasgow had been able to tell Don Francis de Alava, that if the Queen of England supported the lords, she would have a war upon her hands at home with which all the world would ring;[2] and all over the northern counties disguised priests were gliding from house to house, " under colour of religion," pouring out eloquent sentiment about the lost faith of their fathers; already representing the Lochleven prisoner as a suffering saint; and " by their lewd practices " " seducing good

[1] Sir William Drury to Cecil, November 3: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Alava to Philip, July 26: Teulet, vol. v.

subjects through their own simplicity into error and disloyalty."[1]

Nor as yet was the Established Church successful in gaining the allegiance of the country generally. While the Catholics were encroaching on one side of the Via Media, the Puritans were denouncing it upon the other. The prosecutions of the London clergy had hardened the sufferers and multiplied their followers, and the bishops were denounced as "imps of Antichrist, with whom it was sinful to hold communion." The clergy were generally taking wives, and the queen, as little as ever able to reconcile herself to it, caught eagerly at every scandalous report, true or false, which was brought to her.[2]

The Church of England as by law constituted gave no pleasure to the earnest of any way of thinking. To the ultra-Protestants it was no better than Romanism; to the Catholics or partial Catholics it was in schism from the communion of Christendom; while the great middle party, the common sense of the country, of whom Elizabeth was the representative, were uneasy and dissatisfied. They could see in the new constitution no defined principle which had borne the test of time, and they were watching, with an anxiety which they did not care to conceal, both the extravagances of the Protestant refugees from the Continent, with whom London was swarming, and the recovering energy of the Catholic powers abroad. In Spain and Italy the faint beginnings of the Reformation had been trampled out. Germany was torpid. In France, though there was a momentary lull in the struggle, and the court were inclining to the

[1] The queen to the Bishop of Chester, February 3, 1568; The Queen to the Earl of Derby, February 3; The Queen to the Sheriff of Lancashire, February 21: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.* Among the persons named as "busy" in these doings were Allen, afterwards Cardinal, Vance, ex-warden of Winchester, Murray, who had been chaplain to Bonner, Marshal, late Dean of Christ Church, Hargrave, late vicar of Blackbourne, and "one Norris terming himself a physician."

[2] Deans and canons were the most guilty in the queen's eyes. She had endeavoured to preserve at least these as types of the true spiritual order; and in some instances they had misappropriated the property of the church to the use of their families. A charge of this kind had been brought against the dean and chapters of Canterbury, and had particularly exasperated her. It was perhaps exaggerated. Parker writes on the 12th of August, "I have information from Canterbury church of the dean there, of whom so great information was made that he had sold and divided such a huge quantity of plate and vestry ornaments that it is no marvel though Pope Hildebrand's spirit walketh furiously abroad to slander the poor married estate. Credit is so ready to believe the worst. Sed qui habitat in cœlis irridebit eos. The broken plate and bullion found in the church he, with consent of all the chapter, converted to the church uses only.—Parker to Cecil, August 12, 1567: *Domestic MSS.*

Huguenots, yet there was no sign as yet of the growth of any strong national feeling which would hold in check the violence of the two factions. Two deadly enemies who had tried each other's strength were watching an opportunity to renew the conflict at advantage with a hate which was deepening every hour. Of the Netherlands the condition will be described hereafter more particularly. It is enough to say that the crown of Spain and the popular leaders had come at last to an open breach. At the time that Mary Stuart was taken prisoner at Carberry Hill the Duke of Alva was bringing a Spanish army to Brussels to overwhelm liberty and heresy in a common destruction, and Philip II. was expected there in the autumn to superintend the consummation in person.

It was easy to foresee the effect which would be produced upon the English Catholics by the presence, in their immediate neighbourhood, of the Spanish sovereign, once England's titular king, to whom they had so long looked for guidance and help, at the head of a large body of victorious troops—absolutely victorious, as it was assumed they must be in the unequal struggle which was before them.[1] It seemed but too likely that England would drift into the condition of France, and that, in spite of the efforts of the government, a war of creeds was at no great distance.

Amidst so many elements of disquiet, all parties in Elizabeth's council—Cecil as well as the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Francis Knollys as well as Arundel and Sussex—turned their minds again to devise means by which the foreign relations of the country could be re-established, and one chief cause of dissatisfaction be removed at home. The queen's marriage question had now for some time been allowed to sleep. The Queen of Scots' succession had come gradually to be looked upon as a certainty. The Catholics had set their hearts upon it as the term of their own sufferings. The political advantages contingent upon the union of the crowns had reconciled the body of the nation to the

[1] The excitement was naturally greatest in the north. On the 20th of December a letter to Lord Pembroke says: "I hear by Mr. Garrard, the recorder of Chester, that there is in Lancashire a great number of gentlemen and others of the best sort—it is reputed 500—that have taken a solemn oath among themselves that they will not come at the communion nor receive the sacrament during the queen's majesty's reign, whom God long preserve, besides other matters concluded amongst them not certainly known but only to themselves. Whatever the matter be, they seem to rejoice greatly at the report of the king coming—as if they should thereby be made able to take order for the setting up of their popish kingdom, and rooting out of Lutherans and heretics as they term who please them." —R. Hurleston to the Earl of Pembroke, December 20: *Domestic MSS.*

prospect of a stranger, and Elizabeth's own inclinations had long pointed in the same direction. The murder of Darnley had revived the old uncertainties. Even men like Arundel and Norfolk had not as yet recovered sufficiently from the shock of that transaction to contemplate Mary Stuart's accession as any longer a possibility, and once more it became necessary to reopen the weary grievance.

While Leicester had not even yet wholly abandoned hopes,[1] the council had gone back to Charles of Austria, the alliance which every day made more desirable for a sovereign in Elizabeth's position. Married to Charles she would be at once out of danger from Spain.

The archduke at the court of his father and brother had learned the principles of moderation, which the necessities of their position imposed upon the emperors of Germany. Himself a Catholic, he had learned to tolerate without difficulty the Lutheranism of the Augsburg Confession, and the efforts, both of the queen and the higher classes in England, were to keep the Church as near as possible to the Augsburg theology, and to steer it clear of the Genevan channel into which the more earnest reformers were rapidly setting. Having been trifled with for seven years, the emperor could not have been expected to make further advances. If the subject was to be re-opened, the initiative might naturally have been taken by England. But the English ministers could not obtain permission from Elizabeth to do more than indicate that if Maximilian would begin she would not again disappoint him. Maximilian made slight informal overtures, and in May Lord Sussex was chosen to go to Vienna to carry the Garter to the emperor, and arrange, if possible, the conditions of the marriage.

Very reluctantly Elizabeth had been brought so far upon the way. A month elapsed before she could resolve on the form of Sussex's instructions, and almost a second before she could allow him to set out. At last, in the middle of July, while the Queen of Scots was in so much danger at Lochleven, she permitted him to go, and on the 9th of August he was at Vienna.

[1] In April the lovers were communicating with "tokens" and "metaphors." Leicester had complained of Elizabeth's "extreme rigour." Elizabeth had called him "a cameleon which changed into all colours save innocency." "At the sight of his cypher, the Black Heart, she had shown sundry affections." "She had commended the manner of his writing," perhaps as Olivia commended Malvolio's yellow stockings; with much else of a half-serious, half-mocking kind; which Leicester's friends watched anxiously, and sent him daily reports of. — Throgmorton to Leicester, May 9: *Domestic MSS.*

This time she was supposed to be serious. So agitated was Catherine de Medici that she at once renewed her offer of Charles IX., and even offered to restore Calais if she would take her son. Elizabeth said briefly she could not make herself ridiculous,[1] and she alarmed Catherine still more by her unusual decision.

The history of this last earnest effort to bring about the Austrian marriage throws so sharp a light into the undercurrents of English feeling, that it is worth while to follow it closely.

The first point in the instructions which Sussex at last received was on his behaviour at the presentation of the Garter. Those high ceremonies were always accompanied with a religious service. Sussex was forbidden to be present at mass, but he was to suggest that the investiture should take place in the afternoon; and he might attend vespers "with safety to his conscience." Making the best excuses which he could for Elizabeth's past treatment of the archduke, he was then to say when he opened his commission, that—

"Whatever might by report or otherwise come to his majesty's ears to the contrary, the queen was still free to marry whenever God should move her; and although she had been for many years of mind not to enter into marriage, yet the great necessity which her subjects laid upon her had brought her, contrary to her natural inclination, to give ear to the emperor's motion." Other proposals had been made to her, but she had ever preferred the archduke to her other suitors, and she now trusted that, if certain difficulties could be overcome, the marriage might be finally concluded. The emperor had intimated that his brother would expect permission to have Catholic service in his household. "Many inconveniences had happened in other countries from maintaining contrariety of religion," and in England, though there had been many changes, "there was never allowed any contrariety therein at one time." "England differed in that from all other states that it could not suffer those diversities of religion which others were seen to do." It was to be hoped therefore that the archduke would be content with the English liturgy. There was nothing in it which was not in Scripture, and no one calling himself a Christian need dislike any part of it. He and every man might think what

[1] "Le offreciéron á Calais se hiciese el matrimonio. La Reyna dixó que no dará lugar á que el mundo vea una comedia tan graciosa como una vieja y un niño á la puerta de la Iglesia."—De Silva to Philip, July 9.

they pleased. "The law touched no man's conscience, so as public order was not violated by external act or teaching." The country had been so far peaceably governed under this system, and it could not be altered.

So reasonable this view of the matter appeared to Elizabeth, that she did not anticipate the possibility of a difficulty being made about it, unless the negotiations should come to nothing on other grounds. The archduke had been himself heard to say, "alleging what troubles might come of diversities of religion, that he would not only forbear to hear mass in England, but would adventure his blood upon any that should move disturbance in the realm upon that occasion." "At all events," the queen said, "it would touch her reputation to change her laws for a marriage, and the example would breed more trouble than could well be remedied." The archduke had better come to England and see, and be seen; and Sussex was directed "to use private persuasions" to induce him to return with the embassy.

The religious difficulty was in reality nothing but an excuse. Elizabeth, however, pretended to be sincerely anxious that the treaty should go forward, and the objection to allowing a Catholic service was so far well grounded, that the Spanish ambassador had declared again and again that the first mass said publicly in England would be a signal for a general insurrection. And it is clear that what Elizabeth said was not regarded as in any sense fatally conclusive. Whether the archduke had or had not used the words imputed to him, he at least paused to consider. Eventually, neither he nor the emperor would undertake the responsibility of a decision till they had sent to consult Philip.

While a messenger therefore was despatched to Spain, Sussex remained in state at Vienna, "fed every day with spiced dishes from the imperial table," and "dainty fruits from the gardens at Schonbrunn." It was not till the 24th of October that the Austrian government—in possession at last of Philip's views—were in a position to enter upon the question.

Maximilian declined to interfere, and left the decision to his brother. The archduke insisted at once that he could not go to England to be looked at, and then if the queen did not like him, to find himself cast aside on this pretext of religion. He was afraid that religion would be made use of to cover less producible objections, and insisted on seeing his way clearly before going further. Sussex said, "that although he had not her majesty's

eyes, whereby he might judge of features that would best like her, he felt assured that she would find no just cause to satisfy the world why she should after sight mislike him." But the archduke had been long trifled with. He chose to know where he was standing, and if he went to England, Elizabeth should either accept him or be forced into the discourtesy of passing a personal slight upon the imperial house. He said he would not give up his religion, but he was willing to abandon the open profession of it. He must hear mass, but it should be either privately in his room, or anywhere that the queen might choose to appoint, and the world should know nothing of it. This was his only condition. If it were conceded, he would accompany the embassy to the English court.

Lord Sussex, who believed the marriage indispensable to Elizabeth's safety, reported the archduke's words, and added a hope that before she decided, "God would send her majesty good advice." If her consent would be dangerous to the reformed faith; if public scandal were likely to arise from it, no true friend to England, he said, would advise her to yield. If the real objections were taken away by the secrecy, and there remained only "an imaginary danger, not grounded upon reason," then "he that should dissuade her from an alliance which alone could defend her from many certain perils, would do an ill deed towards God, her majesty, and the realm." [1]

So Sussex wrote to the queen. With Cecil he was more explicit. The archduke, he said, would allow no Englishman to attend the Catholic service or know that it existed. He promised "to be advised by the queen if public offence should grow of it." He would himself accompany her majesty to the services of the Established Church; and he stipulated only that if he went to England, and if on seeing him she disliked his person, she should not betray the engagements which he had offered to make. Sussex pointed out to Cecil what Cecil knew as well as he—the pleasure which the marriage would give throughout England; the hope of issue, "with the avoiding of bloodshed in a disputed succession;" the security to the queen's throne; the advantages to herself "of the companionship of a virtuous prince;" "the satisfaction of the nobility;" the prospects which it would bring with it of universal peace in Europe; the probability of the prince's conversion, and the effect which that conversion would produce on the spread of the Gospel.

[1] Sussex to Elizabeth, October 24: *MSS. Germany, Rolls House.*

"Without it," he concluded—and his words are most significant—"I foresee discontent, disunion, bloodshed of her people—perhaps in her own time, for this cause, and the ruin of the realm in the end; which bloody time threateneth little respect of religion, but much malice and revenge for private ambition on all sides; which many by wilful blindness for other respects will not see, and yet put on spectacles to search a scruple under colour of religion."[1]

No words could have expressed more clearly the conviction which was forcing itself upon Elizabeth's statesmen, that the quiet which she had hitherto enjoyed was not to last much longer, and that some dangerous convulsion or other was fast approaching. The disasters of the Queen of Scots were hastening the crisis. The Catholics had been patient in the expectation of the Scottish succession. Their cause was gaining ground everywhere in Europe. They had themselves been recruiting their numbers and recovering strength and confidence through the fear or the reluctance of the queen to allow the laws to be enforced against them. They would not sit still under their disappointment, and if the succession question was to remain an open sore, they would be drawn into intrigue, conspiracy, and rebellion. In his concluding words, Sussex evidently referred to Elizabeth's evil genius, the Earl of Leicester, who, when it served his turn, had been ready to swear by Philip and the Council of Trent, and who now, it seemed, had changed colours. In resentment at the determined hostility of the Catholic noblemen, Leicester had gone over to the Puritans, carrying or seeming to carry the Earl of Pembroke along with him.[2] Caring only for his own miserable self, he had divided the council upon the marriage with the cry of "Popery;" frightened the bishops; and set on Jewel to stir the passions of the London mob.[3]

[1] Sussex to Cecil, October 27: *MSS. Germany, Rolls House.*

[2] "Lo que mas aprieta los Catolicos es ver que el Conde de Leicester se ha mucho confirmado en la heregia; y que le sigue el Conde de Pembroke á quien han tenido por Catolico."—De Silva to Philip, December 1: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] For the news which I know you are most anxious to hear of—which is of the Duke Charles, and of my Lord of Sussex's proceedings therein, there is and hath been such working to overthrow that, as the like hath not been—which is pitiful to hear of. The council here at this present are in manner divided touching the same, and it is made a matter of religion, and they say they do it for conscience' sake. But God knoweth what conscience is in them which go about to hinder it. My Lord of Leicester, my Lord Steward (Pembroke), my Lord Marquis (of Northampton), and the Vice Chamberlain (Sir T. Heneage), be against his coming in. . . . My Lord Chamberlain (Lord Howard of Effingham), my Lord Admiral (Lord Clinton), Mr. Secretary (Cecil), and Mr. Controller (Sir

A Protestant panic was systematically kindled. The deposed Catholic prelates were placed in straiter confinement.[1] Suspected houses in London were searched, and strangers found there were made to give account of themselves and their religion. English Catholics, who had attended mass at the Spanish ambassador's chapel, were arrested and imprisoned.[2] De Silva himself was supposed to have a concealed band of two thousand assassins ready to take arms. The judges were called before the Star Chamber, and ordered to enforce the laws against all persons found possessed of books of Romish theology. Magistrates, and all other officials, were summoned to the bishops' courts, and offered the oath of allegiance; and steps were taken to eject persons suspected of holding Catholic opinions out of the royal household. Elizabeth remained passive. The excitement might be useful to her if she were to decide on rejecting the archduke. When de Silva complained, she professed ignorance of what was going on, and promised to put a stop to it; but nothing was done, and she was so suspicious and sensitive, that he scarcely dared approach the subject with her.

The irritation was at its height, when a report was spread that Philip had sailed for the Low Countries, that he was coming to England by the way, and might any day arrive at Portsmouth. What it meant none could tell. Lord Montague was directed to hold himself in readiness "to wait on the king" with all commodity for his refreshing, and Sir Adrian Poynings was sent down with troops to be ready "for all events."[3]

The possibility of such a visit had been foreseen as early as August. The beacons were trimmed, the coasts were armed, and corps of matchlock volunteers had been formed along the Channel shores, with privileges and exemptions, and prizes to encourage them to practise shooting.[4]

James Crofts), do wish his coming in. Whereupon Jewel made a sermon at Paul's Cross upon Sunday was sennight, his theme being—'Cursed be he that goeth about to build again the walls of Jericho'—meaning thereby the bringing in of any doctrine contrary to this."—Sir G. S. to the Earl of Derby: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] De Silva to Philip, November 1 *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] De Silva to Philip, December 1: Ibid.

[3] "The King of Spain on his way to the Low Countries may pass through the narrow seas and perhaps touch at Portsmouth—and because that town is a town of fortifications, and not so furnished with men as this case happening were meet and convenient for all events, three hundred men to be well sorted and appointed to attend upon Sir Adrian Poynings, and be disposed in places near about the town where they may be in readiness to be speedily sent for and used as the said captain shall think meet."—Directions to Sir Adrian Poynings, August 27: *Domestic MSS.*

[4] "In the port towns along the south and west from Newcastle to

Many of these precautions, as wise in themselves, were encouraged by Cecil—yet he exerted himself none the less to thwart the unexpressed purpose for which the panic was excited. True to the original principles of Henry VIII.'s reformation, the main body of the English nation had no sympathy with revolutionary fanaticism. They adhered to the political traditions, and the alliance with Spain. They looked coldly on the Huguenots; coldly on "the beggars" of Flanders who had risen in arms to shake off the inquisition. Genevan Protestantism was not to be established in England without a civil war; and Cecil, good reformer as he was, was a better Englishman. When the archduke's proposals arrived, the advocates of the marriage all considered that he had asked for nothing which ought not to be granted to him. "My goodwill to the match"—the Duke of Norfolk wrote to Cecil on the 15th of November—"remains as firm as ever it was, and by the reasonable demand of the archduke is more increased. There is no prince of his calling, of his understanding, that would of himself, by advice, yield further upon uncertainty than as I think by his offer he doth. If it were granted in the form that he requires it, I see not that any so great hurt shall grow thereby, as we are sure the whole realm is like to incur if her majesty's marriage with this prince, in whom our whole hope consists, should break off, and thereby leave the whole realm desperate both of marriage and

Plymouth a corps to be formed of 4000 harquebuss-men, to be taken from the artificers of each town, between the ages of 18 and 30, to be duly exercised and held ready for service when called upon. Every member of the corps to receive four pounds a year—out of the which at his own cost to provide a morion, a good substantial harquebuss, with a compass stock of such bore that every three shots may weigh one ounce; flask, touch-box, sword and dagger—a jerkin of cloth, open at the sides and sleeves, with a hood of the same cloth fastened to the collar of the same jerkin.

"The queen to provide ammunition.

"For the better alluring of men to the service, the persons joining to have certain immunities, estimations, and liberties"—as "to be called harquebuss-men of the crown—to wear a scutcheon of silver with a harquebuss under a crown, and to be promised preferment in garrisons royal as places should fall vacant; to be free of the towns where they dwell; to pay no tenths, fifteenths, nor subsidies; to be free from all town rates and from muster-rolls except their own; to have liberty to shoot at certain fowl, with respect of time and place, and without hail shot. The magistrates to provide each year public games of shooting; the best prizes to be of twenty shillings at least, the second fifteen shillings, and every man's adventure to be but sixpence.

"An old soldier in every town to be sergeant. The use of the bow to be continued in villages—and pleasant means to be used to draw the youth thereunto."—Order for the encouragement of harquebuss-men, November 3, 1567: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

succession—the danger whereof you and I, as also the well-wishers both to her majesty and the realm, did so lately see and fear. If the matter may come to indifferent hearing, there will be as earnest Protestants that will maintain it, making not religion a cloke for every shower, as the other, perhaps for private practices naming one thing or minding another, will show reason to overthrow it." [1]

"The private practices" unfortunately had a formidable advocate in Elizabeth herself. Elizabeth was never so good a Protestant as when religious zeal could save her from marriage, and Leicester's suit was never listened to more favourably than when his pretensions might serve to interrupt another man's. Four weeks of irresolution intervened before she would decide what to say. The influences which were brought to bear upon her can be gathered only from the anxieties of the archduke's supporters, who saw their hopes failing them.

A second mysterious letter of the duke's, on the 24th, implies certainly that Leicester was being too successful. "If matters being hot be so soon cooled," he said, "I pray God there grow no danger to them that you and I have much care of. I like not the practices that now so fast work. My ears have glowed to hear that I have heard within these two days concerning nuptial devices. First they mind to fight with their malicious tongues, and afterwards I warrant they will not spare weapons if they may." [2]

Bad news too had been sent by Cecil to Vienna. "If Protestants be but Protestants," wrote Sussex in reply, "I mistrust not a good resolution. If some Protestants have a second interest which they cloke with religion, and place be given to their council, God defend the queen's majesty with His mighty hand, and dispose of us all at His pleasure. It seemeth to me good reason and council that the queen's majesty should look to her own surety. God, if He have not forsaken us, will direct all to the best, and send her good council herein. And if He have forsaken us and will suffer our ruin, as I have done my best to procure the queen's majesty's marriage in this place, for conscience' sake—only, I take God to record, to defend her from peril—so if by the breach thereof her peril grow, I will end as I have begun, and spend my life in her defence how soon soever I be driven thereunto." [3]

[1] The Duke of Norfolk to Cecil, November 15: *Domestic MSS.*
[2] Norfolk to Cecil, November 24: *MSS.* Ibid.
[3] Sussex to Cecil, December 19: *MSS. Germany, Rolls House.*

Elizabeth, in resisting the importunacy of her early Parliaments on the subject of her marriage, had admitted that circumstances might occur which would require so great sacrifice at her hands. If it presented itself in the form of a duty, she had intimated that she would not then be found wanting in fulfilling her obligations to her subjects. That time had come—if ever it was to come. The wisest of her advisers were now making a final effort to prevent the imminent collision of parties and principles, certain to take place if she died—but too likely in her own lifetime, unless something was done to give hope of an undisputed succession. They failed; for what reason curiosity may speculate. "The hearts of princes are unsearchable," and the heart of Elizabeth was more intricate than those of most of her order. She hoped to conciliate the Catholics by playing tricks in Scotland, and to make her own sovereign person sacred in their eyes by declaring herself the champion of Mary Stuart;[1] and the result was a chain of conspiracies in which she was the perpetual mark for assassination.

With the archduke she was in her old difficulty. She knew that she ought to accept him. While the sacrifice was distant, she believed herself capable of making it; as it drew nearer, her constitutional dislike of marriage, and the excellences of the adored Leicester, unnerved her resolution. The letters of Sussex were in London on the 10th of November; on the 11th of December Elizabeth collected herself to reply.

She had grave doubts, she said, whether the mass was not an offence against God. She could not go against her conscience, and even could she be satisfied that there would be no sin in complying, the political objections seemed unsurmountable. Secrecy was impossible; at all events she could not consent without consulting the peers. "God had so far prospered her by keeping England in peace, while Scotland, France, and

[1] "Archbishop Parker extracted out of his two Catholic prisoners Dr. Boxall and Thirlby, the ex-Bishop of Ely, a general condemnation of rebellion under all circumstances, except the one which the archbishop forgot to mention—when the prince to be resisted was excommunicated by the pope. Parker invited them to dinner, and asked them afterwards to give their opinion whether subjects were justified, under any circumstances, in taking arms against their sovereign. Of course they gave the answers which were expected of them. The Apostles, they said, had always obeyed the Roman emperors, and no Christians except such wicked heretics as Calvin, had held any other view about it."—De Silva to Philip, November 1, 1567. The Catholic doctrine on the subject was an extremely convenient one. When a sovereign was deposed by the pope, he ceased to be a sovereign. But the Bishop of Ely had forgotten that responsibility of princes to their subjects had been preached in the broadest sense by Reginald Pole.

Flanders were torn by war; and she minded still to please Him by continuing her whole realm in one manner of religion." At the same time she was extremely anxious that the treaty should not be broken off: she could not concede the point in the form in which it had been placed before her; but "it might be otherwise qualified with circumstances to avoid the danger." If the archduke could be induced to come over, the question could be settled in a few words. She desired Sussex to assure the emperor how much she valued his friendship. If the one difficulty could be overcome, "she declared that she so entertained the marriage that nothing else could stop it, God Almighty assisting the same:" and at all events, the archduke for the time of his stay in England "should have the free exercise of his religion in such convenient form as he required." [1]

It seems that this last most reasonable condition had been distinctly insisted upon by Philip: without it the archduke could not possibly comply with the queen's invitation. Had he received the promise given in these distinct words, he would in a few hours have been on his way to England; and had he once arrived, Elizabeth would have found it extremely difficult to escape from the marriage. She possibly felt this; for before the courier could leave, she had introduced a qualifying clause into the letter which at once destroyed the confidence that her language otherwise would have reasonably created. Her suitor was to be allowed the use of his religion only "so far as should be found possible."

The archduke on receiving this message replied at once that he could not stir without a distinct engagement. Sussex employed all his eloquence to remove his scruples. He said that there were so many people at home who were interested in preventing the marriage, that if he stood out he would give them a formidable advantage. If the archduke would only accompany him everything would be done which he desired, and all objections would be removed. Lord Sussex insisted that he was too good a friend to the house of Austria to mislead him on such a point, or affect more certainty than he felt. But the archduke was peremptory. If there was no other objection, he could not displease the King of Spain. Maximilian was generally gracious; the archduke was affectionate and confidential; but so far as insisting that during the first visit to England the queen's expectant husband should not be made a heretic prematurely, they were both immovable.

[1] Elizabeth to Sussex, December 11: *MSS. Germany.*

In the pause which followed, an accidental circumstance of some importance required Sussex's presence in England. Leicester, as he well knew, was at the bottom of the whole difficulty; and he believed that he could better counteract this pernicious influence in person. The occasion of his return was the close in death of the long illness of Lady Catherine Grey. This poor lady had been guilty of being by the will of Henry VIII. the next heir to the English crown. She had been the object of the political schemes of all parties in turn who hoped to make use of her; and she had committed the imprudence (as will be remembered) of contracting a secret marriage with Lord Hertford, which had furnished an excuse for her perpetual imprisonment. She had sunk at length under hard treatment and separation from her husband, and had died a victim partly to the queen's jealousy and partly to the hard conditions of the times. She had left two boys behind her of ambiguous legitimacy, and Sussex was required to assist in discussing the difficult questions which arose upon her decease. The settlement of the Austrian alliance, however, was of far deeper moment: to this, on his arrival in England, he immediately addressed himself; and understanding well in what quarter he could alone work successfully, he went directly to Leicester.

He believed that his remonstrances were not wholly thrown away. Leicester pretended to be moved; but there were still doubts, manœuvres, and deceptions. De Silva had long been satisfied that the queen was insincere from the beginning, and Sussex found but too surely that de Silva was right. If the pains which he had taken ended in nothing—if Leicester deceived him, and the queen allowed herself to be misled by sinister persuasions into betraying the interests of the country—the earl said he would publish to the world the names of those who had occasioned the failure; the whole realm should know who the persons were that had laboured so fatally for its ruin.[1] Events moved too quickly to allow him to accomplish his threat. The negotiations dropped once more and died away, and when years after Elizabeth would have again played the same game, the archduke refused to be any more the toy of her caprice, and gave his hand elsewhere. The calamities followed which Sussex had foreseen. Half the English peerage drifted into treason—the Catholics became the tools of the Jesuits, and Lord Surrey's son followed his father to the scaffold.

The uncertainty of the succession which had been the prime

[1] De Silva to Philip, March 20, 1568: *MSS. Simancas.*

occasion of Queen Catherine's divorce, of the rupture with Rome, of Henry's matrimonial disasters, was still the root of the reviving agitation. The Catholics could have found no party to support them in an insurrection, had the political stability of the country been otherwise assured; and had the Catholics remained quiet, there would have been no persecution of them to bring down the thunder of the Vatican and to provoke the long-suffering of Spain. The anxiety of Philip for the restoration of the authority of Rome, great as it legitimately was, was not so great as his desire to maintain a firm and moderate government in England; and Elizabeth might have remained in her own creed, undisturbed by interference from the Catholic powers, if the internal peace had not been broken by discontents of which religion was but the secondary cause.

One aspect of Elizabeth as she sailed along on the surface of this seething ocean—the eyes with which she looked around upon it, the language in which she talked about herself, her prospects, the attitude of foreign powers, and her own marriage, —may be seen, in a letter of de Silva's written while she affected to be in suspense, before the return of Sussex, and after the rumours had been dispelled of the immediate coming of Philip.

DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.

January 17.

"I waited upon the queen yesterday in behalf of your majesty. I told her that your majesty was in good health, at which she expressed a lively pleasure. She asked about the state of Flanders: I informed her that I had received the most satisfactory assurances from the Duke of Alva and others in authority there, and that all was quiet.

"She then said that reports had reached her of some league or confederation, supposed to exist between the pope, the emperor, your majesty, the King of France, and other Christian princes, the object of which was the settlement of religion, and in consequence, with a special direction against herself. Her subjects believed—she took care to tell me that she herself did not—that your majesty was coming yourself to England, to give her trouble and to force her back into submission to the pope.

"I said that I was surprised at her listening to such extravagant nonsense. Those reports were circulated by persons who wished to cause estrangement between your majesty and herself;

to lead her to suspect your majesty who had always been her friend, and to commit herself to the support of a fanatical party who would entangle her in a course of action by which she would forfeit the goodwill with which your majesty regarded her. Your majesty might be willing at all times to resume your personal happy relations with her; but these persons sought to force her into a position where your majesty could not befriend her without first exacting satisfaction, and where she herself would be unable to credit your majesty with the kind feelings towards her which in fact you entertained.

"'The story was,' she said, 'that as soon as order had been restored in France, your majesty, the emperor, and the French king intended to send a formal deputation to her, to request her to give up her religion and return to communion with Rome; to say that she had no right to make herself singular; that while England remained in schism, the rest of Europe would never be at peace; and that if she refused to consent, they would be forced to take arms against her, and make over her crown to some other person.'

"'She did not think this likely,' she said, 'but if they tried any such game, they would find that she knew how to defend herself.' She spoke with as much spirit as if the danger was already at her door.

"I told her it was all baseless nonsense—your majesty was her good friend, and would never be anything else, unless she herself gave occasion for it, which I was sure she would not do. Your majesty did not covet other princes' dominions, least of all hers.

"'It was not pretended,' she replied, 'that your majesty aimed at anything beyond restoring the old religion. No other reason, she was well aware, would so far influence your majesty.'

"I said everything I could think of to quiet her. Your majesty, I reminded her, had shown in all your actions that the chief object of your life was to resist the Turks, the common enemy of Christendom, and to be able to give account to God and the world of the countries which God had committed to your special charge. You meddled nowhere else, and had no wish to cause trouble and disturbance among your neighbours' subjects. This had been the uniform practice both of your majesty and your predecessors, and I told her as her friend that she ought not to lend her ears to any such idle slanders. Especially, I trusted she would take no ill-considered step which might compel your majesty to change your attitude towards her. She

should not let herself be misled by those who made it their business to stir up sedition and move rebellion against princes. I assured her positively that your majesty would never injure her, or allow her to be injured. As to her religion, the Catholic princes were not without good hopes of her. Your majesty, for the love which you bore towards her, desired naturally to see her adopt what you believed to be the true creed; but your majesty was not the keeper of her conscience, and you would not expose yourself to the inconveniences which would arise from the dissolution of your alliance with England.

"This, I think, satisfied her, for she turned to other subjects. Doubtless there are accursed people about her court who feed her with suspicions—restless malicious creatures on all sides of her. I advised her to be cautious with them, or they would bring her into trouble. Her business, I told her, was to preserve peace at home, and not to quarrel with her friends abroad. She confessed at last that those who most worried her were those whom she had most obliged, and who ought to have helped her in her difficulties. I said it was just what I expected. The Catholics were her firmest support, because the Catholics, as might be seen everywhere, were obedient to their princes." [1]

It is necessary to insist that de Silva, in his account of Philip's feelings towards Elizabeth, was speaking the exact truth. Spain had endured a thousand injuries from the English buccaneers, for which no reparation had been made, and none was likely to be obtained; yet sooner than quarrel with Elizabeth and break an alliance which his present relations with the Netherlands made more than ever necessary to him, he submitted to intolerable wrong; he bore with his sister-in-law's heresy; he stood between her and the pope; he was deaf to the clamours of her Catholic subjects, believing, or trying to believe, that the grace of God might at last work upon her. When he received de Silva's account of the conversation, he approved with undisguised emphasis of all which had been said in his name. "He was," he said, "and he always would be, the sincere friend of that poor princess, who he trusted would at no distant period return to her senses, and for whose conversion he would never cease to labour." [2]

[1] De Silva to Philip, January 17: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] Philip to de Silva, February, 1568: Ibid.

CHAPTER XV

FLIGHT OF MARY STUART TO ENGLAND

In the first measures directed against the Queen of Scots Catholic and Protestant had acted together. She had outraged her old friends by having consented to be married with Calvinistic forms. Of the Reformers not one had been deluded to her side by her seeming apostasy from Rome. The establishment of the government of the Earl of Murray threw back the two parties into their natural antagonism. The disaffected noblemen might seem to submit, but their hostility to the regent, if unavowed, was no less determined. As the queen had not been put to death, her restoration, at least to liberty, was regarded by every one as, sooner or later, inevitable; and as the Hamiltons saw themselves cut off from the advantages which they expected from her destruction, it remained to them to make the best of their position, to fall back on the alternative which Throgmorton supposed that they would have originally preferred. They resolved to carry out the scheme for which they had called the unsuccessful meeting at Glasgow, to refuse to recognise the abdication, and as soon as Bothwell could be disposed of by death or divorce, to make a fourth husband for Mary Stuart out of the Lord of Arbroath, the heir-presumptive of their house. While, therefore, Argyle, Huntly, Herries, and the rest of their friends made terms with Murray, Arbroath himself, with his uncle the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Lord Fleming, shut themselves up in Dumbarton, calculating either on the eventual armed support of Elizabeth, or on some turn in the revolving wheel of French politics which would bring the court under the control of the Guises. The Duke of Chatelherault remained in Paris, representing steadily to Catherine de Medici that it was to him and his family, and not to the Protestants, that France must look for the recovery of its hold upon Scotland. Parties, he said, would subside into their proper relations as soon as Elizabeth's preposterous attitude should end, as end it must. Elizabeth was for the present

threatening the Scotch Reformers in the hope of pleasing Spain and her own Catholic subjects; while the French court was supporting them under Huguenot influence, because the Huguenots looked for popularity in France by bringing back the Scots to their old alliance. But all this was but temporary—a mere eddy in the real stream; and Catherine was but deluding herself if she expected that tendencies so utterly anomalous would in the end prevail. So the duke argued, not altogether with success. Catherine, like her husband Henry, was indifferent which party among her subjects she made use of, so France gained strength by it; and there was a sympathy between the Scotch Calvinists and the Huguenots which both refused to the colder ritualism of England. She preferred to watch and wait till Elizabeth perhaps might drive Murray into accepting the hand which so far she had held out to him in vain.[1]

In spite of the Hamiltons' incredulity, Elizabeth persisted till she had all but produced this very result. As if to prove that she was sincere in her present professions, she proposed to Catherine to unite with her in closing the ports of both France and England against the Scots—that "the people being letted from their traffic," might rise against the government.[2] Catherine of course refused. Elizabeth found that if she moved she must move alone; and either the agitated condition of her own country, her own prudence, or the refusal of the council to countenance hostilities, held her back from committing herself by overt interference. She gave general assurances to the Hamiltons, which prevented them from surrendering Dumbarton; but at this point she restrained herself, and Murray felt himself growing daily stronger in his seat. The sale of part

[1] Elizabeth's principal difficulty in raising a party for the queen in Scotland arose from a doubt whether she would be able to act upon her own feelings, however strong they might be. On the 20th of September Herries wrote to Lord Scrope:—"I have received writings from my Lords of St. Andrews and Arbroath in answer to Sir N. Throgmorton's letters. Because they are not sure of the queen's grace's mind, your sovereign, they dare not be plain. Howbeit it is the thing they most desire, and if they may see help assuredly they will do their utter power."

And again, September 21:—

"If there be any hope the queen's majesty of England will take to do in this cause, I pray your lordship advertise me. I believe if her grace would enter into the matter, the regent and the lords neither would nor durst refuse such appointment as her highness thought good should be made, if it were but only they understood she would bend her mind to have it so: *except they understand the nobility of England would not assist the queen therein.*"—*Border MSS.*: September, 1567.

[2] Elizabeth to Sir H. Norris, September 27: *Printed in* KEITH.

of the queen's jewels gave him funds for his immediate necessities.[1]

So far as his ability reached "he dealt very roundly and sharply." The Earls of Argyle and Huntly raised no difficulties, and opposed him in nothing; the country settled into quiet, and Mary Stuart herself ceased to complain of her confinement. Fascinating the household of Lochleven, and even winning over by her charms the austere mother of the regent, she recovered her health and her spirits. Those who had been loudest in their outcries against her began to soften and make excuses for her errors.[2] The reaction of feeling which Maitland had foretold to Throgmorton as a reason for severity, set in even sooner than it was expected. She became, in the severe language of the Puritan Bedford, "merry and wanton;"[3] and in default of other occupation, she amused her lonely hours with the adoration of the younger brother of the lord of the castle, George Douglas.[4] "The regent made fair weather with her," as a step towards restoring her to liberty,[5] and Scotland was already forgetting its indignation in sentimental compassion.

[1] Every step in Murray's administration—and therefore this among the rest—has been a subject for historical reprobation. Yet the sale in itself would seem too simple to require to be defended. Mary Stuart was held to have forfeited her crown, and in justice to have forfeited her life. She left behind her jewels of great value, an empty treasury, and a country in a state of anarchy. The regent, with the consent of the Scotch Parliament, availed himself of a resource which he could use without distressing the people. . . . No secret was made of it. "The regent," Sir Wm. Drury wrote on the 30th of September, "is very bare of money. The queen's jewels shall to gage, if not sold outright, if a chapman or a lender upon reasonable interest may be gotten."—*Border MSS.*: 1567.

A case of pearls was brought to London in the spring of 1568. After some hesitation, they were purchased for 12,000 crowns by Elizabeth; and she, too, has fallen in for her share of consequent obloquy. The proceeding seemed so little improper to Catherine de Medici that she wrote to her ambassador in England in the following words:—"Quant au bagues de la Reyne d'Escosse, et desquelles la Reyne d'Angleterre a retenu les perles, comme vous m'avez despuis mandé, il n'est plus de besoing de vous mectre en pique; pour ce que je desire qu'elle les retienne toutes comme il est bien raisonable; et si je les avoiz je les luy envoyerois."—La Reyne Mère à M. de la Forest, May 21; cf. M. de la Forest à la Reyne Mère, May 2 and May 15: TEULET, vol. ii.

Elizabeth afterwards called Murray to account for the remainder. Murray answered: "This I may boldly affirm unto your highness, that neither I nor any friend of mine has been enriched with the value of a groat of any her goods to our private uses. Neither, as God knows, did the ground and occasion of any of my actions proceed of sic a mind."—Murray to Elizabeth, October 6, 1568: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Drury to Cecil, September 30.

[3] Bedford to Cecil, October 23: *Border MSS.*

[4] Drury to Cecil, November 28: Ibid.

[5] Ibid.

Nor was there even wanting a more legitimate cause for the revulsion. The guilt of the murder had been rested wholly on Bothwell and the queen. As the persons concerned in it were successively caught and examined, many great names appeared in their confessions, as more or less implicated, and such facts could not wholly be concealed from the world. Bonds were mentioned, which unfortunately were still in existence, signed by the most powerful of the nobility. Hepburn of Bolton, one of the last of Bothwell's servants who had been brought to trial, spoke distinctly to having seen one of them. Ormiston, another of the murderers, swore to the same names; and Hepburn charged Sir James Balfour with having contrived the whole conspiracy. Whatever care might be taken to keep these depositions secret, it was impossible to prevent some hints of what they contained from leaking out; and men began to ask why, when so many were guilty, the queen should have been left to bear the burden alone? [1]

A measure, which the lords had not intended, but which circumstances forced upon them, aggravated the growing feeling. The deposition of a sovereign, the coronation of a child, the constitution of a regency, made it necessary that Parliament should meet. The reviving sympathy with the queen made every one who had taken part in the revolution anxious to provide for his safety; and with regard to the murder itself, there was a general desire, in which Murray probably shared, to punish Bothwell and his instruments, but to drop a veil over the guilt of others whose acquiescence in his government was essential to its stability.

The famous casket which, till Murray's return from France, had been in the hands of Morton, was by him on the 16th of September placed in the charge of the regent. The regent undertook that the letters and writings which it contained should "always be ready and forthcoming to the Earl of Morton and the remaining noblemen that entered into the quarrel," in case the world should call on them "to manifest the ground and equity of their proceedings." [2] The writings which it was desirable to keep were those only which affected the queen and Bothwell. If, as there is reason to believe, the Craigmillar bond was in the casket also, the destruction of it was as much a matter of moment to those whose names were written on it

[1] Avisos de Escocia que envia el Embajador Guzman de Silva: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Records of the Scottish Council, *printed in* ANDERSON'S *Collection.*

as the preservation of the rest. Hepburn, on the scaffold, mentioned the bond, and insisted that it would be found, if Bothwell's papers were searched.[1] It would be asked for, and the existence of it was dangerous to all parties, for Huntly's and Argyle's names were on it as well as Maitland's. The Parliament was to open in December. A preliminary meeting of the lords was held at the end of November. Their first act, as Sir William Drury on the 28th informed Cecil, was to reduce the dangerous document to ashes.[2] The act itself was eminently natural. To have permitted it, may pass for a blot on Murray's escutcheon, if the paper was ever in his hands; more probably, it was never allowed to reach his eyes. Yet even if it was done with his fullest consent, his conduct might well be defended. To punish every one who was tainted with complicity in the murder was simply impossible. To attempt it would be to break up the government, to surrender Scotland to civil war, to foreign invasion, and to a future in which nothing was certain but its misery. In the people who were rising into power beyond the circle of the lords, there was a fervid and deep-toned religion—but it was Calvinism in its hardest form—Calvinism moulded on the Israelitish pattern, fierce, ruthless, and unmanageable. The nobles themselves were, for the most part, without God, creed, or principle; while England and France—keen observers of all that passed—were ready, each or both of them, to step in on the first sign of internal confusion. There was still in Scotland a small minority of wise, upright, noble-minded men, who would have stood by Murray had there been any chance that Murray could himself stand if he took another course. But to do this he must have been able to say to Elizabeth, "Thus I am placed, and thus is Scotland placed; help us through these dark entanglements, and earn the gratitude of every Scot who has the fear of God in his heart." Such words would have found a response in Cecil, but he might as well, and well he knew it, have tried to melt with his eloquence the rock of Edinburgh Castle as the English queen. To the modern student, the guilt of all parties who were implicated in Darnley's murder appears very much the same. To those who were bred up in that wild age and life, a stab with a dirk was an ordinary exodus out of life, an ordinary feature of passionate

[1] Avisos de Escocia: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] "The writing which did comprehend the names and consents of the chiefs for the murdering of the king is turned to ashes; the same that concerns the queen's part kept to be shown."—Drury to Cecil, November 28: *Border MSS.*

revenge; while the conspiracy of a faithless wife and the assassination of an inconvenient husband were crimes which had been always infamous.

The lords would, perhaps, have extended the amnesty to the queen, and Murray obviously wished that this should be done; yet the exigencies and the danger of the other culprits again prevented even justice. The lords were liable to be called in question by the European powers for dethroning their sovereign. The union among themselves—ill-cemented as it was—might dissolve, or a revolution might restore Mary Stuart to the throne, by the aid of one or other of the many factions among themselves. Their mutual security required that they should all commit themselves to an approval of the queen's dethronement, and to a formal statement of the grounds on which it had been carried out. They were ready to defend, as they called it, the queen's honour; to keep secret among themselves the proofs which they possessed of her criminality; but they could afford no mysteries one towards the other; and it seemed impossible, with a sufficient regard to their own safety, to avoid passing some formal censures upon her. A second meeting was held on the 4th of December, to consider how in case the queen's deposition should be approved in Parliament, "perfect law and security might be had" for those who were concerned in forcing it upon her. Among the persons present were Murray, Glencairn, Semple, Grange—of all the Protestant leaders the least capable of dishonourable conduct. Maitland and Balfour were there also, the two who had most to conceal. The regent was already shrinking from Maitland, not liking his "politic" and crooked ways,[1] but he could not do without him; and "after a long reasoning, no other way" to their object could be found "but, as they said, by opening and revealing the truth and ground of the whole matter, from the beginning, plainly and uprightly." "So far as the manifestation thereof might tend to the dishonour of the queen, they were most loath to enter on it;" but "the sincerity of their intentions could not otherwise be made known;" "there was so much uncertainty at home and abroad" that "the

[1] Throgmorton, writing to Sir Robert Melville, deplores the growing differences between them. "Maitland," he said, was a man of great ability, and the regent "wronged himself in not making larger use of his services." He admitted, however, that Maitland had an "intolerably" high opinion of himself, and desired to dictate in everything according to worldly policy, while the regent endeavoured "to direct all his conduct immediately by the Word of God."—Throgmorton to Melville, May 6, 1568: TEULET, vol. ii.

world could by no other means be satisfied of the righteousness of their quarrel;" "God would suffer no wickedness to be hid, and all actions founded not on the simple and naked truth had no continuance nor stability."[1]

The crime which Maitland had contemplated was so different from, and, as he regarded it, so much more innocent than, that which had been actually perpetrated, that he may have employed this language without any scruple of conscience. The publication itself was no more than he had told the English ambassador that Elizabeth would force upon them.

The Parliament met on the 15th of December. Four bishops, fourteen abbots, twelve earls, fifteen lords, three eldest sons of earls, and thirty "burrows" were present; a number of the representatives of the commons without precedent in Scotch history. A series of Acts embodying the resolutions of the council were prepared by the Lords of the Articles—among whom were Huntly and Argyle.[2]

The abdication at Lochleven, the coronation of James, and the regency of Murray were successively declared to have been lawful; and lastly, in an Act "anent the retention of their sovereign lord's mother's person," the genuineness of the evidence by which her share in the murder was proved, was accepted as beyond doubt or question. When the measure was laid before Parliament, Lord Herries, with one or two others, protested, not against the truth of the charges, but "against an Act which was prejudicial to the honour, power, and estate of the queen."[3] But their objections were overruled. The Acts were passed; the last and most important declaring "that the taking of arms by the lords and barons, the apprehension of the queen's person, and generally all other things spoken and done by them to that effect, since the 10th of February last period,

[1] Act of Secret Council, December 4: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[2] The share taken by these two noblemen in preparing the Acts of this Parliament have an important bearing on the authenticity of the casket letters. The letters formed the chief ground on which one of the Acts was based. Lord Huntly was repeatedly mentioned in them, with details of his conduct, which could have been known to no one but himself and the queen; and had no such conversations taken place as the queen described, no one could have contradicted them more easily. Argyle and he, indeed, declared that their assent was conditional on the queen's acquiescence, and they published a statement in which they accused Murray of having been privy to the murder: yet they said nothing about a forgery of the letters, which, if real, they could not but have known; and had they been able to prove—had they been able even plausibly to assert—that there had been foul play against the queen, the whole of Europe would at once have declared on her side.

[3] Herries to Mary Stuart: Teulet, vol. ii. p. 387.

were caused by the said queen's own default." "It was most certain, from divers her privy letters, written wholly with her own hand to the Earl of Bothwell, and by her ungodly and dishonourable proceeding to a pretended marriage with him, that she was privy art and part of the device and deed of the murder, and therefore justly deserved whatever had been done to her. Indirect counsel and means had been used to hold back the knowledge of the truth, yet all men were fully persuaded in their hearts of the authors and devisers of the fact. The nobility perceiving the queen so thrall and so blindly affectionate to the private appetite of the tyrant, and perceiving also that both he and she had conspired together such horrible cruelty, they had at length taken up arms to punish them." [1]

At first it was proposed to send a copy of this Act to the courts of France, Spain, England, and the Empire, to accompany it not with the letters, but with the independent evidence of those who had directly accused the queen—for instance, with Hepburn's [2]—and to inquire what, in the opinion of the great powers, was the conduct they ought to pursue. Had their hands been clean they might have done it. Mary Stuart's cause would have been judged freely by her peers, and her name would have vanished out of history; but the experiment, except in part, was too dangerous to risk.

Having done with the queen, the Parliament went on to re-enact the great measure of 1560 for the establishment of the Kirk. Here it was that the reaction of the last seven years became conspicuous, and the opposition to the regent, which barely showed itself in the interest of the queen, appeared in formidable dimensions. The Catholic noblemen might have been conciliated with toleration, but toleration formed no part of Murray's or any other sincere creed in the sixteenth century. He insisted that the Catholic religion should be prohibited under pain of death in all parts of Scotland; and he carried his point,

[1] Acts of Parliament begun at Edinburgh, December 15: ANDERSON'S *Collection*.

[2] "Juan Hepburn de Bolton ha acusado á la Reyna del homicidio, y los Señores tienen determinado de enviar á todos los grandes Principes asi á la Reyna como á todos los demas de la Xdad, para tener su parecer ado proceder attento el delicto de la muer te de su marido." Hepburn's evidence, as it is published, does not touch the queen. It was found perhaps that if sent it must be sent entire, and that he had told too much. There was already dissatisfaction in Scotland at the supposed mutilation of Hepburn's depositions. Men asked "porque Juan Hepburn de Bolton y los otros no fuéron compelidos á declarar publicamente la manera de la muerte del Rey, y quienes fuéron los que consintiéron en ella."—Avisos de Escocia, 7 de Enero, 1568: *MSS. Simancas.*

but at a heavy cost. Caithness and Athol, and the Bishop of Murray, spoke freely and indignantly for the rights of conscience, and the large minority which supported them went over in a body at the close of the session to the side of disaffection and the Hamiltons.

Compromises there indeed were; but compromises which sought to save the purity of the faith at the expense of honour and integrity. The Acts against the queen professed to tell the whole truth, and told but half of it. A commission was appointed to consider the limits of the jurisdiction of the Kirk. Maitland, who believed in nothing, and Balfour, who had been rewarded for his treachery to Bothwell by the Priory of Pittenweem, sate upon it by the side of Knox, and Craig, and Spotswood. The strangeness of the picture received a new touch in the public shame which the general assembly dared to inflict on the proudest of the Scotch nobles, and which the great McCallummore consented to accept at its hands. To punish the Bishop of Murray for his conduct in Parliament, a charge of adultery was brought against him, for which he stood in sackcloth in the chapel royal at Stirling during the service. "At his side stood the Earl of Argyle, in like raiment, for the like offence," and the Countess of Argyle also, the regent's sister, "for having slandered the Kirk in assisting at the baptism of the king in papistical manner." [1]

The most confident historian may well distrust his ability either to understand or to reproduce the temper of an age in which such a scene was possible. The public disgrace of high-born sinners, however, could hardly have assisted in producing the peace for which so much else was sacrificed; and something of the storm about to break over Scotland may be traced to an absence of worldly wisdom in the new-born Church.

Nevertheless neither the political nor the spiritual mischiefs which resulted from the Parliament were immediately visible. The regent seemed to have tided over his most pressing difficulties. The great nobles were outwardly on good terms with him; a marriage was talked of between his daughter and a son of Lord Huntly, and between Lady Murray's sister and a brother of Argyle. The session closed on the 29th of December. On the 3rd of January Dalgleish, Powrie, Hepburn, and Hay of Tallo were hanged and quartered. A day or two after Nicholas Elphinstone, Murray's confidential secretary, carried copies of

[1] Avisos de Escocia, 7 Enero: *MSS. Simancas.* Report of the General Assembly, December 25: CALDERWOOD.

the Acts to Elizabeth, with explanations, so far as explanation was possible, of the grounds on which they had been passed. Elizabeth's anger would now have had time to cool, and it was hoped that on a quiet view of the situation she would be induced to take Scotland under her protection, acknowledging the regency, and win the heart of the whole nation by adopting James as her successor at last.[1]

For his sister Murray's hope was that by some obscure marriage she might at once disappoint the Hamiltons and give security to the country for her future behaviour. His mother had looked with interested favour on the intimacy which was growing between her younger son and the queen. Mary Stuart, either to relieve the lassitude of her confinement, or more probably to secure the services of a devoted slave to assist her escape, had allowed Lady Douglas to believe that she was thinking seriously of taking him for her husband, and Lady Douglas was entirely willing that he should be promoted to so questionable an honour. The regent, however, more aware than his mother of the construction which the world would place on such an arrangement, refused to hear of it. George Douglas was sent from the castle to pine lovesick into treason, and the regent cast his thoughts upon Lord Methuen, grandson of the Methuen who was the third husband of Margaret Tudor, as a person whose insignificance would keep Mary Stuart in the shade, and hold down her restlessness in innocent retirement.[2]

But neither was the Queen of Scots to be disposed of by any such placid arrangement, nor was Murray to reap so quiet a harvest from the seed which had been sown at the Parliament. A doubt was gathering over his probity through the concealment of Bothwell's accomplices; and the noble families of Scotland were eager to revolt against the despotic assumptions of the Kirk. The severity of Murray's administration made an enemy of every man who had cause to fear the hand of justice. Elizabeth resisted his advances with a steadiness which forced him, in spite of himself, to look to France at last for support;[3]

[1] M. de la Forest au Roy, February 2, 1568: TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] De Silva to Philip, April 24, 1568: *MSS. Simancas.* Drury to Cecil, April, 1568: *Border MSS.*

[3] In April Murray sent an agent to Paris to tell the queen-mother and the king that, except for the hope that they would assist him, he would never have undertaken the government. He undertook to maintain the French alliance, and begged that none of the queen's French connections should be allowed to come over to trouble the peace of Scotland.—Mémorandum d'un agent de Murray, envoyé vers le Roy de France et la Reine Mère: TEULET, vol. ii. p. 349.

but his application came at a time when the returning influence of the Guises was inclining Catherine once more to the side of her daughter-in-law.

Cecil continued to press on Elizabeth the prudence of maintaining the young king, but Elizabeth remained impracticable. Cecil, in his own letters to Murray, durst not give him the title of regent, and rumour, busy in aggravating the differences between Murray's party and England, reported that the earl had taken offence at the slight upon his dignity.[1] There was no fear that Murray and Cecil would permanently misunderstand each other, but the queen would allow no kind of approach between the governments of the two countries. Elphinstone went to and fro with messages and counter-messages, but Elizabeth recognised him only so far as to buy the Queen of Scots' pearls of him; and, at length, to consent that the wardens of the English marches should transact business with the *de facto* administration. Towards Elphinstone himself she showed characteristic displeasure. All the protests of the council could not induce her to make the usual allowance for his post horses, and Throgmorton could but hope that "so good a gentleman would not, for his particular ill-treatment, do anything which might mar the good intelligence betwixt the realms, however sufficient cause there might have been to put that devotion to hazard."[2]

France sent but cold answers. In the past autumn Catherine could not find words strong enough to express her indifference to her daughter-in-law or her goodwill to the administration by which she had been deposed. Now, after a short uncertainty,[3] the balance inclined again to Mary Stuart. In the place of the Huguenot de Lignerolles, M. de Beaumont, a Guisian and a Catholic, was sent to Scotland to mediate in the queen's interests; or, in other words, if the regent would not consent to his suggestions, to recognise and assist the Hamiltons.

[1] Murray, when the story reached him, wrote: "For style or title, I am, praise to God, nothing curious or ambitious of them—my travail tending unto another form, that is, next to God's glory, to entertain the peace, and minister justice to my sovereign's subjects so long as it shall please God that I sustain the burden."—Murray to Cecil, February 28, 1568: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[2] Throgmorton to Sir Wm. Drury, May 6: Teulet, vol. ii.

[3] The reply of the French court to Murray's memorial is preserved in two drafts of a letter, one of which was a mere acknowledgment that it had been received; the other, by the addition and alteration of a few sentences, is most markedly favourable to Mary Stuart. Which of the two was sent does not appear; but the tide was turning, and the second represented the intended policy of the queen-mother.—Teulet, vol. ii. p. 371.

Under these circumstances it could not be but that some effort would before long be made for Mary Stuart's release. So long as she remained in Lochleven a rising in arms in her cause would probably be the signal for her death; but with the assistance of George Douglas she was in close correspondence with her friends. She had confederates in the castle, and was kept aware of all the efforts which were being made in her favour. As the hold of the regent upon Scotland grew weaker, a general sense prevailed that she would not be much longer a prisoner—either she would escape, or her brother himself would be obliged to let her go. The compromises at the Parliament had failed of their effect after all. Murray had entangled himself in crooked ways to reconcile Argyle and Huntly to the regency; but when the papers which committed them were in the flames, they followed their natural tendencies, and swayed back to the Hamiltons and the Catholics. He had succeeded only in offending the noblest of his own friends, and the world believed that he would either fall or come to an arrangement with his sister.

Neither she, however, nor the Hamiltons desired that she should purchase her freedom by any fresh engagements; and throughout the spring successive plans were formed and tried for her escape.[1] At first it was proposed to carry her off by a *coup-de-main*. There were but thirty effective men in the garrison. A heavy barge was kept on the lake to carry supplies to the island, and the crew had agreed to ferry over an armed party sixty or seventy strong, who coming suddenly on the guard, could easily overpower them. A Frenchman in the queen's service, who had not been admitted into the secret, discovered something of what was going on, and supposing it to be a contrivance of the Protestant fanatics to take her out of Murray's hands and destroy her, he gave a hint to Sir William Douglas; the barge was broken up, and for the future a skiff, sculled by a single pair of hands, was alone allowed to approach the island. One person was more easy to deal with than many. The solitary boatman was next bribed; a foundling page in the castle, who had been adopted by the Laird of Lochleven, and called after him the Little Douglas, undertook to seduce the sentinels, open the gate in the night, and bring the queen to

[1] The story in the text, which differs in some respects from that which is commonly received, is the account given by young Beton to the Spanish ambassador in London. Beton assisted personally in her escape, and was sent by her immediately after to London and Paris to communicate the particulars of it.—De Silva to Philip, June —: *MSS. Simancas.*

the waterside.[1] This plan, too, threatened to fail. Sir William Douglas, through some suspicion of the man, dismissed him, and appointed another; but he fortunately quarrelled with the substitute after a few days' trial, replaced the first, and all was thus made easy again.[2] The outer gate of the castle was every day locked at sunset, the keys were brought to Douglas, and were laid on the table at his side. On the evening of the second of May, between eight and nine—perhaps in the waning light, when the torches were not yet kindled, when the wine made eyes dim and ears heavy—the little page, who stood behind him, covered the keys with a plate, and swept them off the board unobserved. He glided out, and crossed the court to the round tower. The queen was waiting in the dress of one of her servants, and with a little girl at her side, walked quietly with him to the gate. Four or five men were standing about, but the light was faint, and they were supposed only to be two of the castle women who were going on shore.[3] They passed out uninter-

[1] Another story was told by Sir Wm. Drury, and was repeated by de Silva to Philip. De Silva's words are a mere translation of Drury's, and he had evidently no other authority for what he was writing.

Drury's words are:—"On the 25th of March she enterprised an escape, and was rather the nearer effect through her accustomed long lying in bed all the morning. The manner of it was thus: There cometh in to her the laundress, early, as at other times before she was wonted, and the queen according to such a secret practice putteth on her the weed of the laundress, and so with the fardel of clothes, and the muffler upon her face, passeth out and entereth the boat to pass the loch. After some space, one of them that rowed said merrily, 'Let us see what manner of dame this is,' and therewith offered to pull down her muffler, which to defend she put up her hands, which they spied to be very fair and white; wherewith they entered into suspicion who she was, beginning to wonder at her enterprise; whereat she was little dismayed, but charged them upon danger of their lives to row her over, which they nothing regarded, but eftsoons rowed her back again, promising her that it should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house under whose guard she lieth."—Drury to Cecil, April 3: *MSS. Border.*

This is highly picturesque, and under some aspects carries with it internal probability. Circumstantial legends too require time for their growth, and Drury's letter was written within eight days of the date which he gives for the attempt; on the other hand, Beton, who was employed all the spring in arranging the plan, says nothing of it, and it seems unlikely that such a venture would have been risked unless the boatmen had been prepared. Possibly, however, they might have been detained by some accident at the castle, and others sent across in their places. This supposition would harmonise better with the rest of the story, and the conduct attributed to Mary is extremely like her in all respects.

[2] De Silva says that Lady Lochleven herself had been gained over, which is possible, but not likely.

[3] In an Italian account printed by Labanoff, it is said that the queen wore a white veil with a red fringe, which on getting out she waved as a preconcerted signal to her friends on shore. Mr. Tytler accepts so

rupted, the page locking the gate behind him. They sprang into the skiff, carried off the oars and rowlocks from the castle boats, to make pursuit impossible, and in a few minutes they were on shore.[1]

George Douglas, young Beton, and the Laird of Ricarton, a kinsman of Bothwell, were waiting for them. After walking a mile, they found a party of cavaliers, who had emptied Lochleven's stables to mount themselves, and had provided a horse for the queen. A few yards further was Lord Seton with fifty servants. There was not a moment to lose. The country was all Protestant, and might be raised by beacons. The girl who had been the companion of the flight was left behind—there were no means of taking her away, and as the queen was free, she said, "they might do what they would with her." Off shot the troop—off and away into the darkness! Eleven months had passed since Mary Stuart had been in the saddle, but confinement had not relaxed the sinews which no fatigue could tire. Neither strength nor spirit failed her now. Straight through the night they galloped on, and drew bridle first at Queen's Ferry. Claud Hamilton, with fresh horses, was on the other side of the Forth, and they sprang to their saddles again. A halt was allowed them at Lord Seton's house at Long Niddry, but the queen required no rest. While the men were stretching their aching legs, Mary Stuart was writing letters at her table. She wrote a despatch to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and sent a messenger off with it to Paris. She sent Ricarton to collect a party of the Hepburns and recover Dunbar, bidding him when the castle was secured, go on to Bothwell, and tell him that she was free. Two hours were spent in this way, and then to horse again. Soon after sunrise she was at Hamilton among her friends.[2]

Ricarton missed Dunbar; Lord Hume was too quick for him; but at Hamilton it must have seemed as if the loyal hearts of the Scottish nation had sprung to life to greet their sovereign. There were two Scotlands—then as for centuries to come—as perhaps at the present hour; the Scotland of Knox and the assembly, the Scotland of the Catholics and Mary Stuart; the

picturesque an incident, but Beton is silent. If the light would have allowed such a thing to be seen half a mile off, it is extremely unlikely that there would have been any signalling.

[1] Don Francis de Alava says that in case he had failed to secure the keys, the little page had made a ladder with a couple of oars lashed together.—Alava to Philip, May 22: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] News from Scotland, May 9: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.* Relacion de la manera que la Reyna de Escocia se libró de la prision.—*MSS. Simancas.*

Scotland of feudalism and the Scotland of democracy and the middle classes; the Scotland of chivalry and sentiment, the Scotland of hard sense and Puritan austerity. Those who now rallied to the standard of the queen were the ancestors or the forerunners of Montrose and Claverhouse. On one side was a blind, passionate, devoted loyalty, appealing to the impetuous instincts of generosity and heroism—on the other the unromantic intelligence of a people whose history was beginning, and in whose veins instead of noble blood was running the fierce fever of Calvinism.

At Hamilton were gathered the Catholics who hated the Reformation, and those with whose disordered lives the Puritan discipline had dealt hardly—those who for deeds of lawlessness had felt the heavy hand of Murray—those who in blind sincerity believed that Mary Stuart was their lawful sovereign, who did not choose to scan too closely her past misdoings, and who had looked to her and hers to bring about the great day when a Scottish prince should sit upon the English throne.

There within a week of her arrival came Argyle and Huntly. There came Cassilis, Eglinton, Crawford, Rosse, Montrose, Sutherland, and Errol. There came Fleming from Dumbarton rock, and Livingston, and Boyd, and Herries, and Maxwell and Oliphant; abbots whom the hated Calvinists had robbed of office and home, and bishops looking to the queen to give them back their crosiers and their creed. There too came de Beaumont, happy that the freedom for which he had come to intercede was achieved without his interference. Never in so brief a time was so proud an assembly brought together. Five days after Mary Stuart had left Lochleven six thousand men were gathered round the walls of Hamilton, who had sworn to set her again on the throne of her fathers.

In that motley host there were many interests and many passions—half of them for one cause or another would at any other time have cheerfully cut the throats of the other half; but they agreed to set aside their minor differences. To prevent quarrels they bound themselves in the name of God, and on their faith and honour, "to know nothing but their duty to the queen till her enemies were crushed," "to sink all disputes among themselves for the better prosecution of their enterprise," "and to refer them when the great cause was gained to the arbitration of their sovereign."[1]

[1] Bond made by the lords of the queen's party at Hamilton, May 8: signed by nine earls, eighteen lords, nine bishops, twelve abbots, and ninety-three other knights and gentlemen.—*MSS. Scotland.*

The queen rose bravely to the level of the moment, and shook off the spell which the Bothwell connection had thrown over her. She remembered Bothwell at the moment of her escape; but at Hamilton, surrounded by her loyal subjects, she was once more herself—the accomplished politician, the brilliant woman of the world, skilled in every art which could attach a friend, conciliate a foe, or recover a respect which had been forfeited.

Dainty as she was naturally in her person, she was without a dress except the maid's in which she had left Lochleven, and Hamilton Castle, it seemed, could not provide her with a second.[1] But troubling herself little with such inconveniences, she was taking the measure of her position, and with incomparable skill and speed doing all that mind could suggest to strengthen her cause. She professed herself willing to grant an amnesty in Scotland to every one except to Morton and Lindsay, by whom she was taken at Carberry, to Lord Semple, who had written the ballads against her, to Sir James Balfour, who had betrayed her letters, and to the Provost of Edinburgh, at whose house she had passed the first night of her captivity. To the Cardinal of Lorraine she wrote at leisure a second letter of melting ingenuousness. For her past faults she said she implored pardon of God and the world; God and only He had delivered her from captivity, and she would show her thankfulness by the constancy with which in life and death, as a private woman and as Queen of Scotland, she would evermore be true to Holy Church. She besought her uncle to intercede for her with the queen-mother and the king; and she promised for the future to be guided by his advice in everything.[2]

She despatched Beton to Paris, commissioning him at the same time to say that without assistance she might be unable to maintain herself, and requesting therefore that a thousand harquebusmen might be sent to her help without delay. By Beton's hand she wrote also to Elizabeth, whom he was to see on his way through London. To Elizabeth she said that she was now free, and that she looked to her for the help which in the past autumn she had so often promised. To the Spanish ambassador she sent a private message, excusing her inability to write to him, from the spies by which she was surrounded.

[1] Beton told de Silva "que no tenia mas de una ropa de una criada que tomó para salirse."—De Silva to Philip, May 14: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] There are two accounts of this letter—one in the Italian narrative, printed by LABANOFF, vol. vii. p. 135; the other in a despatch of the Spanish ambassador at Paris to the Duke of Alva May 20, 1568: TEULET, vol. v.

She desired him to tell the King of Spain that the charges reported against her were false, that the real criminals were the lords by whom she had been imprisoned, that she was staunch to the Catholic faith, and looked to him to advise her as to her future conduct.

France, England, and the Spanish ambassador were equally embarrassed with these communications. De Silva, too well acquainted with the exact truth, answered vaguely that he would write to his master, who would be happy to hear that she continued true to her religion.[1] France could not move actively without the consent either of Spain or of England. The Cardinal of Lorraine consulted Alava, de Silva's brother ambassador at Paris. Alava, afraid to give an opinion without instructions, declined to advise, and answered with generalities.[2]

The Spaniards, who would desolate Europe for an opinion, were scrupulous about moral crimes; and Philip seemingly had ceased to interest himself in the fortunes of the Queen of Scots. On Elizabeth the effect of the escape was to open her eyes to the realities of her own position. While Lochleven held its prisoner fast, it was easy to promise and to threaten. When it became necessary to act, the dangers and difficulties rose before her with tremendous distinctness. Mary Stuart at the mercy of her revolted subjects, and Mary Stuart at the head of an army made up of those who had ever been most opposed to England, were different persons; and her first impulse was to support the regent.[3] But she was confronted with a dilemma in which the choice of sides was not easy. Beton told her that he was instructed first to apply for help to herself. If she refused, but only if she refused, he was to go on to France. If she would keep her promise, and replace the Queen of Scots on the throne, the Queen of Scots "would look for no other friend." What was Elizabeth to do? To allow France to interfere against the Protestants would be entirely ruinous. To take the queen's side in the field against Murray would be absurd; and when the Queen of Scots was free and at large, after her fair speeches and promises of the past autumn, neither to assist her herself nor permit her to seek help elsewhere, would be an outrage against justice and decency.

So far as a middle course was possible, she at last alighted

[1] De Silva to Philip, May 14: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] Alava to Alva, May 20: Teulet, vol. v.
[3] "I praise God our queen will assist the good Earl of Murray rather than this unlucky woman and her friends."—Throgmorton to Drury, May 6: Teulet, vol. ii.

upon it. She sent down a Mr. Leighton post-haste to Scotland, directing him to go first to Murray and tell him that he must submit to the queen, or she would interfere and compel him; and next to go on to Mary Stuart, and insist that she must accept "Elizabeth's arbitration between herself and her subjects," "that force should cease on both parts, and no new collection of power be made." Elizabeth claimed to mediate because she was the Queen of Scots' nearest kinswoman and neighbour, because she believed that the Scottish people would listen more willingly to her than to any other prince, and because, if they refused, she could more easily enforce their obedience. She intimated at the same time that foreign interference could not and should not be tolerated. If the Queen of Scots called in the French, "she would have to conclude that the principal intention was to renew old quarrels." She would simply "impeach" them by force, and towards "her sister" she would be moved to alter her mind contrary to her natural desire.[1]

If the Queen of Scots rejected the offers which were thus made to her, Elizabeth would have extricated herself from her engagements. If she accepted them, some compromise might have been arranged which would not have been a wholly intolerable solution of the difficulty. The assumption of authority in the tone of the message would have rendered less disagreeable conditions unpalatable, but Elizabeth, it is likely, sincerely desired to bring about a reconciliation between Mary Stuart and her subjects, since she accompanied her proposals with one of those peculiarly disagreeable letters which she felt herself entitled to write when she intended to be kind. Mary Stuart had missed the lecture which was to have been administered by Throgmorton; but circumstances were changed, and it could now be delivered with propriety.

"Madam," wrote Elizabeth, "my hand has seldom performed its office towards you since your unfortunate captivity. I could not write to you without pain. But hearing the joyful news of your escape, affection for you as my near relation, and my sense of what is due to the honour of a queen, constrain me to send you these few words. The bearer is a gentleman who visits you on my behalf, and will declare my opinion to you at length, touching your state and honour, of which I am as

[1] Instruction to Mr. Leighton, sent to Scotland, May 15: *MSS. Scotland.* Considerations of the troubles in Scotland when Mr. Leighton was sent thither after the escape from Lochleven: ANDERSON.

careful as you yourself could desire. That in times past you have shown small respect for that state and that honour, here, where I now am, I can only be distressed to think; were I in your presence, I would say it to you in words sufficiently distinct. Had you cared as much for your honour as you cared for a miserable miscreant, all the world would have grieved for your calamities; whereas, to speak the plain truth, the number who have done so is but small.

"But I write to congratulate, and this is not the time for reproaches. Pardon, madam, that interest in your good name and fame which forces me into expressing feelings on which I should dwell more largely, did not compassion for your condition cut them short, and lead me rather into the consideration of your present necessities. I am not so inhuman as to withhold advice from any one who asks for it, least of all will I be backward in giving advice to you; I will say to you what I would have said to myself, were I in the same condition. Listen, therefore, I entreat you, to what the bearer has to report to you. Listen to it as you would listen to myself. I, as you will understand by him, do not forget my promise. Do you, if you please, remember, that those who have two strings to one bow may shoot strongly, but they rarely hit the mark. This gentleman will explain the text. His sufficiency is such that I need not weary you with longer writing. The Creator be your guide in all you do."[1]

Cecil, meanwhile, had communicated with the regent through Elphinstone, to a purpose considerably different from the message sent through Leighton. Elizabeth, notwithstanding her clearer sight of the inconvenience, would still have restored the Queen of Scots to some kind of authority. Cecil, who simply wished that she should remain deposed, desired that there should be no necessity for English or any other interposition. He had, therefore, recommended Murray "to use expedition in quieting the troubles," and to crush the queen and those who had collected about her without a moment's delay.[2]

Murray, as well aware as Cecil of the need of haste, required no urging. At the time of the queen's escape he was at Glasgow,

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, May 17: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] "I did declare unto my lord regent's grace your advice and opinion touching expedition to be made for quieting of the present troubles, of the which something your lordship will understand by this gentleman bearer hereof—what is done, and what to be done."—Elphinstone to Cecil, May 21: *MSS. Scotland.*

and she herself brought the news of it. Lord Herries, as a purposed diversion, had made a disturbance on the borders; and the regent was on his way down to Dumfries to re-establish order. Looking, as usual, after those parts of his duty with inflexible resolution, with steady justice, and unaccustomed purity of hand, he was fighting against his unpopularity, and commanding the respect of those who hated him. Whatever his political errors, he was forcing Scotland to admit that a more upright ruler had never guided her fortunes.[1] Herries meant that he should have been far away before the queen's flight, but rumours of some plan for her marriage with Lord Arbroath, some suspicious movements of de Beaumont, and a gathering of "Papists" at Dumbarton had detained him, and he was but a few miles from Hamilton when he learnt that she was there. He had but his ordinary guard with him, and he was advised to fall back on Stirling; but he would hear of nothing which would seem like weakness, and he stayed boldly where he was. The inhabitants of Glasgow, all Lennox-men, flew to arms. Proclamations, calling such Scots as were loyal to their king to come to him, were sent round and were swiftly answered.[2] A few minutes'—at most a few hours'—notice was all that then was wanted. There was a stack of arms in every house in the Lothians, and the farmer and his men had but to buckle their swordbelts, put on their steel caps and breastplates, and strap a wallet with some cold meat and bread behind their saddles, to be equipped for a week's campaign.

Lord Hume came across with 600 men from Dunbar. Kirkaldy, leaving a garrison in Edinburgh Castle, hastened over with some hundreds of harquebusmen, and one after another followed Mar, Morton, Ochiltree, Semple, Lindsay, Ruthven, the old-tried lords of the congregation. Sir John Foster, feeling as all loyal Englishmen felt, wrote with "comfortable" words, telling Murray that he need fear no trouble from the borders.[3]

While the chivalry of Scotland were with the queen, the

[1] "That which is much liked is that he taketh no money, as afore by others was continually used in composition, but punisheth to the death always as crimes that deserve the same."—Drury to Cecil, April 26: *Cotton MSS.*, Calig. B. ix.

[2] Proclamation made by the Earl of Murray from Glasgow, May 3: *Cotton MSS.* Calig. i. 55.

[3] "We received your comfortable and friendly letter, thanking you heartily thereof. We doubt nothing but the same God who began the action shall conduct it to a happy and comfortable end; for we are right well accompanied with the whole noblemen that entered in the action from the beginning."—Murray to Sir John Foster, May 9, from Glasgow: *MSS. Scotland.*

regent found himself, before many days, at the head of a force, better armed, better appointed, and outnumbering hers. He had this advantage, too, that his army was united heart and soul with one distinct purpose.[1] The Marian lords, notwithstanding their bond to forget their private schemes and quarrels, were plotting for their several purposes, as if the victory was gained, and were already forcing on the unwilling queen the hard conditions of their support. She, too, had the choice been open to her, would have preferred other protectors to the selfish and treacherous Hamiltons. No love had been lost between them and her while she was still on the throne. She had mortified them by her contemptuous rejection of the suit of the Earl of Arran; Chatelherault had been in arms with Murray to prevent the marriage with Darnley; and she could scarcely have been kept in ignorance of the terms offered by them to the lords in the first weeks of her imprisonment. The Arbroath marriage was detestable to her; and her best wish was to escape out of their hands and shut herself up in Dumbarton with Lord Fleming. But the Hamiltons had her in their power, and would not part with her. They intended, and de Beaumont went along with them, that Arbroath should be her husband; and "they thought by having her in possession, they should bring their purposes to pass."[2]

There was no agreement too as to who should command their forces; the followers of one nobleman would not obey another. The queen desired to avoid a battle. She feared that a victory gained by the Hamiltons would be as troublesome to her as defeat. The Hamiltons, burning to see themselves supreme in Scotland, were clamouring to crush the regent in one deciding blow. So the precious time was wasted, while Murray day after day grew stronger, and at length they found themselves the weaker party. It was no longer safe for them to wait to be attacked at Hamilton, and they were compelled to yield to the queen's entreaties, and attempt to convoy her to Dumbarton. With this object they broke up on the morning of the 13th of May. They were still without a defined plan. Argyle had the nominal command, but was either ill or incapable. The young Hamiltons were eager for a fight, and insisted on defying Murray

[1] Drury to Cecil, May 12: *Cotton MSS.* Calig. B. ix.

[2] Drury to Cecil, May 12. Melville writes in his Memoirs: "Some said that the Archbishop of St. Andrew's was minded to cause the queen to marry the Lord Hamilton (*i.e.* Arbroath) in case they had obtained the victory; and I was since informed that the queen herself feared the same, and therefore she pressed to convey her to Dumbarton."

by marching close to Glasgow. Their numbers in all were about six thousand, of whom the Hamiltons and their kinsmen made more than half. The regent, well informed by spies of their intended movements, was ready to receive them. They took the road by the south bank of the Clyde, and two miles from Glasgow they came on Murray, strongly posted at Langside. He had brought but a part of his force with him. He had only two hundred horse and four thousand foot all told; but they were tried soldiers, armed half of them with harquebuses. He had taken up his position at his leisure. From the ridge of Langside hill a long straggling village descended in the direction in which the queen was approaching. The regent had occupied the cottages and farm-buildings on each side of the street as far as it reached. His main body spread out on the brow at the higher end, and there he waited to be attacked. The enemy were long in coming up. Argyle had fallen fainting from his horse, malice said "for fault of courage and spirit." It was too late to choose another commander, and after an hour's delay, losing the little order with which they had started, they plunged on, Lord Claud Hamilton and Sir James Hamilton of Evandale leading. No attempt was made to turn Murray's position, though it might easily have been done. Up the lane they came, horse and foot together, a mere huddling crowd, till they were between the houses, when the harquebusmen at close quarters poured in their fire from behind the walls. Still they struggled forward. The leading companies, though desperately cut up, forced their way at last through the village to the open ground above, where they were faced by Murray's solid lines; and there, for three-quarters of an hour they stood and fought. Their spears crossed and locked so thickly that the smoking pistols which those behind flung over the heads of their comrades in their enemies' faces, were caught as they fell upon the level shafts. The Hamiltons' artillery—some field-pieces which were following in the rear—began to open; but after the first round a shot from a gun of the regent's killed the officer in command; an artilleryman dropped his linstock in the confusion, which blew up the powder waggon.[1]

Lord Herries, with a squadron of horse, at first had better fortune. Sweeping round up the hill to the left, he fell on the rear of the regent's right wing, sent Ochiltree half-head to the ground with a sword-stroke, badly wounded Hume, and was driving all before him, when Grange, Lindsay, and Douglas of

[1] Drury to Cecil, May 15: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. C. i.

Lochleven came to the rescue, checked his short success, and hurled him back by the way that he came.

All was lost then. The Hamiltons had stood as long as there was hope of help coming to them, but when they saw Herries fly, they too broke, scattered, and ran. A party of Highlanders, who had hung hitherto about the skirts of the fight, now flung themselves with whoops and yells upon the fugitives, and but for Murray's prompt humanity would have destroyed the whole of them. Instantly, however, Murray sent orders over the field that no more blood should be shed.[1] Young Ochiltree had Lord Seton down, and would have killed him in revenge for his father, but the regent himself struck Ochiltree's sword out of his hand. There was no pursuit, and the loss of life, considering the sharpness of the fighting, was small. A hundred and forty Hamiltons were killed, shot chiefly in the village, and twice as many more were wounded; but the rout was utter and complete. The queen's "army" was gone into the air; the guns were taken; Seton, Rosse, Evandale, Montgomery, Cassilis, two sons of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and three hundred, "all of the surname of Hamilton," were prisoners. Eglinton hid himself till nightfall in the straw in an outhouse, and then fled in the darkness. Huntly, who was coming up to join the queen, and was too late for the battle, turned about and rode for the North. Two days later Hamilton Castle surrendered, and the regent was engaged in punishing his own men who had continued to plunder, and in granting free pardons to such of his enemies as had fallen into his hands. It would have been better for Scotland had he given them that "justice" which he gave the border thieves. Among them—the name should be noted—was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.[2]

Mary Stuart had watched the battle from a hill some half-mile distant, with Fleming, Boyd, and young Maxwell, a son of Lord Herries, remaining to guard her. They had waited till they saw the Hamiltons broken, and they had been seen then to gallop off together, no one at first knew whither. Maitland, loyal, whatever his faults, to Scotland and Scotland's interests, wrote to Cecil that there was again "a breathing time." If Elizabeth would now support the regent, France would leave

[1] "Le Comte de Murray pria ceulx de sa campagnie de s'abstenir d'effusion du sang, autrement tous les gens de pied estans en plus grand nombre que ceulx de cheval eussent entierement esté defaictz."—Avertisement d'Escosse du xvi de May: Teulet, vol. ii. All accounts agree on Murray's conduct.

[2] Account of the battle of Langside: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

them to themselves, and all would again go well. If not—if there were to be more uncertainty, more talk of the rights of sovereigns, more insisting upon mediation—he entreated Cecil, for God's sake, to "bring his mistress to deal plainly with them, that they might know what she meant, and to what they were to trust."[1]

To ask Elizabeth "to deal plainly" was to ask the winds to say from what quarter they were about to blow. Rumour, which carried to Berwick the first news of Murray's victory, brought with it a report that the Queen of Scots was in Dumbarton. Bedford sent an express to the regent to tell him he must at once take the place at whatever cost, before his mistress had time to interfere with him.[2]

The course which would be taken either in France or England was utterly uncertain. It was only known that the northern counties—Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire, swarming as they were with Catholics—were in the wildest excitement. They knew as yet only of the Queen of Scots' escape, and were lighting bonfires everywhere to celebrate it.[3] With Elizabeth's sanction, or perhaps without it, they would be ready, when they heard of her defeat, for any instant action. And whither had the Queen of Scots gone? Rumour, as usual, had strayed far from the mark. She had meant, even after the defeat, to reach Dumbarton, if possible; but she had left the field too late. The country had risen, and all the roads were beset. Peasants, as she struggled along the by-lanes, cut at her with their reaping-hooks. The highway was occupied by Murray's horse. Harassed—for once terrified—for she knew what would be her fate if she fell again into the hands of the confederates—she turned south, and with six followers, those who had been with her on the hill, and Livingston, George Douglas, and the foundling page, who had contrived to rejoin her, she made for Galloway. There, in the country of Lord Herries, she would be safe for a week or two at least, and the sea would be open to her if she wished to leave Scotland. By cross-paths, by woods and moors, she went, as if death was behind her—ninety-two miles without alighting from her horse.[4]

[1] Maitland to Cecil, May 21: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] De Silva to Philip, May 22: *MSS. Simancas.*
[3] John Nichols to Cecil, May 22: *MSS. Scotland.*
[4] Her own words are, "Quatre vingt et douze milles à travers champs sans m'arrester ou descendre."—Mary Stuart to the Cardinal of Lorraine, June 21: LABANOFF, vol. ii. But she did not invariably tell the truth. She must at least have changed horses.

Many a wild gallop she had had already for her life. She had ridden by moonlight in two hours from Holyrood to Dunbar, after the murder of Ritzio; she had gone in a night from Lochleven to Hamilton; but this, fated to be her last adventure of this kind, was the most desperate of all. Then she had clear hope before her—now there was nothing but darkness and uncertainty. At night she slept on the bare ground; for food she had oatmeal and buttermilk. On the third day after the battle she reached Dundrennan Abbey on the Solway.[1]

Whither next? Herries, who had followed her with de Beaumont as fast as horses could carry them, said that he would undertake to keep her safely where she was for forty days at least. She could communicate, meanwhile, with her friends, and could then either go round by water to Dumbarton, or wherever else she pleased. De Beaumont was of the same opinion. Her party in Scotland would rally to her if she remained in the country; or, if they did not, she could make her way at any moment to France.[2]

But the border gentlemen—if such a word as gentlemen may be so misused—were already speculating how best to make their peace with the regent. They had felt the weight of his hand once, and were in no haste for a second experiment. Mary Stuart doubted Herries' power much, and she was not entirely confident of his loyalty; while she had no good feeling towards de Beaumont, who had pressed the Arbroath marriage on her, or towards the government which de Beaumont represented. She was not ignorant of the kind intentions of her mother-in-law towards her at the time of her first imprisonment. She was afraid, with good reason, that if Catherine saw her way to the restoration of French influence in Scotland, no interest of hers would be a serious obstacle. If she trusted herself in Paris, some cloister door might open for her, from which escape would be less easy than from Lochleven.

With an impulse which appeared sudden, yet which commended itself to her deliberate judgment, she resolved neither to continue under the doubtful protection of Herries, nor to sail for France or Dumbarton, but to throw herself on the generosity of her sister of England—of that Elizabeth whose crown she had claimed, whose policy she had thwarted, whose

[1] Dundrennan is ninety miles from Langside by the nearest road. Mary Stuart for safety went across the country and made the distance longer, but her story is not very consistent. She says she was out three nights, yet she was certainly at Dundrennan on the 15th.

[2] De Silva to Philip, June 5: *MSS. Simancas.*

subjects she had tampered with; whom, till her love for Bothwell had for a time suspended her political passion, the most intense desire of her heart had been to humble into the dust.

Their relative positions would not at first sight have seemed to advise a step of such importance; yet the arguments which told against the venture, told also on the other side. Elizabeth had every reason to fear and dislike her; yet Elizabeth, before her troubles, had been in favour of her succession, and had since been her most conspicuous friend. Elizabeth had threatened that if a hair of her head were touched, she would harry Scotland with fire and sword. Elizabeth had refused to recognise the regent's government. To the last day of her imprisonment Elizabeth had repeated her promises of help, and with money as well as words, had kept alive the spirits of her party. She had neglected her obvious interests, she had quarrelled with her most trusted ministers, because they would not go along with her. Whatever had been her motives—whether pity for the sufferings of a sister-queen, or a disbelief in the charges brought against her, or a dread of countenancing an example of rebellion which might be turned against herself—she alone of all the European sovereigns had interfered to prevent the lords from going to the extremities to which they were inclined.

Mary Stuart had not received the message sent through Leighton, and Elizabeth's second letter of admonition, like the first, unfortunately never reached its destination. But that too would have made but little difference so long as Elizabeth's attitude towards her remained substantially favourable. She probably but half understood Elizabeth's character; she underrated her ability, and she misconstrued her eccentricities into weakness; and with a just confidence in her own extraordinary powers, she might think that she had but to appear at the English court to carry all before her. The English Catholics had ever been devoted to her, and she could still count her adherents among them by thousands. More than half the peers and two-thirds of the country-gentlemen had long determined on her as Elizabeth's successor; and though her late misdoings had shaken and divided them, yet the mystery which had been observed in keeping back the proofs of her guilt had created doubts where none existed; and Elizabeth's repeated trifling with their desire for her marriage had driven them back, in spite of themselves, towards the person on whom they had before united. Mary Stuart knew all this; she knew the

political and spiritual interests which were involved in her well-doing, and she might easily believe that once present among persons who were so anxious to think favourably of her, with her passionate eloquence she could convert her faults into virtues, and represent herself as an innocent sufferer for others' crimes.

It might seem too that while she had all to gain, she could lose nothing. Elizabeth, at worst, could but refuse to receive her, and allow her a free passage to the continent. She was, or believed herself to be, in present danger of capture and death; while across the border she would be in absolute security. The very boldness of the hazard suited her daring temperament. She saw herself in imagination kneeling at Elizabeth's feet before the assembled barons of England, an injured and beautiful suppliant flying for protection against her rebellious subjects; a few passionate words would dispel the calumnies which clouded her fame; a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge her, and she would return in triumph to Scotland escorted by the English chivalry.

Such seem to have been her feelings, as afterwards at intervals they broke from her; and it was to no purpose that the cooler judgment of Herries laid before her the opposing possibilities. Elizabeth might feel and speak strongly, yet her acts might correspond ill with her words. She might mean kindly, but in momentous affairs of state, the conduct of governments was determined by interest, and feeling had little to do with it.[1]

Mary Stuart, however, had a supreme confidence in herself, which could not be shaken. Herries sent over by her orders to one of the Lowthers, who was governor of Carlisle under Lord Scrope, to inquire if he would receive her. She wrote herself to Elizabeth to say that, being driven from her kingdom by her subjects, she threw herself on her sister's hospitality;[2] and giving herself but one night to rest at Dundrennan, without waiting for an answer even from Lowther, without a change of

[1] The Queen of Scots was not alone in her expectations. The French ambassador in London writes on the 22nd of May:—"Aucuns m'ont voulu dire que si la Reyne d'Angleterre n'est surmountée et vaincue par une obstinée deliberation et remonstrance des siens, qu'elle tiendra tousjours ladicte Dame d'Escosse pres d'elle, avec toutes les courtoysies et faveurs dont elle se pourra adviser. Mais ceulx la fondent leur discours selon mon faible jugement sur les choses apparentes et sur les propoz qui pour ung temps ont course de leur entretien et amytié comme si au gouvernement des grandes estatz et principaultez les particulieres affections debvoient avoir quelque lieu."—M. de la Forest au Roy de France, May 22: TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, May 15: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

clothes or the commonest necessaries of life, the next morning, Sunday the 16th of May, she embarked in an open fishing-boat, crossed the Solway, and landed in the evening at Workington. Herries went with her, with Fleming, Livingston, George Douglas, and a dozen more. The secret of her rank could not be kept. She had a quiet night, and in the morning she had time to write again to Elizabeth, painting her desolate condition, and begging permission to repair immediately to her presence.[1] But the news of her adventurous arrival spread swiftly among the Cumberland squires, who hurried into the town with their offers of service; and in the evening Lowther came from Carlisle to escort her with him to the castle there. He was a loyal subject, but he was a Catholic, and, like all his family, had been well disposed in past times to her title. To him she was the second person in the realm, though with her good name a little clouded, and he thought himself bound to treat her as a princess, till more particular instructions should come to him from London. The story of her coming flew from lip to lip. Town and village, farm and manor-house, all over the northern counties were frantic with enthusiasm. The sons of the Pilgrims of Grace, who for years had fixed their eyes on her as their coming deliverer, who had corresponded with her, and all but conspired with her, came pouring into Carlisle. Her most eager hopes could not have been more brightly realised than they seemed in those first days. She held a little court in the castle, where all who wished to see her were received and welcomed. She knew their names, and had a word for every one. Eloquent and voluble, she rushed to the story of the murder, using the moments wisely while she had them, and pouring out her indignant exculpations.[2] Among the rest came Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland,[3] with some Fairfaxes and Vavasours, to pay his homage; and it seemed to Percy, after he had spoken with her, that Lowther was too mean a host for so great a visitor, and that it would be well if he were to carry her with him to Alnwick. He had come prepared with the necessary authority; so strangely men's heads were turned, that the council of York had given him a warrant under their hand and seal to take

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, May 17. From Workington: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[2] "Many gentlemen of divers shires, here near adjoining within your realm, have heard her daily defences and excuses of her innocency, with her great accusation of her enemies, very eloquently told before our coming hither."—Lord Scrope and Sir F. Knollys to Elizabeth, May 29: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. i. 76.

[3] Son of Sir Thomas Percy, executed after the Pilgrimage of Grace.

possession of her person, and Mary Stuart, of course, desired nothing better. Fortunately for himself, Lowther retained sufficient sense to insist on waiting till he had heard from the queen. The earl was violent, "used great threatenings, and very evil words and language,"[1] but he was obliged to go away as he came.

So far, however, this was the one check of the success of those first few days, which might well have seemed to justify the wisdom of Mary Stuart's enterprise. In London, both queen and council were in the utmost perplexity. They were taken utterly by surprise, and no kind of plan of conduct had been formed beforehand for so unlooked-for a contingency. Elizabeth's personal impulse was to receive her visitor at court as her letter requested, and to treat her as a sovereign. The French and Spanish ambassadors, who both suspected Elizabeth's sincerity, and therefore watched her closely, satisfied themselves that this was her serious wish, and that, left to herself, she would have done exactly what the Queen of Scots had calculated on.

"The queen," said de Silva, "has always shown herself favourable to the Queen of Scots, and now takes her part with the council."[2] "The queen," said M. de la Forest, "supports the Queen of Scots' cause with all her power. She tells her ministers that she shall be entertained as her rank and greatness deserve."[3]

But both de Silva and M. de la Forest alike added that Elizabeth's best advisers were altogether at variance with her. To support her opinion, she had sent for the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Arundel, and the other leaders of the Catholic and semi-Catholic party; she had refused to come to a resolution without them; but the ambassadors believed that the objections to the course which she proposed were so considerable, that she would be forced to give way.

A paper remains in Cecil's hand which shows that he had at once comprehended the situation in all its aspects.

The first necessity was to ascertain whether the Queen of Scots was or was not a falsely accused person. If she was innocent, no measures could be too immediate or too decisive in her favour. She must be instantly restored to her throne, and enabled to

[1] Lowther to Cecil, May 22; Sir F. Knollys to the Earl of Northumberland, May 25: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*
[2] De Silva to Philip, May 22: *MSS. Simancas.*
[3] M. de la Forest au Roy, May 22: TEULET, vol. ii.

punish those who had slandered her character as a pretext for their own rebellion. But this possibility Cecil evidently entertained but faintly. The weight of the difficulty lay in choosing what to do with her if she was guilty—guilty, as all the world at first believed her to be, and as every one still believed her to be, except those who were interested in finding her to be innocent. Whatever might be the theoretic immunities of sovereigns, the most determined champion of divine right could not but see a wide difference between the claims of an innocent and maligned lady and those of a cold-blooded murderess and adulteress. Catholics were as little loyal as Protestants when it suited their convenience, and Knox himself had not preached the responsibility of princes more emphatically than Cardinal Pole. To force such a woman as the Queen of Scots was said to be upon an unwilling people, was an outrage upon the unwritten code of common sense which no formula could be strained to justify. Had she been merely the sovereign of an independent people, unconnected with England in any way, Elizabeth might have declined to interfere; she might have allowed her unwelcome guest to return as she had come, and to seek the assistance elsewhere which she felt herself unpermitted to give.

But setting aside the semi-feudal authority which the English crown asserted over Scotland, the two countries had been connected since the Reformation with relations too close to be now disowned. England was the natural guardian of Scotch Protestantism, and the life of England itself depended on the keeping out of Scotland those foreign armies which, if England would not take up her cause, the Queen of Scots would seek undoubtedly to introduce there. Moreover, those rights in England on which the Queen of Scots so much insisted, entailed obligations along with them. She was heir-presumptive to the crown, and not heir-presumptive only, but "she had openly made challenge to that crown, not as second person after the queen's majesty, but before her."[1] She had not yet ratified the treaty by which she retired from these pretensions, and should she now pass into France, "all the old perils would be revived with the more extremity; her stomach kindled with ire and anger vindicative, and her boldness to attempt the more, upon the opinion that she had of a great party in England—some for religion, some for her title, others for discontent and love of change." She would "marry some foreign prince;" "the old

[1] Things to be considered on the Queen of Scots' coming to England; in Cecil's hand: *Printed by* ANDERSON.

league between France and Scotland would be renewed to the sworn malice of England "—"the danger being greater because England and Burgundy were then knit together," and now England was without a friend. France had possession of Calais, and with a few galleys could block the passage of the Straits. English trade would be destroyed, "without which the queen's government could not stand," while the introduction of artillery had revolutionised war: the longbow—the great English weapon—had become useless, and France was now the stronger of the two countries.

Yet, on the other hand, to detain the Queen of Scots in England seemed equally dangerous. "She would practise and make a party to seize the crown at the first opportunity." "She would increase the boldness of all evil subjects, both in causes of religion and all other;" while the Catholic powers would have a fair pretext for interfering, if a princess, whose crimes they would ignore, whose independence they would insist upon, was kept as a prisoner in a country to which she had come of her own free will. Her old claim upon the crown and the yet unratified Treaty of Leith would be an answer in law to their complaints; but the large number of Catholics in England, and their dangerous humour, made extremities undesirable; and, notwithstanding the scandal, supposing the guilt of the Queen of Scots to be proved, the most prudent course would be "to devise how to cover the dishonour of the crime, and how to settle her in her realm with such kind of government as might preserve the same from the tyranny of the French, and continue the accord between the two realms." Difficult as this would be, it on the whole promised best for England, provided the Protestants in Scotland could be induced to consent. To reconcile them to it, means would be taken to continue the Earl of Murray in the reality of power; the Protestant religion should be established there in complete legal form with the consent of the sovereign; the Treaty of Leith should be accepted, and the Queen of Scots should bind herself not to marry without the consent of Elizabeth.[1]

In any previous century in the world's history—in Rome or Greece, in the ages of Faith, in mediæval Europe, or in England in the golden era of the Plantagenets—such a difficulty would have been disposed of more swiftly and more effectively. It is a proof of the change of times, that the old methods of getting rid

[1] Things to be considered on the Queen of Scots' coming to England.—Anderson's *Collection*.

of pretenders to thrones were not thought of, or were thought of only that means might be taken to avert the suspicion that they had been resorted to. Elizabeth's first care was to order that the Queen of Scots' food should be prepared by her own servants, lest an accidental illness should be imputed to poison.[1] The Queen of Scots was not to be imprisoned and then to disappear; she was not even to be treated as the unhappy Lady Catherine Grey had been treated, under a provocation infinitely less. But—setting aside formalities, and looking only at the essential features of the case—the beautiful and interesting sufferer was manifestly a dangerous animal which had run into a trap, difficult to keep, yet not to be allowed to go abroad till her teeth were drawn and her claws pared to the quick.

Yet Cecil could very imperfectly as yet convince his mistress. Elizabeth was troubled with her theories of sovereignty; troubled with the recollection of her promises, which she had found it more easy to shake off when there was only an Earl of Murray to be betrayed; troubled with her personal feelings for the Queen of Scots; troubled with dislike of Puritans and fear of Catholics; troubled generally with an inability to grapple with any question in its straightforward bearings.

The accounts of the fine court which was being held at Carlisle possibly quickened her resolutions. She was brought to see that the murder must be privately investigated; that she must abandon her intention of receiving the Queen of Scots at court till the Queen of Scots had established her innocence, and, meanwhile, that she should not escape. A guard of 200 men was sent from Berwick to Carlisle Castle—men so faithful, that if there was any attempt at flight, Elizabeth expressed a fear that they would make short work of their charge.[2]

She told the Spanish ambassador that the Queen of Scots should be treated as a princess, but with less distinction than would have been shown her had she come to England with an unblemished reputation. Lord Scrope, who was in London at the time, returned in haste to relieve Lowther of his command. Elizabeth wrote briefly to the Queen of Scots to say that for the present she could not see her, but that her cause should receive

[1] "Dixó me la Reyna que no le quitasen los officiales escoceces que tenia para el servicio de su mesa, comida y bebida, porque si succediese alguna desgracia de enfermedad natural no se imputase á otra cosa."—De Silva to Philip, June 5: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Dió me á entender que habian venido á Carlisle docientos arcabuzeros y todos tan fieles á su servicio que tenia temor de que si aquella Reyna se quisiere salir por alguna parte, y la viesen, la matarian.—De Silva to Philip, June 5: *MSS. Simancas.*

proper consideration; and Sir Francis Knollys—Elizabeth's cousin—whose keen hard sense would be proof against Mary Stuart's reported fascinations, was sent with Scrope to take charge of her person, to communicate his mistress's intentions, and to report upon her character.

A sharp note from Cecil had already checked the assiduities of the northern gentlemen. Sir F. Knollys on his way down read a lecture to Northumberland and the council of York for their forwardness. On the evening of the 28th of May he arrived at Carlisle; having been met six miles out by Lord Herries, who was eager to hear whether his own fears or his mistress's more sanguine visions were to be confirmed. Together they rode back to the town, and Elizabeth's minister stood in Mary Stuart's presence.

"We found her," he wrote to the queen, "in her chamber of presence, ready to receive us, when we declared unto her your highness's sorrowfulness for her lamentable misadventure. We found her in her answers to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head; and it seemeth by her doings she hath stout courage and liberal heart adjoined thereto. After our delivery of your highness's letter, she fell into some passion with the water in her eyes, and therewith she drew us with her into her bedchamber, where she complained that your highness did not answer her expectation for admitting her into your presence forthwith."

Her own declarations of innocence she had supposed would be taken as sufficient answer to the charges against her. As she found that there was to be an inquiry, she forgot that when she wished to work on Elizabeth's feelings she had represented herself as flying out of her realm "to save her life;" she now said "that she had come freely, and not of necessity, and she desired to be allowed to pass into France, to seek aid at other princes' hands."

Knollys told her that England could not allow a French force to be landed in Scotland; but if she would throw herself without reserve upon Elizabeth, "all convenient means would be used for her relief and comfort," whether she could prove her innocence or not.

But she had not come to England to seek "relief and comfort" qualified with the word convenient. Impressed by her evident spirit and daring, Knollys saw at a glance that she was a person with whom it would be dangerous to trifle. Elizabeth had ordered him to prevent her escape, yet not to treat her as a

prisoner. Difficulties of many kinds would arise from so ambiguous a commission, and after his first interview he recommended that she should be offered the alternative either of returning to Scotland as she had come, or of remaining with her own consent in England till an arrangement could be made for her. For himself he believed that she would choose to remain. She would know that if she returned, a hint to the Earl of Murray would render her escape to France almost impossible. To keep her against her will in England, a prisoner yet not a prisoner, so close to the borders, would be altogether impossible; and to carry her "further into the realm might be a way to a dangerous sedition." [1]

The more Knollys saw of Mary Stuart the more he was struck with her—struck with her courage, struck with her contempt for idle form and ceremony, her downright human force and vigour. He spoke to her with most Puritan plainness on her past history. She did not avoid the subject, but burst habitually into violent invectives against her brother and the lords.

"I thought to myself," he wrote a day later, "that if I should not object somewhat to make the matter disputable whether the lords did well or not, that then she would be the more clamorously offended with your majesty if you should not answer her requests according to her expectation. Wherefore I objected to her that in some cases princes might be deposed by their subjects lawfully—'as, if a prince should fall into madness—and,' said I, 'what difference is there between lunacy and cruel murdering? for the one is an evil humour proceeding of melancholy, and the other is an evil humour proceeding of choler. The question is, whether your grace deserved to be put from the government or not; for if your grace should be guilty of any such odious crime as deserved deposal, how should they be blamed that have deposed you?' Hereupon her grace began to clear herself after her accustomed manner. The tears fell from her eyes. I said your highness would be gladdest in the world to see her grace well purged of this crime, that thereby your grace might aid her fully and amply to her advancement to the government again." [2]

Mary Stuart never resented direct speaking. After a fortnight's experience Knollys wrote to Cecil:—"This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour besides the acknowledgment of her estate

[1] Knollys to Elizabeth, May 29: *Cotton. MSS.*
[2] Knollys to Elizabeth, May 30: *Printed by* ANDERSON.

royal. She showeth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be revenged of her enemies. She shows a readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory. She desires much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies; and she concealeth no cowardice even in her friends. The thing she most thirsteth after is victory; and it seemeth to be indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels among themselves. So that for victory's sake pain and peril seem pleasant unto her; and in respect of victory wealth and all things seem to her contemptuous and vile. Now what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or whether such a princess and lady be to be nourished in our bosom, or whether it be good to halt and dissemble with such a lady, I refer to your judgment. The plainest way is the most honourable in my opinion. The easiest way is to aid and countenance the regent in time; and if these spots in the queen's coat be manifest, the plainer and sooner her highness doth reveal her discontentation therewith, the more honourable it will be; and it is the readiest way to stop the mouths of factious murmuring subjects." [1]

"The plainest way was the more honourable way." So Maitland had said also, perhaps with a reserve in favour of himself and his friends. So without any reserve had Cecil, Bedford —every honourable minister that Elizabeth possessed—declared to her from the first; but Elizabeth had not listened, and did not intend to listen.

Mary Stuart's single anxiety was to gain admission into Elizabeth's presence. She knew instinctively that if she could obtain that, she would obtain everything. After reflecting for a night on the letter brought by Knollys, she determined to send Herries and Fleming to London to give such explanations as would satisfy the queen if she wished to be satisfied, and to say that if the queen would consent to see her, she was able to clear herself fully, and only wished for an opportunity to do it; that however time was pressing; she had come to England for assistance against her insurgent subjects; she had preferred to seek for it from Elizabeth, because she looked upon her as her truest friend. Elizabeth, moreover, was in a sense the cause of her misfortunes, for the lords who had now driven her from her

[1] Knollys to Cecil, June 11: ANDERSON.

country were those whom she had pardoned and taken back into favour at Elizabeth's intercession. Others would assist her if Elizabeth would not; but she turned first to her neighbour and kinswoman. She made no conditions. "She placed her cause unreservedly in Elizabeth's hands, and she believed she would not appeal to her in vain. But help would be useless if it was not immediate; and if Elizabeth for any reason declined to interfere, so as she had come to England relying on many times repeated promises of friendship, she trusted she would be allowed at least a free passage through the country to go where she pleased." [1]

With this message, and with an anxiety not wholly gratuitous for the possible consequences to themselves,[2] the two noblemen started for London; Herries intending to remain there, Fleming, if he could obtain permission, to go on to Paris. Herries was to assure Elizabeth that the Queen of Scots preferred her friendship to that of all the world. Fleming was to tell Catherine de Medici that the Queen of Scots, being forbidden by Elizabeth to seek help from France, was obliged for the present to seem to submit; but France was her natural ally. Should Elizabeth trifle with her, she entreated that 3000 French troops might be sent immediately to Dumbarton, and she herself, as soon as she could extricate herself, would make haste to Paris. Her friends in Scotland meanwhile were in urgent need of money, her dowry was three years in arrears, and she requested the Cardinal of Lorraine to send her twenty-five or thirty thousand pounds immediately through some London agent.[3]

Elizabeth, on receiving the Queen of Scots' letter, construed it into a consent that there should be a complete investigation, which she assumed or seemed to assume must issue in the condemnation of the lords. She told Herries that she intended to restore the Queen of Scots to her throne. She sent a Mr. Middlemore, a gentleman of the household, to Murray, requiring him "to abstain from all acts of hostility against the queen's friends, both by law and arms," and "to impart to her plainly and sufficiently the grounds of his proceedings." She addressed him as a criminal on his defence, called to answer for a rebellion against his sovereign.[4] But she refused Lord Fleming a pass-

[1] "Me fiant en vostre amytié pour vos frequentes lettres."—Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, May 28: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[2] Knollys told Cecil that "if her majesty did mean to detain the Queen of Scots at Carlisle, he should beware that the Lord Herries returned not thither again."—Knollys to Cecil, May 31: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. ii.

[3] Instructions to Lord Fleming, May 30: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[4] Elizabeth to Murray, June 8: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

port to France. "She was not wise," she said, "but she was not so wholly bereft of her senses as to allow the chatellain of Dumbarton," the one fortress in Scotland which was open to reception of a French force, to go on a mission the object of which could be only the introduction of the French into the country.[1]

A second set of instructions to Middlemore in Cecil's hand qualified towards Murray the queen's severity. The interdiction of further hostilities was explained into a friendly advice "not to hazard himself and his friends by way of battle," "but to be content that the universal controversies might be ended otherwise than by shedding of blood:" if "he should find his adversaries bent to extremity and that there was no other way for defence of himself but to levy his force," Elizabeth "meant not, in respect that he had heretofore remitted himself to her orders, to suffer him to be oppressed."[2] The two attitudes, inconsistent with each other, were complicated still more by a private message which Wood, Murray's secretary, had sent down in Cecil's name, that he should be quick in his measures, and if possible crush the Hamiltons and their faction before Middlemore arrived.

The regent's experience of the Queen of England must have prevented him from feeling surprise at such ambiguous orders, however much it perplexed his position, and left the door open to endless recrimination in the future. He had been exerting himself to the utmost since Langside in quieting the country and trampling out the disaffection. It remained his duty as a ruler to prevent open violation of public law. He continued to repress and punish overt acts of disorder, giving his proceedings as little as possible a political character; while to Elizabeth he announced that he desired nothing better than to place himself and his friends in her hands. "The further her highness dipped into the matter, the further she would find herself resolved," the more completely she would be satisfied "that the noblemen of Scotland had not entered upon this enterprise without good ground and occasion."[3]

Perhaps to give Murray more time, the same messenger who carried the queen's directions to him was sent round by Carlisle to the Queen of Scots. To her Elizabeth could but repeat what she had said already. "She could not receive her in such sort

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, June 30: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*
[2] Elizabeth to Middlemore, June 8: *MSS. Scotland.*
[3] Murray to Elizabeth, June 22: Ibid.

as she would if she were not taxed with a horrible crime;" but she intended to take her and her cause into her protection, and according to the justice of her plea would prosecute her adversaries.

Her communications with Mary Stuart Elizabeth preferred to keep in her own hands, not trusting them to Cecil.

"Madam," so ran the letter with which Middlemore was charged, "I have heard at length from my Lord Herries your desire to defend yourself, in my presence, from the matter laid to your charge. Oh, madam! there is not a creature living who more longs to hear your justification than myself; not one who would lend more willing ear to any answer which will clear your honour. But I cannot sacrifice my own reputation on your account. To tell you the plain truth, I am already thought to be more willing to defend your cause than to open my eyes to see the things of which your subjects accuse you. Did you but know who the persons are by whom I am warned to be on my guard, you would not think that I could afford to neglect these warnings. And now, seeing that you are pleased to commit yourself to my protection, you may assure yourself I will have that care both of your life and honour, that neither yourself nor your nearest relations could be more concerned for your interests. On the word of a prince, I promise you, that neither your subjects, nor any advice which I may receive from my own councillors, shall move me to ask anything of you which may endanger you or touch your honour.

"Does it seem strange to you that you are not allowed to see me? I entreat you put yourself in my place. When you are acquitted of this crime I will receive you with all honour; till that is done I may not; but afterwards, I swear by God, that I shall never see person with better will, and among all earthly pleasures I will hold this to be the first.

"The gentleman who will give you this letter will tell you the commission with which he is charged to your subjects. I have held no communication with them since your first imprisonment, nor would I do so now except for your own advantage. I trust I may succeed in bringing these sad matters to a good end. There is no one thing in all the world which I desire so much. The sufficiency of the bearer is such that I need not trouble you with a longer letter. God be with you in all your good actions, and deliver you from those who bear you malice." [1]

[1] Elizabeth to Mary Stuart, June 8: *MSS.* Queen of Scots, *Rolls House.*

There spoke Elizabeth herself—Elizabeth and not Cecil. The queen represented one aspect of the government, the minister another. To the queen Murray was a rebel—to Cecil he was the saviour of Scotland. In this and in all the complicated actions of English policy sometimes one element prevailed, sometimes another; sometimes the two interfused, yet never wholly mingling. The queen was the imperious sovereign—Cecil the clear-eyed Protestant statesman; and thus a picture is for ever left upon the mind of inconsistency, hypocrisy, and broken faith; when Elizabeth—only too often—yielded to her own impulses, and was then driven to shifts to extricate herself from positions of which Cecil's steady sense showed her the weakness or the danger.

It was essential that the party in Scotland who were intriguing to bring over the French should be put down with the least possible delay. The more completely Murray could pacify Scotland, the more easy would be the intended compromise. Elizabeth might have avowed as much as this in the face of Europe without danger. It was essential also that the Queen of Scots' guilt or innocence should be fully established; yet Elizabeth could tell her on the word of a prince that she was inviting her to consent to nothing which could affect her honour, as if it was impossible that the inquiry should terminate unfavourably.

Nor was this all. With her own people Elizabeth pursued habitually a course so peculiarly trying, that the best of them were often tempted to abandon her service. Particular things became, from time to time, necessary to be done which she did not choose to order, and her ministers had to act on their own responsibility, that she might be able afterwards to disown them. Scrope and Knollys were directed to see that the Queen of Scots did not escape; yet she would give them no authority to hold her prisoner. Under these circumstances she could not be left safely at Carlisle. The council, with a view simply to her safe keeping, concluded that she must be removed further into the country; and Pomfret and Fotheringay had both been thought of. Elizabeth knew and approved. She directed Middlemore to persuade the Queen of Scots to consent, by representing it as a partial accomplishment of her own desire to be taken to the court; "so as the cause should grow, to be advanced to a fuller degree of her own contentation."[1] If, however, she refused to go, those in charge of her were left without direction how to pro-

[1] Instruction to Middlemore, June 8: *Printed in* Anderson.

ceed; they might remove her by force, but only at their own peril.

If the extreme difficulty of the position may be allowed to palliate these subterfuges, no such excuse can be urged for those acts of occasional meanness which wounded Elizabeth's reputation in the contempt excited by them more deeply than the most high-handed injustice.

In the flight from Langside Mary Stuart had of course brought no change of dress with her, and neither Dundrennan nor Carlisle could supply her wardrobe with ordinary clean linen. She had represented her condition in her first letter. Elizabeth sent her a couple of torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes.[1] The Queen of Scots, herself generous to extravagance, was at first disposed to decline this extraordinary contribution to her comfort.[2] She received it in silence, with a manner "which argued rather her scornful acceptation of the same than grateful;"[3] and Sir Francis Knollys, by whom the things were presented, was obliged for shame to shield his mistress by saying that he thought "her highness's maid had mistaken, and had sent things necessary for such a maidservant as she was herself."[4]

The Queen of Scots' bodily necessities were relieved speedily by the arrival of her own dresses, sent by Murray from Lochleven. Her own ladies followed to attend upon her. She had no further inconvenience in this way; but Elizabeth, who was in reality her best friend, who was fighting for her against all her own ministers, and, guilty or innocent, wished only to give her a fresh chance upon the throne which she had forfeited, with these poor mean tricks taught her only to mistrust the sincerity of words so indifferently supported, and still more fatally to despise her character and underrate her ability.

"Halting on both knees" meanwhile, as Knollys and Scrope described their condition, her guardians had struggled, till Middlemore arrived, to keep their uneasy guest in tolerable humour. Large numbers of Scots came across the border to see her, in sufficient force, if they had tried, to overpower the garrison. Twice they took her hunting, but "she galloped so fast," her retinue were so well horsed, and the border was so

[1] "M. de Montmorin me dice que lo que se le envió de parte de la Reyna quando llegó fueron dos camisas ruines, y dos piezas de terciopelo negro y dos pares de zapatos y no otra cosa."—De Silva á su Magd., 27 de Junio: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Knollys to Cecil, June 15: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. ix.

[3] Knollys to Cecil, June 12: ANDERSON.

[4] Ibid.

near, that when she wanted to go out again, they were obliged to tell her "that she must hold them excused."[1] The country about Dumfries was under the Maxwells, and was the stronghold of her friends. During the troubles of the winter and spring, wild bands of thieves had swarmed out of those parts again and again, and harried the Cumberland marches. They were dangerously near Carlisle, and Cecil having given a hint to Murray, their past disturbances were made a pretext for a joint visitation of the border by the English and Scotch wardens. Murray came down in person, and Scrope took the field to act in concert with him. The plea of justice was real, but it assumed a political meaning. The offenders who were to suffer were chiefly the tenants of Lord Herries. The Queen of Scots exclaimed that it was a breach of faith. She was answered that it was mere matter of police. She desired that if the people were pressed by the regent they might take refuge in England. Scrope told her that he could not depart from the usual order. When the wardens hunted in pairs it was to cut off from the thieves the possibility of escape. If her party were weaker they had better submit. She flung out like a hot horse as she felt the rein.

"The queen," said Knollys, "being dedicate only to revenge in hope of victory by the aid of strangers, could not forbear to say that she had liefer all her party were hanged than that they should submit to the Earl of Murray. If she were not detained by force she would go to Turkey rather than she would have peace. She wished herself again in her own realm to abide all adventures. Her highness's council did mean to dally and delay the time to the advancement of Earl Murray's prosperity."[2]

In this humour Middlemore found her. In saying that she would commit her cause to Elizabeth, she had never dreamt of consenting to an investigation into her past conduct. She had meant only that she would accept Elizabeth's support in preference to that of France; and she had trusted to her own entreaties, or to the skill of Herries, to have obtained Elizabeth's consent, either to her coming at once to London, or else to her free passage into France. Middlemore had to say to her, that "before declaration of her innocency of the foul fact laid against her," she could not be received at the court. The detention of Fleming and Elizabeth's letter told the rest. The fair words and fair promises could not conceal that the cause of her dethronement was to be examined into; and if her letters were

[1] Knollys to Cecil, June 15: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. ix.
[2] Knollys to Cecil, June 12: Anderson.

once produced, it was idle to tell her that her honour would not suffer.

She said she would answer to the queen—let the queen admit her to her presence, and hear her scatter her subjects' calumnies. Middlemore said that for Elizabeth to receive her would defeat the purpose; "the world would say her majesty was partial, and no competent judge;" "the other side would not accept her majesty's arbitration, and she would be unable to help her."

This was still worse: Elizabeth was not to be partial—the other side were to be heard, and would of course bring out their proofs. Had Mary Stuart been innocent she would have welcomed the opportunity of the fullest and freest inquiry—had she been innocent she would have been the first to insist that the truth should be dragged out—but the caught bird could only batter its wings against the bars of its cage in hopeless rage.

She burst "into great passion and weeping," complaining of her evil usage. She had no judge but God, she said; "none could take upon them to judge princes." She "knew her degree," and in placing herself in the hands of Elizabeth, she had meant only to give her own personal explanation of what had passed. "I would and did mean," she said, "to have uttered such matter unto her as I would have done for no other, nor never yet did to any. Who can compel me to accuse myself? I see how things frame evil for me: I have many enemies about the queen. If she will not help my misery herself, she can do no less than suffer me to pass to other princes."

Middlemore made the dishonest suggestion of her removal from Carlisle. She asked fiercely if she was a prisoner. He said "that there was no such thing meant;" but she was not to be played with. Elizabeth, she said, should gain nothing by keeping her. The Duke of Chatelherault was heir of Scotland after the prince. She would appoint the duke her deputy, and he would "prosecute her quarrel" with all the power of France and all the means which money, friends, religion, hate of England, or any other interest could hold to her side.[1]

"To be plain with you," wrote Knollys,[2] "there is no fair semblance of speech that seemeth to win credit with her. This cold dealing will not satisfy her fiery stomach. It is vanity to think she will be stayed by courtesy or bridled by fear from bringing the French into Scotland, or from employing all her

[1] Middlemore to Cecil, June 14: ANDERSON.
[2] Knollys to Cecil, June 13: Ibid.

force of money, men of war, and of friendship to satisfy her bloody appetite."

"Put away from your mind," Mary Stuart herself wrote to Elizabeth, "put away the thought that I came hither to save my life. Neither Scotland nor the world would have refused me a refuge. I came to recover my honour and to obtain help to chastise my false accusers—not to answer these charges against me as if I were their equal, but myself to accuse them in your presence. For the cautions which you say you have received from great persons, God forbid that I should be a reproach to you; but my cause requires haste. Let me try what other princes can do for me, and no blame will then rest with you. Restored to my throne by their hands, I will then come again to you, and defend my honour for my honour's sake, and not for any need to answer to my traitor subjects. Innocent as, thank God, I know myself to be, do not wrong me, having so late escaped from one prison, by holding me in another; with your delays and your uncertainties you hurt me more than my false enemies. I will defer myself to you in friendship and goodwill, but never never to plead my cause against my subjects, unless they stand before you in manacles. Madam, I am no equal of theirs, and I would sooner die than so, by act of mine, declare myself." [1]

From Mary Stuart Middlemore went on to Murray. He found him on the border with "six thousand men and great artillery," and he told him that it was the queen's pleasure that he should desist from further hostilities. But the regent was not attacking enemies but punishing outlaws. Under this plea, in Middlemore's presence, and without remonstrance, he burnt the houses of Lochinvar and another border gentleman, who were with the Queen of Scots at Carlisle. Next he read as sharp a lesson to the Maxwells; Scrope watching the marches opposite, and in the English proclamations in the border towns recognising Murray, if not as regent yet as lawful governor of Scotland.[2]

The change of phrase could not conceal from Mary Stuart that Murray's authority was virtually acknowledged. Knollys tried to pacify her by saying simply that her brother was in possession

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, June 13 (abridged): LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[2] Between the realities and the pretences of things, Scrope was on ticklish ground. "If we had not advised ourselves better," wrote Knollys, "the name of regent had been in the proclamations; but I was troubled this last night withal in my bed, and in the morning we altered it to the name of governor, and some other things withal."—Knollys to——, June 16: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. C.

of the government, and as such they were obliged to treat with him; "he had no other countenance than the necessity of the case did require." But she saw too plainly what all these symptoms meant; while she was in Scotland in prison, Elizabeth had called the lords rebels, and had helped the Hamiltons to make a party against them; now it was clear enough that Murray was to be sustained in power till the impossible time when, after public inquiry, she had cleared her own character.

"I would the regent had her again," said the perplexed Knollys; "surely I think you shall see her grow so impatient and so intolerable in her devices and practices shortly, that it will be time for her highness to deal plainly and sharply with her." [1]

In London, meanwhile, Herries and Fleming were finding themselves no less embarrassed. It was no object of theirs to obtain the conditional and limited restoration of the Queen of Scots with the continued supremacy in the government of Murray and the Protestants. These, they saw, were the best results which they could look for from the threatened inquiry, and they had rather hoped to prevent inquiry altogether.

In an audience on the 17th of June Herries attempted a protest. His mistress, he said, would have risked the worst which could befall her in Scotland, had she known how she would be treated. Elizabeth answered that she had taken charge of the cause and would go through with it; she intended to restore the Queen of Scots to her crown, either by "appointment" or by force; but she must hear both sides before she would determine the conditions.

Herries said that she had no right to constitute herself a judge between the sovereign and subjects of a foreign realm. She replied that she would not quarrel for the name of judge, but on the reality she intended to insist.[2]

Matters were now looking serious. Herries's worst anticipations were being confirmed. A full meeting of the privy council was held on the 20th of June to consider Middlemore's report of his interview with Mary Stuart.[3] It was resolved unanimously or with no expressed disagreement, that the Queen of Scots,

[1] Knollys to ——, June 17: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. C. Progress of the Regent of Scotland, beginning the 11th day of June, 1568: *Cotton. MSS.* Ibid.

[2] M. de la Forest au Roy, June 19: Teulet, vol. ii.

[3] Present, Bacon, Norfolk, Northampton, the Lord Steward, Arundel, Bedford, Leicester, Clinton, the Lord Chamberlain, Cecil, Sadler, and Sir Walter Mildmay.

whether she would or not, must be brought further into England; that, notwithstanding her objection, the investigation into the murder of Darnley should proceed; and that for "avoiding of all mistakes" the ambassadors of the great powers should be present when it took place. Her request either to be restored to her crown, or to be allowed to leave the realm "without trial heard," could not be assented to. To restore her thus would be to declare her innocent of the crimes with which she was charged, and would enable her to crush and ruin the best friends that England possessed among her subjects.

To let her go would be to throw her upon France; and "her majesty would never be free from practices and enterprises." To restore her "in title and name, without authority of government," was thought "so hard a matter," that it would be even dangerous to proceed that way. She would "burn with hate and revenge." The French and the pope would take up her cause; and after her breach of faith on the Treaty of Leith, no promises which she might make could be relied upon.[1]

The council, in Matthew Parker's language, felt that "they had the wolf by the ear," and were under no mistake about the animal's character.[2] Arundel and Norfolk probably had opinions of their own, but they hesitated to give voice to them. Lord Fleming consulted the Spanish ambassador. He begged de Silva to impress on Philip that the Queen of Scots was a devoted Catholic, and, as such, deserved his support; advice, he thought, might be given to Elizabeth that the course which she was pursuing was a dangerous one, and he inquired whether it might not be possible to bribe Cecil and Bedford and Pembroke.[3] "I told the Lord Fleming," said de Silva, "that for the present his mistress had better submit to the Queen of England's wishes, and avoid giving her cause for offence. Time would show how he could best work on those who were now opposed to her. They were greedy of money, doubtless; but they might not choose to commit themselves; and he should approach them first by other and better means. Above all,

[1] Proceedings of the Privy Council, June 20: ANDERSON.

[2] "I am much careful for the success that may rise to the queen's majesty and the realm by the arrival of the Scottish lady. I fear quod bona Regina nostra auribus lupum ferret. God grant the event of your council to be prosperous."—Matt. Parker to Cecil, June 11: *Domestic MSS.*

[3] "Lo que deseaba que le advirtiese fué que orden podria tener para que su Reyna hiciese lo que le conviniese, y tuviese de su parte á los Condes de Pembroke, Bedford y á Cecil, que eran sus contrarios, y si seria bueno darles algun dinero."—De Silva to Philip, June 20, 1568: *MSS. Simancas.*

he should warn his mistress to be careful what she said about the Queen of England to the nearest friend that she possessed.

"The Lord Fleming," de Silva continued, "informed me that he had secured the support of the Duke of Norfolk, and I think he has. If it prove so, the Queen of Scots will have a strong party in the country, for the duke is much beloved and has many friends. Men change so fast that the old party who used to support her seem already to have forgotten the crimes laid to her charge; and unless means are taken to get rid of her, the Queen of England will find herself in more trouble than she imagines." [1]

De Silva's opinion of the Queen of Scots had been so distinctly formed and so repeatedly expressed in his letters, that she had ceased to be an object of interest either to himself or to Philip. He had thought and he had said that she could be no longer looked to for the purposes for which they had once hoped to make her useful. The confidence, therefore, so far between himself and Elizabeth had been unimpaired. He had spoken with perfect freedom to her about the Queen of Scots, because he had nothing to conceal. But Philip's policy would naturally follow the wishes of the Catholic noblemen in England. If Norfolk and Arundel were contented to overlook the Queen of Scots' misdoings, foreign princes had no reason to be more scrupulous.

Both Fleming and Herries threatened Elizabeth freely with the displeasure of the Catholic powers, and claimed especially "the King of Spain" as one of those to whom the Queen of Scots would appeal; and Elizabeth's recent experience made her begin to feel uneasy.

De Silva paid her a visit on the day of his conversation with Fleming. She did not mention the Queen of Scots' name; and when de Silva approached the subject, she gave him cold answers.

"I saw that she suspected me," he wrote, "so I said that she knew my anxiety for her welfare. She knew how much I wished that she should extricate herself successfully from her present embarrassment; and I recommended her, therefore, in the first place, to keep a sharp eye upon myself.

"She stared, laughed, and said that she understood what I meant; and she believed I wished her well. She intended, she said, to remove the Queen of Scots from the border, whether she liked it or not; and she would not see her until she had cleared her reputation; but she had sent for the Earl of Murray,

[1] De Silva to Philip, June 20, 1568: *MSS. Simancas.*

and would go into the matter as soon as possible. The result which she expected from it was that the abdication at Lochleven would have to be treated as a dead letter; the Queen of Scots would be restored, but under conditions that the administration of government should remain with those who were now in power. To France, at all events, she is not to go." [1]

To this general resolution Elizabeth firmly adhered. Herries continued to remonstrate. He insisted, like his mistress, that a sovereign prince ought not to be made to answer to the accusations of her subjects. Elizabeth said that she wished only to find a means by which the Queen of Scots could be acquitted. This, once done, she should be at once replaced with honour.

"But suppose," said Herries, "as God forbid, that my mistress should not be completely acquitted?"

"In that case," she said, "I will do my best. I will not encourage subjects in rebellion for any manner of cause; I will make arrangements which will save her honour and restore her, notwithstanding."

Herries made one more effort.

"If your highness will not help my mistress," he said, "then let her go. Do not treat her worse than you would treat any common Scot or Frenchman who might come into your realm. Entertain her in England as you will; spend a thousand pounds a day upon her maintenance; all the splendour will but sicken her if you do no more. She would sooner go back to Scotland in the same boat in which she came, and seek her fortune through the world, than remain in this realm, excluded from the presence of your majesty."

He was wasting his words. Elizabeth stood to the position that she would hear the cause first and then decide. "As to her going to France," she said, "I will not lower myself in the eyes of my fellow sovereigns by acting like a fool. The king, her husband, when she was in that country, gave her the style and arms of this realm. I am not anxious for a repetition of that affair. I can defend my own right. But I will not, of my own accord, do a thing which may be turned to my hurt. To let her return to Scotland as she came would be neither to her honour nor mine. I will use my best diligence, and settle matters with as much speed as may be." [2]

[1] De Silva to Philip, June 20: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Notes in Cecil's hand, describing the occurrences of May and June, 1568: *MSS.* Queen of Scots, *Rolls House.* Lord Herries to Mary Stuart, June 28: Teulet, vol. ii

With this resolution Lord Herries was obliged to be content; there was nothing left but to make the best of it. Elizabeth insisted on inquiry, but whatever the result, she still undertook that the Queen of Scots should be reinstated, and her honour saved. The truth, that is to say—whatever it might prove to be—was not to be made public to the world. Whether such a plan would turn out practicable might easily be doubted; but her intention, which Herries took care to publish, produced an effect in Scotland which she might or might not have foreseen.

Since the lords, at all events, were to expect to receive their queen again among them, they began naturally to calculate how far it would be safe for them to press their charges. "To charge her directly with the murder, and then to enter into a qualification with her, all men might judge how dangerous that should be;" and Murray, not choosing to step forward in the dark and make himself Elizabeth's catspaw, immediately sent translations of the casket letters to London. He said that he could produce the originals, and prove them to be in the queen's hand. He desired to know whether they were to be admitted in evidence; and if admitted, what effect would follow.[1]

It is usually said that Elizabeth's object in insisting on the investigation was to disgrace the Queen of Scots in the eyes of Europe, that she might be able, with better show of justice, to keep her afterwards a prisoner. Had this been her purpose, the answer to Murray's questions would have been easily made. But the disgrace was exactly what she wished to avoid. She wished only that so much evidence should be brought forward as would justify the lords in their rebellion, and would justify Elizabeth also in restoring the queen with a character slightly clouded; to be maintained under her own protectorate, and with her hands so bound as to incapacitate her from further mischief.

She replied to Murray's questions "that she never meant to have the queen accused; she desired merely to hear what the lords had to say for themselves," as a step towards a quiet end; "she did not mean so to deal in the cause as to proceed to any condemnation of the Queen of Scots, but rather to compound all differences between her and her subjects, and not to allow any faults that should appear to be in the queen."[2]

Had both the lords and Mary Stuart placed themselves

[1] Notes of matters to be reported to the Queen's Majesty of England, June 24: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[2] Questions and Answers, June 30, in Cecil's hand: ANDERSON.

unreservedly in Elizabeth's hands, this programme would have been probably carried out, and she would have been allowed once more to try the experiment of sovereignty; but the lords on their side had too much reason to be distrustful, and to the Queen of Scots Elizabeth's character was an enigma. The tortuous rind of a disposition which at heart was sincerely well disposed to her she construed into elaborate hypocrisy, and she was too proud to take back her crown on such conditions, if she could have persuaded herself that Elizabeth would give it to her.

Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, had been selected as the place to which she was to be moved. She told Knollys that she would not go there unless she was carried. She wrote to her French uncles to say that her life was in danger through her fidelity to the Catholic religion. "She had made great wars in Scotland," she said to her keepers. "She prayed God she made no troubles in other realms also." "If they kept her prisoner, they should have enough to do with her."[1] In the belief that she would make some desperate effort to escape before she could be moved her windows were grated with iron. Her male servants were sent out of the castle at sunset; and when she walked or rode she was attended by a hundred of the Berwick guard.[2] She carried out her threat of delegating her sovereign power. Chatelherault, who was in Paris, was appointed regent in her name. Arbroath and the Archbishop of St. Andrew's were commissioned to represent the duke in Scotland, till he himself could bring a French army to Dumbarton;[3] while in England her agents were incessantly busy at the houses of the Catholic peers.

Elizabeth frankly admitted to de Silva the difficulties in which she found herself. What to do with the Queen of Scots, unless to send her back as a titular sovereign, she could not tell. If she was restored with any kind of power, she would crush Murray and the lords. If she was kept in England, she would breed an insurrection. Darnley's murder seemed utterly forgotten; she had explained away her marriage with Bothwell by pretending that it was forced upon her, and the Catholics easily believed what they wished to be true.[4]

But, so long as she addressed herself to France rather than to Spain, Elizabeth could feel comparatively safe. Philip, for his own sake, would never permit France to meddle in England; and

[1] Knollys to Cecil, June 21: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C.
[2] De Silva to Philip, June 27: *MSS. Simancas.*
[3] Commission by the Queen of Scots to the Duke of Chatelherault, July 12: LABANOFF, vol. ii.
[4] De Silva to Philip, July 3: *MSS. Simancas.*

Philip was, as yet, holding out no note of encouragement to Mary Stuart to turn her thoughts towards himself.

De Silva had given cold answers to Fleming, however he had jested with Elizabeth about his own dangerous character.

The Queen of Scots wrote herself to Philip in the usual strain, representing herself as a martyr for her religion—sacrificed to an heretic conspiracy. She drew piteous pictures of the sufferings of the band of saints who were perishing for her cause and Heaven's.[1]

Philip expressed considerable doubt whether she had any religion at all.[2] He contented himself with sending a general message of goodwill, and cautioned his ambassador against committing himself with her in any way.[3]

Hoping that it might be so, yet necessarily uncertain, Elizabeth could only persevere in the course which she had marked out for herself.

On the 13th of July, the threatened move to Bolton was carried into effect in spite of extreme "stout threatenings," and other "tragical demonstrations."

Elizabeth had still sent no orders, but Knollys knew what he was to do; after a fruitless attempt to bring his prisoner to consent, he let her understand that her consent would be dispensed with; and when she found that resistance would be useless she submitted.[4] She had to submit also to the discovery that neither France nor Spain was in any hurry to move for her; and that assistance, if it came at all, would be too late to ward off the detested inquiry. It was necessary to try some other plan, and, ever quick and adroit, she caught at a weapon, which might either protect her from Elizabeth or quicken the langour of the Catholic powers.

A favourite scheme of the Queen of England was to model the Church of Scotland after her own; to introduce north of Tweed, bishops, gowns, surplices, and the English Liturgy, which the Scots had once adopted and had abandoned under the influence of Knox. She detested Puritans and all their works; she believed that the compromise which promised to answer in England would answer equally across the border, and that Catholic and Calvinist could unite upon it as a common ground. She knew that the party at present in power in Scot-

[1] Mary Queen of Scots to Philip, July 11: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] Mary Stuart to Philip, November 30: LABANOFF, vol. ii.
[3] Instructions to Don Guerau d'Espes: *MSS. Simancas.*
[4] Knollys to Cecil, July 14: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C.

land would listen to no such proposal. Mary Stuart was well aware of Elizabeth's wishes. They had been more than once directly communicated to her, and the proposal had been renewed to Lord Herries. Finding that he could not alter her general purpose, Herries had inquired what the conditions of the restoration were to be *if the examination turned out unfavourably?* Elizabeth said that the Queen of Scots would have to ratify the Treaty of Leith; to relinquish her alliance with France; to submit to be divorced from Bothwell; and allow him to be prosecuted and punished.[1] "She must also abandon the mass in Scotland, and receive the Common Prayer after the form of England." If she would make no difficulty on these points, the matter could easily be arranged; and Elizabeth repeated her promise that she should be reinstated in her realm.

The terms were better than might have been expected. If the Queen of Scots were to be replaced at all events, it became gradually clear to Herries that Elizabeth could not wish to press the inquiry too far; and he withdrew his objections to it. "As to religion," he said, "he wished it in his heart to be in Scotland as it was in England," and he believed that all the queen's friends there would be satisfied to have it so.[2]

Thus instructed, Herries had taken leave of Elizabeth, and had gone down to Bolton to lay the proposals before his mistress. Instantly seeing her advantage, after some decent "show of scruple," she consented to all the conditions. She knew that the lords would refuse the last—she knew that by seeming to agree to it, she could gain a point against them. As if she had undergone a sudden metamorphosis, she ceased to threaten or complain; she grew submissive, gentle, and compliant. She wrote to Murray in a tone half conciliatory, half mildly reproachful. She began a diligent attendance at the sermons and service in Bolton church. She won Knollys' heart, and half disarmed his suspicions, by the complacency with which she listened while the castle chaplain declaimed against Papistry. She even learnt to use the slang of Protestant theology, "seeming repentantly to acknowledge that her offence and negligence of her duty towards God had justly deserved the

[1] Even Lord Herries admitted that she ought not to be restored unconditionally. "The Lord Herries," wrote Knollys, after a conversation with him, "mislikes not in words that she should be bridled in her regiment by the assistance of noblemen of the realm, in consideration of her rashness and foul marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, whom he would have persecuted to death."—Knollys to Cecil, July 28: ANDERSON.

[2] Herries to ——, July 28: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*

injurious punishments and disgrace done to her by her adversaries." [1]

These symptoms were hopefully reported to Murray, and he was at the same time informed officially that his sister was certainly to be restored. The English had yet to serve a long apprenticeship before they would understand the person with whom they were dealing. Murray had a longer experience, and knew her better. He could but say that he trusted the Queen of England was consulting for "God's glory in what she was doing, so he and his friends might be the less careful of their own." To Mary Stuart's letter to him he replied briefly, courteously, but with no confidence. She had charged him with having sought her life. He said that if he had been as willing to shorten her days as the Hamiltons, who were now disturbing Scotland in her name, she would long before "have been rid of her mortal life." He called God to witness that he had dearly loved her; and for his other offences "he was ready to give account at all times, and would be found to have done nothing but the duty of an honest man, and of a good member of the commonwealth of which he was born a subject." [2]

As to her piety and Church-of-Englandism, Murray told Scrope he was glad to hear that she had become so religious, and he would be more glad if he believed her sincere; otherwise "her resorting to the Kirk of England did but serve her turn to move godly men to conceive a good opinion of her conformity and towardness." [3]

She could not blind Murray; but that was of no importance if she could blind Knollys, and, through Knollys, Elizabeth. The next point was to alarm the Catholic powers, by intimating that if they did not help her she would be driven to change her religion.

"The queen," she wrote to de Silva, "promises to compromise matters between me and my rebels, and to restore me to my crown, if I will forsake the French, give up my claim to her crown, and change religion in my realm to the form which is established here. My Protestant subjects detest it as much as I do; but she is using her advantage—not indeed that she cares about the miserable thing in itself—to force me and the poor Catholics to agree; and though for my own part I would sooner

[1] Knollys to Cecil, July 28: ANDERSON.
[2] Murray to the Queen of Scots, August 7: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*
[3] Murray to Scrope, August 7: Ibid.

be murdered, yet you had better consider the possibilities, and send word to the king your master." [1]

Could Knollys have read this letter over her shoulder he would have been spared some mistakes and more disappointments; but for the present she had riveted her chains upon him. The wonderful woman had mastered the precisely correct form of words on "Justification by Faith." Knollys was proud of his pupil, and elated at the progress which she was making under his charge.[2] His satisfaction, indeed, was but short-lived. The Catholics in the neighbourhood of Bolton had been disturbed by a report that she was going over. She could not admit them to her confidence, and it was dangerous to mislead them too far. She took an opportunity, when a large number of the Yorkshire gentlemen were assembled at the castle, to make a public declaration that she was still of the Papist religion. Sir Francis reproached her gently for her backslidings; and she

[1] The Queen of Scots to de Silva, July 31: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Knowles had spoken to Herries with some contempt of the furs and tippets of the Anglican bishops, and Herries had made Elizabeth angry by repeating the words. Knollys wrote to Cecil to excuse himself. His letter shows how cunningly the Queen of Scots had wrought upon him.

"As touching the fault that is found with me at the court, that my commending of the religious usages in Scotland after the form of Geneva did so much disallow the formularies of England as thereby I might hinder the queen's disposition to embrace the forms of England, and give her rather occasion by misliking of both to rest in the old, which her majesty thinketh very prejudicial to the purpose she intendeth; I answer that it is an easy thing for the court of England to find fault with me being a simple poor man. I commended not the form of Geneva before the form of England; but however the court doth expound my letters, I am sure there is never a man here that doth think that my speeches hath hindered the disposition of this queen to favour either the form of the Common Prayer or the truth of the religion of England.

"My Lord Herries understood me and so did this queen, howsoever my Lord Herries make religion to serve his policy. They understood me that under pretence of favouring the forms of England, such a rigorous condemnation of the forms of Geneva might be brought into Scotland that all the learned men of Scotland that have consciences there might thereby be banished or put to silence; and they being so defaced, a high way should be made open to Papistry.

"Well, if I be he that is found out to be a hinderer of religion, I trust yet that this my fault will be amended or eschewed by others. But surely this queen doth seem outwardly not only to favour the form, but also the chief articles of the religion of the Gospel, namely, justification by faith only: and she heareth the faults of Papistry revealed by preaching or otherwise with contented ears and with gentle and weak replies, and she doth not seem to like the worse of religion through me. She does not dislike my plain dealing. Surely she is a rare woman: for as no flattery can lightly abuse her, so no plain speech seemeth to offend her, if she think the speaker thereof to be an honest man; and by this means I would make you believe she thinks me an honest man."—Knollys to Cecil, August 8: *MSS.* Queen of Scots, *Rolls House.*

allowed him to see the price which was to be paid for her conversion. "Would you have me lose France and Spain, and all my friends in other places," she said, "by seeming to change my religion, and yet I am not assured that the queen, my good sister, will be my friend to the satisfaction of my honour and expectation?"[1]

She had so far the advantage in the game that she understood what she wanted, and played her cards accordingly. Elizabeth, having struck into a crooked road, was stumbling perpetually into uncertainties, doubts, and contradictions. To the Queen of Scots her language was always uniform: "Put yourself in my hands without reserve; I will listen to nothing which shall be said against you; your honour shall be safe, and you shall be restored to your throne." When she used these words she meant them. The Earl of Lennox applied for permission to appear at the investigation, to give evidence against the queen.[2] Elizabeth found that if he were examined too much might be discovered, and he was forbidden to be present.[3] Yet, at other times, her mind misgave her before the shadow of coming troubles. She told de Silva that the Queen of Scots should be restored, but restored without power, and her acquittal should be so contrived that a shadow of guilt should be allowed still to remain. She had too many friends in England, and to declare her entirely innocent would be dangerous to the country and to herself.[4]

Where there was so much uncertainty and vacillation neither the lords nor the Queen of Scots could tell what to look for. To Murray it seemed certain that Elizabeth would declare for his sister. He could but entreat "that his cause should not be determinately condemned or impaired before it might be duly heard;"[5] and, as Cecil advised, he made the most of the time

[1] Knollys to Cecil, September 21: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

[2] The form of Lennox's request was that he might be present "at the trial for the murder of his son, the chief actor wherein was at present in England."—Lennox to Cecil, August 18: Ibid.

[3] "Le Conte de Lennox a fort pressé la Reyne qu'il luy feust permis de se trouver en ceste assemblée de Seigneurs, pour la déclairer ce qu'il a veu et sçayt de la mort du feu Roy son filz à l'encontre de la Reyne d'Escoce. Ce que la dicte dame luy a desnyé tout a plàt."—M. de la Forest à la Reyne-mère, August 25: Teulet, vol. ii.

[4] "La Reyna me dixó que lo que pensaba hacer era que volviese á su Reyno con nombre de Reyna, mas que lo que toca al gobierno no habia de tener nada, y pensaba en lo de su justificacion hacer de manera que aquello quedase en dubio; porque si se declaraba su innocencia, para las cosas deste Reyno seria peligroso, y por los amigos que tenia, y se contra ella tambien tenia sus inconvenientes."—De Silva to Philip, August 9: *MSS. Simancas.*

[5] Knollys to Cecil, September 6: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

that was left to him in scattering and breaking up the assemblies of Mary Stuart's friends wherever they collected.

She, on her part, had but to work in their support with every implement which sentiment or policy or religion placed within her reach. Leaving her message to work on Philip, she besieged France with fresh and fresh petitions. George Douglas and Lord Claud Hamilton joined Chatelherault at Paris, praying that if the king would not help them, they might be at least allowed to raise volunteers. The queen's dowry provided funds, and a thousand men at least were expected to land either at Dumbarton or Aberdeen, led by Chatelherault in person.[1]

At one moment Mary Stuart was so confident that they were coming, that she sketched a programme for their proceedings as soon as they should be on shore: and while she tried to throw Elizabeth off her guard by assuring her "that she desired to dedicate her life and heart to her for ever,"[2] she was directing her party in Scotland to lead the French to Stirling or Edinburgh, destroying the country as they went; to get possession, if possible, of the person of the prince; and if they could catch the regent or his friends, to hang them without delay.[3]

The French did not come, and these intentions therefore could not be executed. Meanwhile time wore on. First August and then September had been appointed for the investigation: but Elizabeth was still irresolute. No steps had been taken, and the Queen of Scots began to hope that she might escape it altogether. Although unconverted, she had not lost wholly the power of charming Knollys. She made pretty presents to his wife.[4] She begged him "to travail for her private access to her majesty;" she had something to say "which would turn to her highness's singular commodity," and to her highness she desired to devote herself for ever.[5] To Elizabeth herself she wrote that she would rely on her and her alone;

[1] Drury to Cecil, August 21: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. C.

[2] "Je desire vous dedier ma vie et cueur pour jamais."—Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, September 1: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[3] "We pray you that incontinently so soon as the Frenchmen are arrived, ye cause all our nobility and their forces to pass forward with them in diligence towards our son, to see if he may be gotten in hand, or else to Edinburgh, destroying all the country thereabout that our enemies get no vivres. And if it be possible that ye may get any of their great men in hand of our rebels, spare them not, but dispatch them hastily and specially."—Marie Stuart à un Eveque Ecossais, September 9: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[4] "You see how she corrupteth me. The token to bestow upon my wife is a pretty chain of pomander beads, finely laced with gold wire."—Knollys to Cecil, September 1: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[5] Knollys to Cecil, August 26: Ibid.

"she would abandon all her foreign friends; Elizabeth should be the one support to which alone she would trust." [1] She told Knollys, with a misleading candour, that "if her highness did arbitrate the matter between her and her subjects as between equals—although she would take what she might get, she would not be so much bound to her highness as otherwise she would be glad to be." She made him believe that she was "resigned" to Elizabeth's pleasure; that she would "restrain herself for the future from offensive speeches and writings." He felt and expressed some kind of confidence that she was sincere,[2] and Elizabeth was but too willing to believe it was as he said.[3]

Thus there was more delay—delay threatening to be indefinite. For Mary Stuart nothing could be more advantageous; every day that the inquiry was postponed would make an unfavourable decision against her more difficult. Scotland, unfortunately, was less able to wait. The country was divided between two armed parties, each of which, according to Elizabeth's public declaration, was forbidden to move against the other. There was no recognised government, and when it had been said so distinctly that the queen was coming back, what authority the regent possessed would have diminished of itself had there been no counteracting influence. But the crooked spirit with which the whole nation was interpenetrated was at work on both sides of the border. It was impossible that the ordinary course of justice could be left suspended. Murray, at the secret instigation of Cecil, called a Parliament, enforced forfeitures, punished breaches of the public peace and the queen's friends in the name of the peace. The Hamiltons and Gordons retaliated wherever they were strong enough with burning and murdering, but suffering more than they could inflict, and to both alike the condition of the country was intolerable. Each clamoured to

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, September 15: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[2] Knollys to Cecil, September 6: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[3] It is scarcely necessary to say that she was as little sincere then as at any time before or after. She told Elizabeth she would devote herself entirely to her. She was writing at the same time to the Queen of Spain, to say that since she had been in England she had learnt much of the state of the country. It would be the easiest thing in the world to re-establish religion there, and she would do it or die. The northern counties were devoted to the Catholic faith, and she would teach the Queen of England what it was to interfere between subject and sovereign. "She fears an insurrection so much," the Queen of Scots wrote, "that for this reason she will perhaps restore me; but she will have me stained with the suspicion of the crimes of which I am unjustly accused. They are tempting me to change my religion, but I will never do it. Assure the king your husband from me that I will die in the Catholic faith."—Mary Stuart to the Queen of Spain, September 24: LABANOFF, vol.

Elizabeth that her commands were broken by their adversaries; both alike complained against the suspense which was plunging Scotland into anarchy. Lord Herries had received from Elizabeth distinct promises that the queen should be reinstated, and Lord Herries was therefore first and loudest in his outcries.

His mistress, he wrote to the English council, had come to England upon the promises and honour of their sovereign. There had been a time, both in England and Scotland, when a plighted word was sacred. He called on Elizabeth, "according to that old custom," in the name of the Eternal God, and the honour of the noble and princely blood of the kings from whom she was descended, "to fulfil the engagements which she had made, to place his mistress in her own country, and cause her to be obeyed as queen there. If she would do this, or would name a day," at the farthest, beyond which it should not be delayed, he and all the peers of Scotland who were true to her, would leave France to God, would make a league with England, and accept any conditions which would be for the welfare of the whole island, "both in religion, in the punishment of the Earl of Bothwell, and for a mutual bond of amity perpetually to remain." If, after tempting his mistress with fine words, "which were the only cause of her coming into England," Elizabeth now chose to forget or deny what she had written, they must be content to leave the queen where she was, but they would call in the French or the Spaniards, or both, "to expulse the treasonable, false, pretended authority which now took upon itself to rule them." [1]

So said Lord Herries, while the lords, on the other side, were as loud in their complaints, that but for Elizabeth, and for the fatal support which she persisted in giving to the queen, their country would have been at peace. Come what would, they said, they would lay their case before the world. "The regent," wrote his secretary John Wood to Cecil,[2] "would have been content, with surety of state and substance to himself and his friends, to have let all causes of conscience and honour be smothered in oblivion;" "but, having been moved to the contrary by the Queen of England's former dealings, he was now deliberating to put king, nation, state, his life, and all in hazard before he should not in person maintain his innocency and meaning in his late proceedings."

[1] Lord Herries to the English Council, September 3: *Cotton MSS.* Calig. C.
[2] Wood to Cecil, September 6: *MSS. Scotland.*

Before the queen should be thrust again upon the neck of Scotland, Murray insisted that he would be heard; and, with a half apology, he desired Cecil to send him a safe-conduct, lest he should be held a prisoner in London at the Queen of Scots' demand.[1]

If to inspire all parties with equal distrust was a proof of her impartiality, Elizabeth had so far effectually performed the part which she had undertaken. She had made contradictory promises to everybody in turn. She had misled everybody; and now, when one and the other began to publish what she had said, no one knew how to act or what to look for. Her inconsistencies passed at times beyond vacillation into deliberate insincerity. To the French ambassador, to de Silva and Lord Herries, she distinctly and repeatedly said that at all events, and whatever came of the investigation, the Queen of Scots should be restored. She made this positive declaration because, without it, the Queen of Scots would not have consented that the investigation should take place. Yet a memoir of Cecil, dated on the 23rd of September, states, with an emphasis marked by the underlining of the words, "that *it was not meant, if the Queen of Scots should be found guilty of the murder, to restore her to Scotland, however her friends might brag to the contrary.*" [2]

Elizabeth herself, to keep hold on Murray's confidence, repeated to him, under her own hand, the words of Cecil. "Reports" she said, "were spread in Scotland, that whatever should fall out on the hearing of the Queen of Scots' cause to convince or acquit her concerning the horrible murder, she had determined to restore her to her kingdom. She could not endure such reports to have credit. It was entirely devised to her dishonour; and, should the Queen of Scots be found guilty, it would behove her to consider otherwise of her cause." [3]

Murray could but acknowledge graciously a communication which, nevertheless, he but half believed.[4] The Queen of England had changed her mind, or had varied in her expres-

[1] "As for safe-conduct, we mean nothing less than to sue for any such thing, if it was not that the king my sovereign's mother might peradventure desire [the queen's majesty?] to detain us, as well as her that entered in that realm without her warrant."—Murray to Cecil, September 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Notes in Cecil's hand: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

[3] Elizabeth to Murray, September 20: *MSS. Scotland.* Even here it seems as if there was an intended ambiguity. The concluding paragraph originally ran, "we would think of sundry things meeter for us to do for her." These words are crossed through and those in the text substituted.

[4] Murray to Elizabeth, September 28: Ibid.

sions, so many times already, that he could feel no confidence in her; and, with nothing to trust to but a general determination to act uprightly himself, he prepared to meet whatever fortune had in store for him.

The necessity of doing something, rather than any growth of positive purpose, at length forced Elizabeth forward. Uncertain what would come of the inquiry, she had never ceased to feel that she could do nothing till it had taken place; and as the present suspense could no longer be continued, the preparations for it at length began. There were three parties to be represented—the confederate lords, the Queen of Scots, and the English government. The form of proceedings was the same which had been at first suggested. The lords were to be charged with rebellion, and would make such answers as would suit best with the prearranged result of the trial—whatever that was to be. Elizabeth had said that she would not restore the Queen of Scots if she were found guilty; it might be therefore necessary to suppress the more serious charges against her. Yet, if she was to be left with a reputation still clouded, enough would have to be advanced to make her innocence appear at least doubtful.

So artificial a game depended much on the persons selected to play it. The time was to be the first week in October, the place York, the seat of the northern government. The English commissioners were the Earl of Sussex, Sir Ralph Sadler, and the Duke of Norfolk, representing the three parties in the council. Sussex was president of the council of the north, a solid, English, conservative nobleman, neither particularly able nor particularly high-principled, but moderate, tolerant, and anxious above all things to settle difficult questions without quarrels or bloodshed. Sadler, the old servant of Henry VIII., was a Protestant and almost a Puritan. He had been trained for thirty years in northern diplomacy, and had held Mary Stuart in his arms when she was a baby. Norfolk, the premier peer of England, was a Catholic in politics, though in creed he professed himself an Anglican. He and Arundel, his father-in-law, were the leaders of the great party most opposed to Cecil and the Reformers—of the old aristocracy, who hated revolution, favoured the Spanish alliance, the Scotch succession, and as much Catholicism as was compatible with independence of the Roman See.

By one of the three commissioners the office was undertaken most reluctantly. Sadler, a man of most clear convictions and

most high purpose, would have borne a part gladly in any duty in which his conscience was to be his guide; he had little inclination to enter a slippery labyrinth, where he was to take his direction from the undefined, contradictory, and probably impracticable intentions of Elizabeth. He asks Cecil to select some one wiser and more learned than he. Questions would arise of "who was a tyrant?"—"who might depose a tyrant?" "It was a matter which touched not Scotland and England only," but all kingdoms; and for himself, "he had liefer serve her majesty where he might adventure his life for her, than among subjects so critical as these."[1] There were some thoughts of employing Sir Francis Knollys. Knollys was supposed to wish it, and to be displeased that his name was not in the list; and Mary Stuart hoped that she might turn his imagined jealousy to her advantage.[2]

The Duke of Norfolk accepted his nomination in a far different spirit. Notorious as he had made himself in his past advocacy of Mary Stuart's succession, his appointment may be taken as a sufficient proof that Elizabeth did not intend that the examination should turn out unfavourably for her. Norfolk would be president of the commission, and, as such, would have the principal voice in managing the proceedings and directing the conclusion. Norfolk, however, had a further purpose, a secret between himself and his friends, which had not entered into Elizabeth's programme. The English aristocracy considered themselves even more interested in tiding Mary Stuart over her difficulties than her party in Scotland. They believed as much as they wished to believe of her delinquencies. She was the only person in their interests who could be maintained, by right of blood, as a competitor for the succession. They were not disloyal to Elizabeth; but, as Elizabeth did not choose to marry, they did not choose to spend their lives with a prospect, as soon as she was gone, of a repetition of the Wars of the Roses. The Duke of Norfolk was a third time a widower; his last wife, Lady Dacre, had just died, as if providentially to create the opportunity; and Lord Arundel and others of the peers of the old blood, as distinguished from the upstarts who had been

[1] Sadler to Cecil, August 29: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

[2] "Je viens d'appercevoire que le dict Knollys est marry de . avoir esté ung de commissionaires et pour ceste occasion il est picqué contre le Duc. Je vouldray que cela fust cause de le detourner de la faveur qu'il porte aux aultres, et qu'il se rangeast a faire quelque chose pour moy: si ceste jalousie entre eux se pouvoit par quelque moyen augmenter il n'y avroit poing de perte pour nous."—Mary Stuart to the Bishop of Ross, October 5: Labanoff, vol. ii.

created by the Reformation, had resolved among themselves, as a means of disposing of the complications which so perplexed Elizabeth, that the Queen of Scots should marry him. There were two parties among these noblemen; some, like Arundel, Montague, and the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, were Catholics; some, like Lord Derby and Norfolk himself, Protestants with a Catholic inclination. But their Protestantism sat lightly on them; and if the government passed into their hands, a reconciliation could easily be effected with the rest of Europe. The most serious political objections against the Queen of Scots' succession lay in some possible dangerous connections which she might form on the continent. Her marriage with the first nobleman in England would at once remove all uncertainty on this score, and silence scandal against her character.

It was thought that Elizabeth herself would be induced or forced to consent to the arrangement. The duke himself, though not at first ardent in the matter, had played with the idea. He entertained (as will appear in the sequel) no more doubt than Cecil of the Queen of Scots' share in the murder of Darnley; but she was not likely to repeat a proceeding of which the consequences had been so inconvenient to her; and the prospect of sharing a crown and giving a dynasty to England was a large counterweight to the questionable features of the alliance. It is certain that the duke went down to York with the scheme already formed in his mind. Lord Montague spoke of it to the Spanish ambassador, while the conference was in progress, as a matter already considered and arranged by the Catholic party; and the ambassador, in laying it before Philip, as Lord Montague desired, told the king that the project was so far matured that, with his approbation, it would be certain of success.[2]

The Queen of Scots, knowing nothing of the door which was thus being opened for her, having failed to prevent the inquiry, prepared to meet it as best she could. On the whole, however, she was satisfied that it would be little more than formal. Norfolk sent her a message, through his sister Lady Scrope, that she had nothing to fear;[2] and she summoned to Bolton

[1] Puntos de las Cartas de Don Guerau de Espes, August 25, November 6; Don Guerau de Espes a su Magd., October 30: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] "The Queen of Scots told me that there was no such danger as I supposed, for I should find the judges favourable, principally the Duke of Norfolk, who was first in commission. She had learnt this by a message from the duke to Lady Scrope; and she had many other good friends.

such of her friends as were to represent her, to consult with them. On the part of the lords, the regent himself intended to be present, the Earl of Morton, Lord Lindsay, and George Buchanan. Maitland was coming with them unofficially; partly because the regent was afraid to leave him behind, partly of his own will "to travail for mitigation of the rigours intended."[1] For the queen would appear Herries, Boyd, Livingston, Cockburn of Skirling, the friends of her misfortunes, who had accompanied or followed her to England; and lastly, John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, who was afterwards to play so large a part in connection with her history. It was this Leslie who, when she was first returning from France to Scotland, was sent by Huntly and the Catholic lords to invite her to land among them at Aberdeen; it was he who was supposed to have contrived her "ravishment" by Bothwell: he was still under forty, a man of infinite faithfulness, courage, and adroit capability.

On him and Herries Mary Stuart chiefly depended. When he came to her at Bolton, he found her entirely at ease. She told him that all had been arranged. The regent and his friends were to be called to answer for their offences before the English commission; they were to admit their faults, receive their pardons, and "so all matters be compounded."

Such, it seems, was Norfolk's message. The bishop, who had come from Scotland, knew better or thought he knew better what the lords intended. He said that he was sorry she had agreed to the conference. When the lords were accused, they intended to accuse her in return, and "utter all they could in their defence, though it was to her dishonour." She had half persuaded him that he was mistaken, when Sir Robert Melville arrived with a hurried letter from Maitland. It was too true "that Murray was wholly bent to utter all he could against the queen, and to that effect had carried with him to York all the letters which he had to produce against the queen for proof of the murder." Maitland's wife, Mary Fleming that was, had procured a copy of them, which he enclosed.[2]

For the first time Mary Stuart now knew which of her letters had fallen into the lords' hands, and the discovery was sufficiently alarming. The bishop said, however, that he thought still "the matter might be ended by agreement before it came to accusation." He advised the queen to travail to that end

who would all be with the duke at York, and would persuade him to favour her cause."—Confession of the Bishop of Ross, *printed by* MURDIN.

[1] Ibid. [2] Ibid.

with her friends at York and at the court;[1] and promising to do his best himself, he hastened off to the scene of action.

The conditions under which Elizabeth generally thought that the Queen of Scots might be restored have been already partially stated:—The confirmation of the Treaty of Leith, an engagement that no future league should be made with France, a promise that she should not marry without the Queen of England's consent, the punishment of the murderers of the king, the maintenance of Murray at the head of the *de facto* government, and as a compensation the recognition of the Hamilton title; and finally, the establishment in Scotland of the forms and constitution of the Anglican Church.[2]

On these terms the English commissioners brought powers from the queen to compound all outstanding quarrels between the two parties, and take measures for the queen's return. That the restoration was to take place at all events, Elizabeth did not venture to say; she did not venture to make the Earl of Murray desperate; "If the Queen of Scots should be proved to have been a party to the murder," then indeed "her majesty, as she had herself written to the Earl of Murray, would think her unworthy of a kingdom;" but "her desire from the beginning had been always that the said queen might be found innocent," at least of the worst of the charges against her; and should Murray "either forbear to charge her with the murder," or should his proofs appear insufficient, the commissioners were then to consider "in what sort she might be restored to her crown, without danger of a relapse to fall into misgovernment, or without the danger of her subjects to fall into her displeasure without their just deserts."[3] These instructions perhaps represent the conclusions in which Elizabeth's vacillation had for the present settled. The Queen of Scots' substantial guilt was tacitly implied, but Murray was, if possible, to confine himself to charges of misgovernment, be silent upon the murder, keep back letters which, if produced, would make reconciliation impossible, and allow the queen to return in such a form as to prevent further aberrations.

With these conditions, could Murray be brought to consent to them, the Bishop of Ross intended generally to comply. The commission which he carried away from Bolton empowered

[1] Confession of the Bishop of Ross, *printed by* MURDIN.

[2] Notes on Matters of Scotland, August 8. Cecil's hand: *MSS. Domestic, Rolls House.*

[3] Instructions by Queen Elizabeth to her commissioners going to York: GOODALL, vol. ii. p. 97.

him to yield on all tolerable points, especially to consent, after all, to the establishment of Anglicanism, which would be so grateful to Elizabeth.[1] If accusations were brought against the queen which touched her honour, he was to deny them generally, and refuse to enter upon the subject. It was hoped, however, that Murray would prove manageable, and that this contingency would not arise.

The bishop and his friends were the first to arrive, reaching York on Saturday, the 2nd of October. Sussex, Sadler, and Norfolk came in the next day, and on Monday morning they were joined by Murray, Morton, and their companions. Lord Westmoreland lay in wait for the party coming from Scotland on the moors, to get possession of the casket and destroy it; but either they took another road, or were in too strong force to be meddled with.

Besides the principal parties, the town was filled with swarms of politicians, practisers, and Scotch and English Catholics, all collecting to watch the progress of the strange assembly, and, by fair means or foul, help forward the interests of Mary Stuart.

The first three days were spent in preliminaries. A protest was entered by the Bishop of Ross to save the sovereign rights of Scotland, disclaiming the jurisdiction of an English court. On the part of England, a counter-assertion was put in of feudal superiority. Both the objection and reply were understood to be formal, and were passed over "with merry and pleasant speeches." Out of court, meanwhile, the commissioners talked over among themselves the condition of the cause; and Norfolk, in a private letter on the 6th, told Cecil that, "if all was true which was steadfastly affirmed," he feared "the matter would fall out very foul."[2]

Business commenced on the 8th by the presentation, on the part of the Queen of Scots, of a charge against Murray and his associates for bearing arms against their sovereign; and the time had come for Murray to put in his defence. What was he

[1] "When it was desired that the religion as it presently is in England should be established and used in my realm, it is to be answered by you that, albeit I have been instructed and nourished in that religion which has stood long time within my realm, and been observed by my predecessors, called the auld religion, yet nevertheless I will use the counsel of my dearest sister the queen's majesty of England thereanent, by the advice of my estates in Parliament, and labour that is in me to cause the same have place through all my realm as it is proposed, to the glory of God and uniformity of religion in time coming."—Commission to the Bishop of Ross, September 29: LABANOFF, vol. ii.

[2] Norfolk to Cecil, October 6: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

about to say? The days during which the parties had been together had not been wasted. Had Lord Herries and the Bishop of Ross believed that the casket letters were forged, they would have shrunk from no inquiry and sought no compromise; they would have stood on the high vantage ground of truth, and have simply demanded redress for their calumniated sovereign. Instead of this, they had been at work, in concert with Maitland, to persuade Murray into silence, to work upon his interests, and to work upon his fears.[1] They told him, and they told Morton, that if they would say nothing of the murder, "the Queen of Scots would make with them what reasonable end she could devise;"[2] while, on the other hand, whatever Elizabeth might now say to him, for her own immediate ends, she was really determined to restore the Queen of Scots at all events and under all circumstances; they held her promise in her own handwriting;[3] and if Murray was now to inflict so deep a wound upon his mistress, she would never forgive him.

Murray had come to the conference prepared to act honourably, and the fear of evil consequences to himself would not much have influenced him; but he had proved in his own person the value of Elizabeth's fair words; and he determined not to proceed till he had made another effort to ascertain where he was standing.

He said, therefore, that although he was well able to reply to the Queen of Scots' charges, and to show that he and his friends had good grounds for what they had done, yet they were unwilling to charge the king their sovereign's mother with crimes which hitherto they had concealed, "and manifest to the world her infamy and dishonour." Before they would venture on a step so serious, they required to be informed whether the language which they had heard from Herries was true, and whether, if the Queen of Scots was proved guilty, she was really to be forced upon them again.

The commissioners pointed, in reply, to the instructions given by Elizabeth to themselves; her highness hoped that the Queen

[1] Knollys, who was present at York, wrote on the 9th of October to Cecil: "I see that my Lord Herries, for his part, laboureth a reconciliation to be had without the extremity of odious accusations. My Lord of Ledington also saith to me that he would wish these matters to be ended in dulce manner, so that it might be done with safety."—*MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*

[2] Norfolk to Pembroke, Leicester, and Cecil, October 11: Ibid.

[3] "They did not let to say that they had your majesty's promise to show in writing to confirm the same."—Norfolk, Sussex, and Sadler to Elizabeth, October 9: Ibid.

of Scots might be found innocent; if it proved otherwise, she would not stain her conscience with the maintenance of wickedness.

Murray said that, notwithstanding these words, there was a very general belief that the Queen of Scots was to be replaced, "however matters fell out." It was so reported in Scotland; and it was so said at that very moment at York. He could not but suspect that, "although her highness might not restore the said queen immediately, yet means would be wrought to her relief at a later time, to their no little danger." He produced four questions, to which he said he must have a clear answer before he would proceed with the accusations.

First. Had the commission power to pass sentence of guilty or not guilty, according to the merits of the case?

Second. If they had this power, did they intend to use it?

Third. If he made his charge, and proved it, what was to be done with the Queen of Scots?

Fourth. Would the Queen of England, in that case, maintain the authority of the young king?

"The cause," he said, "was so weighty, and it touched them all so near, that they all resolved not to accuse the queen of the murder until they knew for certain what they were to look for."

"They be in hopes and comfort," wrote the commissioners, "that if they do not bring up the worst charges, the Queen of Scots will be induced to a reasonable composition; and on the other side, if they proceed to extremity, they be out of hope of any good composition, and so shall live always in danger." [1]

"It seems," Sussex wrote separately, "they be bent to one of two ends—either to prove her guilty of the murder, and then never to hearken after to any composition, wherein they will not deal before they may be assured that if the murder is tried, the queen will so keep her as she shall by no means work their hurt hereafter—or else leaving off entirely to charge her with the murder, seek a reconcilement and composition of all causes, without touching her any ways in her honour." [2]

It might have been thought from the language of her commission that this was precisely the end at which Elizabeth was aiming. She did not wish the Queen of Scots to be found guilty; she had seemed at desire that she should not be accused.

[1] Norfolk, Sadler, and Sussex to Elizabeth, October 9: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

[2] Sussex to Cecil, October 9: Ibid.

But such a conclusion would not have answered, because it would have been too complete. She would be unable to detain the Queen of Scots any longer in England; she would have purchased for herself only the resentment and suspicion of all parties; and the stain which she admitted to the Spanish ambassador that she desired should rest upon the Queen of Scots would disappear in the absence of accusation. The Catholic world would universally accept the acquittal, and the danger of her own position would be infinitely aggravated. The consequences of her own crooked conduct were coming back upon her. She had not meant, and she did not mean, to act unfairly; but she would not accept the lessons which Knollys had tried to teach, that the more honourable way was the plain way; she could never travel with comfort on a straight road anywhere.

On the morning of the 9th, while Murray was still pausing upon his answer, Norfolk rode out with Maitland to Cawood, and told him at great length that, whatever happened, Elizabeth had determined "not to end the cause at that time." She professed to wish that Murray should avoid extremities, yet, in reality, she intended him "to utter all he could to the Queen of Scots' dishonour; to cause her to come in disdain with the whole subjects of the realm, that she might be the more unable to attempt anything to her disadvantage." "Without appointing the matter," she intended to keep the Queen of Scots in England till "she should think time to show her favour." She was making use of the lords for her own purposes; she was merely saying to them whatever would answer her immediate end, and she would throw them over as soon as it suited her convenience.[1]

Norfolk himself was so little careful of truth that perhaps he invented this dangerous statement as a means of working upon Murray; but it was so precisely a repetition of the former treatment which Murray had met with; it agreed so closely with her language to de Silva, that in all probability it was no more than a betrayal of the confidence which his mistress had really reposed in him. Maitland begged the duke to speak to the regent himself, and the next morning arranged a private interview between them. The duke explained to Murray at length the feelings of the English nobility on the Scotch succession. He spoke of Mary Stuart's claims to the crown; of the powerful party who,

[1] The Bishop of Ross to the Queen of Scots, October 9, part cipher.—*Cotton MSS.* Calig. C.

for various reasons, were desirous of supporting those claims; and the injury which would be inflicted, both on her own and the prince's prospects, if her character was publicly stained. After dwelling again on what he had said to Maitland, he added, truly or falsely, another illustration of Elizabeth's insincerity. She pretended to desire, he said, that Bothwell should be taken and punished, yet she had refused to intercede with the King of Denmark for his extradition; "her majesty would never solicit the same, but purposely held him living above the said queen's head to stay her from any other marriage." He pointed out how much safer it would be for Murray now, when the opportunity was open to him, to come to an understanding with his own sovereign: and then, indirectly approaching his own great secret, the duke said, "it would be convenient the Queen of Scots had more children; there being but one bairn proceeded of her;" Scotland and England were alike interested in the increase of her family, and Murray's own fortunes depended on it also, "the Hamiltons, his unfriends, having the next claim to the crown of Scotland, and the issue of her body being likely to be more affectionate to him and his than any other that could attain to that room." [1]

Murray's position was now an exceedingly difficult one. He knew by experience that Elizabeth was perfectly capable of betraying him. However careless he might be of his own interests, he had his party and his country to consider as well as himself. It was open to him, by a private agreement with his mistress, to obtain every security which he desired for the government of Scotland. The Protestant religion could be firmly established; the threatened civil war averted; all feuds forgotten, all parties reconciled in a general act of indemnity; and the powerful body of English nobles and statesmen who were in favour of the Scotch succession laid under the deepest of all obligations. What was Elizabeth to him, that for her sake he should risk all these advantages, with no better ground than he possessed for believing that he could count upon her sincerity?

He reflected for a day, and on 11th he gave in his first formal reply to the commissioners of the Queen of Scots. Either he could not or he would not wait for the answers to his four

[1] This conversation was related a year after by Murray himself to Elizabeth, October 29, 1569: *MSS. Scotland.* It agrees in substance with the account given by Melville in his *Memoirs;* Melville having been at York at the time, and behind the scenes.

questions; and avoiding everything approaching to a charge against her of having been concerned in the murder, he laid the guilt on Bothwell; he defended the rebellion and the Lochleven imprisonment on the ground simply of the queen's marriage and Bothwell's crimes, with his obvious intention of erecting a tyranny in Scotland. It amounted to no more than a political defence, which the Queen of Scots herself might accept without disgrace; and the accusations, as far as they touched herself, were so framed as to admit of easy reply.

More, however, it was indicated, remained behind, which could be produced, if necessary. The Queen of Scots' commissioners rejoined, accepting and replying to Murray's points; and there was then a pause, till further instructions could be received from London.

Although Murray, however, refused to proceed publicly with the weightier charges, he allowed the commissioners to see in private what he was able to produce. Norfolk was, doubtless, not without curiosity to know something of the woman of whom he was thinking as his wife; and being as he was a weak amiable man, with qualities which those who play for the high stakes of this world ought not to possess, he was staggered at so tremendous a revelation, and evidently began to hesitate at the prospect which his friends designed for him. Buchanan himself could scarcely have rendered more emphatic the language in which he described his first impression.

"They showed me," he wrote, "a horrible and long letter of her own hand, as they say, containing foul matter and abominable to be either thought of or written by a prince, with divers fond ballads, discovering such inordinate and filthy love betwixt her and Bothwell, her loathsomeness and abhorring of her husband that was murdered, and the conspiracy of his death in such a sort, as any good and godly man cannot but detest and abhor the same."

The lords, he said, were ready to swear that both letters and verses were in her own handwriting; the contents were such that they could scarcely have been invented; and "as it was hard to counterfeit so many and so long letters, so it seemed from the matter of them and the manner in which they were discovered, that God, in whose sight murder and bloodshed were abominable, would not permit the same to be hid or concealed." [1] He enclosed extracts from the letters in his despatch, and he left it to Elizabeth to say whether, if they were genuine, "which

[1] The Commissioners at York to Elizabeth, October 11: Anderson.

he and his companions believed them to be," there could be any doubt of the Queen of Scots' guilt.

So far the duke wrote in concert with Sussex and Sadler, and were there nothing more, and had he been an abler man, he might be suspected of endeavouring merely to blind the English government as to his own views; but in a private letter of his own to Cecil, Pembroke, and Leicester he added more to the same purpose, which show plainly that he was himself shaken. There were but two courses to be taken, he said: "If the fact should be thought as detestable and manifest to them as, for anything he could perceive, it seemed to him," the simplest and safest course would be "condign punishment, with open demonstration to the whole world, with the whole circumstances, and plain, true, and indifferent proceeding therein." If this could not be permitted, "such composition would have to be made as in so broken a cause might be:" and the Hamiltons and the regent would have to be reconciled. "Without those differences were concluded, they would make but botched work." [1]

The greatest difficulty would then lie in the scheme which the Hamiltons had formed for marrying the Queen of Scots to Lord Arbroath. But there were ways of meeting this. Fresh from the perusal of the letters, it seemed to strike him that the woman who could write them was not born for high dignity, or was a fit match even for himself; some meaner union would be more suitable; and Knollys suggested to him the possibility of marrying her to some younger brother of a noble English house, some relative of the queen's on the mother's side, such for instance as "young Mr. George Carey," second son of Lord Hunsdon. "So matched," Elizabeth need have no fear of her, and young Carey, with his fortune to make, would not be particular.[2]

It seemed likely, however, that these and such speculations would be thrown away, and that the Scots would come to an agreement among themselves which would take the matter out of English hands. While the conference was suspended, Knollys returned to Bolton. Mary Stuart, who knew nothing of what had passed, received him with eager inquiries, "Whether the lords would proceed with their odious accusations, or whether they would stay and be reconciled to her?" "If

[1] Norfolk to Pembroke, Leicester, and Cecil, October 11: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

[2] Knollys to Norfolk, October 15: *Cotton MSS.* Calig. C.

they fell to extremities," she said, "they should be answered roundly and to the full, and then were they past all reconciliation." She would swear her letters were forged; she would insist on being heard in person, and she would charge Morton and Maitland with having themselves been parties to the murder. But Knollys gathered from her that she had no desire to play so desperate a game; she might ruin them, but she could scarcely save herself. Her anxiety was evidently to make some arrangement which would prevent her letters from being published.[1] Distrusting Elizabeth as much as Murray distrusted her, she was now through her friends using all her endeavours to work upon the lords; and she seemed very likely to succeed.

Lord Sussex, in an able letter, laid before Cecil the whole bearing of the question.

"The matter would have to end either by finding the queen guilty, or by some composition which would save her reputation. The first method would be the best, but it would require Murray's help, and Murray, for two reasons, might now decline to give it.

"She would disown the letters, and in return accuse his friends *of manifest consent to the murder hardly to be denied*. The king was young and delicate, and might possibly die. If the queen were judicially dishonoured, the Hamiltons would succeed to the crown of Scotland, and in right of blood would claim the immediate government. Murray would not part with the regency, and Hamilton would not be second to Murray.

"The Hamiltons desired that the proceedings should be dropped, that the queen should be restored in name, but remain in England; while Scotland, in respect of her misgovernment, should be ordered by a council of the nobility, to be named by the Queen of England."

Murray wished that she should repeat her abdication and withdraw her complaints against him and his friends. He would then forbear to accuse her further, destroy the casket, and hold out hopes to her of eventual restoration, "in proof of his forgetting her displeasure."

Between these two views the Scots were at present divided; but the danger most to be dreaded was "that both sides might eventually pack together, so as, under colour of composition, to unwrap their mistress of their present slander, and purge her openly. Within short time they would demand of the queen her delivery home to govern her own realm; she also making

[1] Knollys to Norfolk, October 15: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C.

like request—and the queen, having no just cause to detain her, would have her for a mortal enemy ever after." [1]

To this point Elizabeth had brought it: she had spun refinement within refinement, artifice within artifice. The Queen of Scots was to be accused and not accused, acquitted and not acquitted, restored and not restored. So many objections could be urged against any one course, that she had thought to neutralise them by adopting all at once, and the web which she had wrought out with so much pains was about to be rent in pieces. When the Queen of Scots came to England, it would have been easy to require Murray to produce the proofs of the crimes with which he charged her: she might have submitted the letters and depositions to the twelve judges and the English Parliament; and then publishing the truth without concealment or hesitation, have dared the Catholic powers to interfere in such a cause. But theories of the rights of sovereigns, and the intellectual enjoyment of handling a difficult subject artificially, forbade so simple a proceeding.

When it came to the point, she could not make up her mind, after all, whether she wished Murray to go on with his charges or not. His four questions, when they were brought to London, seemed to force her to some positive conclusion, but she struggled against the necessity of decision. She said at first that "they needed no particular answer;" the Earl of Murray should be contented to leave the matter to herself and her own judgment; "on hearing the cause she would do or cause to be done what should be agreeable to the honour of Almighty God, the maintenance of the innocent, and the reproof of the guilty."

Such phrases would have answered no good purpose: she would have satisfied Murray that no good was to be expected from her, and have driven him faster than ever into a compromise. But suddenly, while she was hesitating what answer to give, a whisper ran round the court that the Duke of Norfolk was to marry the Queen of Scots. What it meant, with which party it originated—the how, the when, the why of it—was all obscure to her; but it was a sharp revelation to Elizabeth that others could scheme beside herself. The dangers which she had feared from the Queen of Scots' presence in England had started out of the ground at her very feet,[2] and at once on the instant

[1] Sussex to Cecil, October 22: *Illustrations of English History*, vol. i. p. 458.

[2] "Y porque se levantó un rumor que el Duque de Norfolk, que es viudo, queria casarse con la Reyna de Escocia, la Reyna de Inglaterra

she cancelled the York commission, resumed the cause into her own hands, and summoned all parties to London, where the conclusion could be heard in her presence. Sussex might remain where he was; Norfolk might use the opportunity to survey the fortifications at Berwick; Sadler, Maitland, and Herries were ordered back to her immediately, that "she might be better informed in certain matters." The Queen of Scots' commissioners, she was particularly anxious, should not be alarmed. She said that she still desired only to discover the easiest means for her sister's restitution.[1]

Evidently Elizabeth's first impulse was to rid herself as rapidly as possible of a guest who promised to be so troublesome. If before she had been three months in the country she had entangled the premier nobleman of England in her meshes, what might not be expected in the future? Among those to whom the state of things was known, the expectation at this moment was of some rapid compromise, by which the Queen of Scots would be immediately replaced. The great object would be to separate her from the Catholic party; she had offered to consent to the establishment in Scotland of the Anglican religion. This or something like it would be probably the chief condition insisted on; and unless the great powers showed more interest in her than they had hitherto displayed, her zeal for Catholicism, it was feared, would give way under the trial.[2] France cared only for the alliance with Scotland, and was ready to let religion take its chance. Spain had been so far entirely silent towards her, and accident had led her to believe that she was more neglected than she actually was. A passionate letter which she had written to the Spanish minister in London had been left

mandó luego deshacer aquel ajuntamiento, y hizó venir aqui los disputados."—Relacion del Negocio de la Serenissima Reyna de Escocia: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] The Queen to Norfolk, Sussex, and Sadler, October 16: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

[2] M. de la Forest, the French ambassador in England, was superseded at this crisis by La Mothe Fénelon, whose despatches throw so much light on the history of the coming years. The Archbishop of Glasgow, Mary's minister in Paris, had a conversation with him before he started, and was horrified by hearing La Mothe say that he intended to advise the Queen of Scots to give way about religion. The words which La Mothe Fénelon used, as reported in Spanish by Alava to Philip, are these:—"Señor Embajador yo voy á residir en la Corte de Inglaterra y á servir á la Reyna vuestra ama; y para que sus cosas vayan bien á la fee, debeis de aconsejarla que no esté tan dura como hasta aqui, sino que se dexe llevar al sabor de sus vassallos, porque desta manera ella sera Reyna obedecida y querida. En fin dice el obispo que claramente le dixó que hiciese officio para que se acommodase en lo de la religion, y en todo lo demas con sus vassallos."—Alava to Philip, October 30: Teulet, vol. ii.

a month unanswered. The key of her cipher had been lost, and the letter could not be read. The Archbishop of Glasgow at Paris told Don Francis de Alava that she had been constant so far, in the hope that the King of Spain would take her part. If Spain failed her she would yield, and the Catholics of England and Scotland would then cease to struggle.

Mary Stuart so far had been without interest to Philip. He knew her to be a bad woman; she was connected closely with France, and he had no political inducement to meddle for other reasons in her favour. If France, however, shook her off or became indifferent, if the English Catholics were willing to overlook her delinquencies, and if she and they would commit themselves to Spanish direction, his scruples might possibly be overcome. Uncertain, yet hoping that it might be so, Alava wrote to Cayas, Philip's secretary, to plead for her.

"The Queen of Scots," he allowed, "had made a few mistakes in her life," not to use a harder word for them.[1] "It would require some skill to bring his majesty to hold out a hand to her; but he was a great prince; and in the service of God, and considering the present condition of the world, his majesty might overlook her faults, and accept her as sound."[2]

What that condition of the world was, with the present aspect of the great struggle between Popery and Protestantism, and the bearing of it upon the English crisis, will be described in the following chapter.

[1] "Aunque aya andado *estropeçando* en algunas cosas en el progreso de su vida."—Alava to Cayas: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] "Aunque puede tener alguna arte esto, para hacer salir á su Majestad à ayudarla, arte es que paresce que su Majestad puede pasarla y tomárla por la buena pues es en el servicio de Dios y bien de las materias que hoy se tratan en el mundo. Su Majestad es Catolico y magnanimo Principe," etc.—Ibid.

CHAPTER XVI

STRUGGLE BETWEEN POPERY AND PROTESTANTISM

When the Roman poet denounced the service of the gods as a malignant and accursed superstition, the deserved reproach of religion was on the eve of passing away. The creeds of the ancient nations were the expression of their thoughts upon themselves and upon the world in which they lived. Encompassed within and without by invisible forces, now beneficent and life-giving, now terrible in destructiveness, they saw in all of them, in sunshine and storm, in plenty and famine, in health and disease, the work of beings whose envy would not permit mankind to be continuously happy. They painted the immortal lords of the universe after the image of the strongest and worst of their own race, and strove with prayers and sacrifices to propitiate their jealous caprice. Hence came those real or legendary rites in Aulis, where the noblest of the maidens of Greece was offered as a victim to the spirit of the storm: hence those memorable lines of Lucretius, which form the epitaph of dying paganism.

A new era was about to dawn. Christ came bringing with him the knowledge that God was not a demon, but a being of infinite goodness—that the service required of mankind was not a service of ceremony, but a service of obedience and love—obedience to laws of morality, and love and charity towards man. In the God whom Christ revealed, neither envy was known nor hatred, nor the hungry malice which required to be appeased by voluntary penances or bloody offerings. The God made known in the Gospel demanded of His children only the sacrifice of their own wills, and for each act of love and self-forgetfulness bestowed on them the peace of mind which passed understanding.

Such a creed, had it remained as it came from its Founder, would have changed the aspect of the earth. It would not have expelled evil, for evil lies in selfishness, and the conquest of self is the discipline which, if it be permitted to conjecture the purposes of the Almighty, human beings are sent into the world to learn: but it would have bound together in one common

purpose all the good, all the generous, all the noble-minded, whose precepts and whose example would have served as a guide to their weaker brethren. It would not have quarrelled over words and forms. It would have accepted the righteous act whether the doer of it preferred Paul or Cephas. In that religion hate would have no place, for love, which is hate's opposite, was its principle; nor could any cruel passion have found its sanction where each emotion was required to resolve itself into charity.

But the rules of life as delivered in the Gospel were too simple and too difficult: too simple, because men could not thus readily shake off the dark associations which had grown around the idea of the Almighty; too difficult, because the perfect goodness thus assigned to Him admitted no compromise, refused the ritualistic contrivances which had been the substitute for practical piety, and exacted imperatively the sacrifice which man ever finds most difficult—the sacrifice of himself. Thus for the religion of Christ was exchanged the Christian religion. God gave the Gospel, the father of lies invented theology; and while the duty of obedience was still preached, and the perfect goodness of the Father in heaven, that goodness was resolved into a mystery of which human intelligence was not allowed to apprehend the meaning. The highest obedience was conceived to lie in the profession of particular dogmas on inscrutable problems of metaphysics, the highest disobedience in the refusal to admit propositions, which neither those who drew them nor those to whom they were offered professed to be able to understand. Forgiveness and mercy were proclaimed for moral offences; the worst sins were made light of in comparison with heresy: while it was insisted that the God of love revealed by Christ would torture in hell-fire for ever and for ever the souls of those who had held wrong opinions on the composition of His nature, however pure and holy their lives and conversation might be.

So again God became as man, and was made in man's image, and so came back ferocity and hate, and pride, and slander, and cruelty, sanctioned by the creed which had been sent into the world to overcome them. The wells of life were poisoned, and the truth itself was made the instrument of evil. Those who were most sincerely anxious to do the will of God, believed that they could best please Him by zeal for correctness of doctrine. Those who desired only to please themselves, could satisfy their consciences and earn the applause of the godly by

proclaiming formulas which it cost them nothing to maintain, and by compounding for the indulgence of their passions by the exactness of their ceremonial observance. If God himself, the supremely good, so hated theological mistakes that for speculative error alone there was no mercy, but only the utmost extremity of torture which Omnipotence could inflict, then what could His servants do but judge as He judged, employ the same balance, imitate, as far as their feeble passions could extend, the example of their Master, and most hate what He most hated? Though warned against the comparison by their Founder, they saw in the history of the chosen people the pattern of the treatment which befitted the worshippers of strange gods. Death to men, to women, to the baby at the breast; death to the beast of the field accursed by idolatrous companionship; the brick-kilns for the agony of fire, the harrow to tear the flesh from the bones.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Through Christ came charity and mercy. From theology came strife and hatred, and that fatal root of bitterness of which our Lord spoke himself in the mournful prophecy, that He had not come to send peace on earth, but a sword. When His name and His words had been preached for fifteen centuries, there were none found who could tolerate difference of opinion on the operation of baptism, or on the nature of His presence in the eucharist; none, or at least none but the hard-hearted children of the world. The more religious any man was the more eager was he to put away by fire and sword all those whose convictions differed from his own.

The Reformation was the beginning of a new order of things. The recognition that false dogmas had for many centuries been violently intruded upon mankind—and the consequent revolt against the authority which imposed them, were in reality a protest against the dogmatic system and an admission of the rights of conscience. When the visible unity of the Church was once broken, the multitude of opinions which ensued compelled their reciprocal toleration; and the experience that men of different persuasions can live together with mutual advantage and mutual respect, has untwisted slowly the grasp of the theological fingers from the human throat. The truth again begins to be felt, though as yet it can hardly be avowed, that religion does not consist in an assent to propositions; that the essence of it is something which is held alike by Catholic and Anglican, Arminian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Samaritan, or Jew.

Yet this, the greatest of all the consequences which flowed from the Reformation, was the furthest from the minds of the Reformers themselves, and there were few among them who would not have been loud in deprecating so undesired a catastrophe. The first and greatest of them contented themselves chiefly with negation—protesting against the lies with which the Church of Rome was choking them. But as the struggle deepened, the fiery tempers which it developed could not rest till they had produced positive doctrines which they could inflict at the sword's point as remorselessly as their late tyrants. The guidance of the great movement was snatched from the control of reason to be made over to Calvinism; and Calvinism, could it have had the world under its feet, would have been as merciless as the inquisition itself. The Huguenots and the Puritans, the Bible in one hand, the sword in the other, were ready to make war with steel and fire against all which Europe for ten centuries had held sacred. Fury encountered fury, fanaticism fanaticism—and wherever Calvin's spirit penetrated, the Christian world was divided into two armies, who abhorred each other with a bitterness exceeding the utmost malignity of mere human hatred.

The great religious drama of the sixteenth century was played out between five countries, England, Scotland, France, Spain, and the Netherlands. The more moderate genius of Lutheranism delayed the conflict in Germany to a later generation. Could the English aristocracy have had their way it would have been delayed in England also, but they played their cards badly.

In Paris the traditions lingered of the wars between Charles and Francis. Catherine de Medici and her sons cared less for religion than for France, and they dreaded Spain more than they hated Protestantism. The queen-mother and the French nobility had not forgotten St. Quentin, or their lost provinces in Italy, or their forfeited supremacy in Europe. Henry II., who, it was said, would have made an alliance with the Devil if it would second the interests of France, and his widow, who was of the same way of thinking, would have gladly reconciled Catholic and Huguenot, that the united country might be the stronger against her foreign rivals. For the Huguenots, as such, neither Henry nor his queen had felt either respect or regard. The king had contemplated more than once a general massacre of them, as the best means of settling a troublesome question. He had spoken of it to the Prince of Orange after St. Quentin. The Duke of Alva afterwards talked it over with

Catherine at Bayonne. But the swords of the bravest of their subjects were too useful to be sacrificed in the uncertain condition of Europe, and Henry had ever a second policy in reserve, of which the King of Navarre, the Colignys, and the English alliance were the instruments. Catherine de Medici had declined upon the whole to be guided by Alva. A league was afterwards believed to have been concluded, between France and Spain and the pope, for the extermination of the heretics; but the house of Lorraine had taken upon themselves, without authority, to speak for their country; and when the death of the Duke of Guise had relieved the court from the heavy pressure of his influence, the efforts of the government were directed ever to the discovery of some possible system of toleration by which Catholic and Protestant might live together without flying at one another's throats, each with some kind of liberty to pray to God in their own form and way. It was not in mercy, for Catherine had no such weakness. It was not in large-minded wisdom, for her understanding was mean and narrow. She was emphatically a godless woman; she cared nothing for religion either way; she inherited a jealousy and suspicion of Spain, and she wished to keep France undisturbed by civil war.

Yet whatever her motives, her policy would have been a happy one had her subjects allowed her to pursue it. In France, however, as in most other places, the passions of the multitude were too hot for control. The Reformation had entered there in the form of Calvinism. The Huguenot was as unmanageable as the Catholic: had he power, as he had will, he would have dragooned France as Calvin dragooned Geneva. Both sides were possessed with a vindictive hatred, and both alike made impossible the maintenance of the edicts with which from time to time the queen-mother had attempted to pacify them. The minister could not preach in Paris, the priest could say no mass at Rochelle; and with the smothered flames bursting out now here now there in local massacres, they lay watching each other in suspended hostility, and only waiting their opportunity to strike some deadly blow.

After four years' precarious observance the Peace of Amboise was broken. The admiral and the Prince of Condé, in the summer of 1567, encountered some suspected treachery against themselves by an attempt to seize and carry off the young king. Missing their purpose, they took the field, and in a battle under the walls of Paris the old Constable Montmorency was killed.

A second treaty followed;[1] concessions were made on both sides, and again there was a hope of peace. But it came to nothing. In the summer of 1568 the Prince of Condé was established at Rochelle, the virtual sovereign of France south of the Loire; and with the same curious sympathy between the Reformation and buccaneering which had shown itself in England, his fleets were roving the ocean by the side of Hawkins and Frobisher.

In France some fierce catastrophe was visibly approaching. The people were at fever heat, the government purposeless and incompetent. Far different was the attitude of Spain. Other nations were divided in opinion. Spain had no such difficulty. The faint footprints of Protestantism in Castile had been easily erased by the inquisition. The conquest of Grenada, and the crusading enthusiasm which had accompanied it, had revived the heroism and the superstition of the twelfth century. New life had sprung up in the decaying monasteries. The religious orders, in the genuine fervour of the middle ages, girt their loins with sackcloth, disciplined their rebellious flesh with scanty diet and knotted cord, and, with the revived austerities, regained their power over the intellects and consciences of men. As the Puritans of New England regarded the warlock and the witch, so to the fanatical Castilians those accursed infidels who denied Christ's bodily presence in the Holy Eucharist appeared as children of Satan, monsters self-infected with a leprosy of soul; and every man who feared God set himself with heart and arm, life and substance, to root out the poison from every corner of the land.

In the peninsula the work was soon finished. Each priest and monk was a ready-made soldier of the inquisition—without mercy, even as God, in their view of Him, was without mercy. The civil power lent a willing hand. Evidence was not sifted too curiously when the object was to make a clean sweep of a nest of vipers. Suspicion was certainty: for none were suspected who were not at least lukewarm; and to be lukewarm was to be a heretic at heart. The rack, the dungeon, the stake, the gibbet, soon purified the Spanish dominions of Philip II. In Sicily, Naples, and Lombardy there was even less difficulty. In the neighbourhood of the papacy art throve, and science, and Machiavellian statesmanship; but there was not religion enough to make men care whether their creed was true or false. Beyond the Atlantic Christianity was as yet known only in the form in which it had been preached by the Dominicans; the only

[1] March 7, 1568.

heretics who had set foot there were the English pirates, whose missionary exploits were inconsiderable.

But there was one plague-spot in the Spanish Empire—one damning exception to the splendid orthodoxy of the subjects of the Castilian prince. Political ingenuity has as yet contrived no scheme of government which on the whole works better than monarchy by hereditary succession. To choose a ruler by the accident of birth is scarcely less absurd in theory than the method so much ridiculed by Plato, of selection by lot; yet the necessity of stability, and the difficulty, hitherto unsurmounted, of finding any principle of election which will work long without confusion, have brought men to acquiesce in an arrangement for which reason has nothing to urge; and to provide a remedy for the mischief otherwise inevitable by erecting a sovereignty of law, supreme alike over monarch and subject, and by restricting the privileges of the crown within strict constitutional limits.

The evil of the hereditary principle appears in its most aggravated form when, through royal intermarriages, two nations have been tied together which have no natural connection either in language, habit, or tradition; especially when they are situated at a great distance from one another, and when a country before independent is governed by the deputy of an alien sovereign.

Such was the position of the densely-peopled group of provinces on the mouth of the Rhine, under the Spanish prince. Their own dukes, long the equals of the proudest of the European sovereigns, had become extinct. The title and the authority had lapsed to a monarch who was ignorant of their language, indifferent to their customs, and with interests of his own separate from, and perhaps opposite to, theirs. It was the more necessary for them to insist on their established hereditary privileges, larger, happily for them, than those which bound the hands of any other duke or king. So long as these rights remained unviolated, the Netherlands had given little cause to their new sovereign to complain of their loyalty. The people had found their advantage in being attached to a powerful monarchy, which protected them from their dangerous neighbours. They had paid for the connnection by contributing freely with their wealth and blood to the greatness of the empire of which they were a part.

They had endured without complaining occasional excesses of the prerogative, but they had endured them as permitted

by themselves, not as encroachments which they were unable to resist. The observance of the coronation oath was not left to the authority of conscience, and the monarch was without power to perjure himself however great might be his desire. Every province had its own jurisdiction—its separate governor, by whom its military strength was administered; every town had its charter and its municipal constitution, and against the will of the citizens legally declared no foreign garrison might be admitted within their walls; oppression was impossible, until the civil liberties which the king had sworn to respect were first invaded and crushed.

Thus the provinces were thriving beyond all other parts of Europe. Their great cities were the marts of the world's commerce—their traders covered the seas, and the produce of their looms was exposed for sale in every market-place in Christendom. Their merchants were succeeding to the wealth and the importance which were fading from Genoa and Venice; and their sovereigns had been long careful to conciliate the loyalty of subjects so eminently useful. The burghers of Bruges and Antwerp had done more for Charles V. in his long grapple with France than the mines of Mexico and Peru; and until the provinces felt the first shock of the religious convulsion, no question had risen to overcloud the pride of the Flemings in the glories of their imperial master.

Where the minds of men were in such activity, the doctrines of the Reformation readily found entrance; yet notwithstanding, with skilful handling, the collision might have been avoided between the people and the crown, and the Netherlands might have been held loyal, not only to the Spanish crown but to the See of Rome. As in England, the movement began first among the artisans and the smaller tradesmen. The possession of wealth inclines men everywhere to think well of the institutions under which they have prospered, and the noblemen and opulent citizens of Flanders and Brabant were little inclined to trouble themselves with new theories. They were Catholics because they had been born Catholics, but they held their religion with those unconscious limitations which are necessitated by occupation in the world. The modern Englishman confesses the theoretic value of poverty, the danger of riches, and the paramount claims upon his attention of a world beyond the grave; yet none the less he regards the accumulation of wealth as a personal and national advantage. He labours to increase his own income; he believes that he does well if he leaves his family

beyond the necessity of labouring for their livelihood: he reads and respects the Sermon on the Mount; he condemns and will even punish with moderation those who impugn its inspiration; yet in the practical opinions which he professes and on which he acts he directly contradicts its precepts. The attitude of the wealthy Netherlander towards the Catholic faith was very much the same. He did not wish to become a Protestant. He was ready to treat the profession of Protestantism as a considerable offence; but as the Publican was nearer the kingdom of heaven than the Pharisee, so the manufacturers of Ghent were protected from fanaticism by their worldliness. They were willing to continue Catholics themselves; and to maintain the Catholic Church in all its dignity and honour; but they did not desire to ruin themselves and their country by the death or exile of their most industrious workmen.

Between this point of view and that of the Spaniard there was an irreconcilable difference. The Catholic religion was of course true, paramount—or whatever else it wished to be called; but they believed in it as established religions always are believed in by men who have much else of a useful kind to think about. To the Spaniard, on the other hand, his religion was the all in all. It did not change his nature—because his mind was fastened on the theological aspect of it. He was cruel, sensual, covetous, unscrupulous. In his hunger for gold he had exterminated whole races and nations in the New World. But his avarice was like the avarice of the spendthrift. Of the careful concentration of his faculties in the pursuit of wealth by industrious methods he was incapable. The daily occupation of the Fleming was with his ledger or his factory—the Spaniard passed from the mass and the confessional to the hunting-field, the tilt-yard, or the field of battle.

The most important of the national characteristics were combined in the person of Philip II. The energy, the high-mettled spirit, the humour, the romance, the dash and power of the Spanish character had no place in him. He was slow, hesitating, and in common matters uncertain. If not deficient in personal courage, he was without military taste or military ambition. But he had few vices. During his marriage with Mary Tudor, he indulged, it is said, in some forbidden pleasures; but he had no natural desire for such things, and if he did not forsake his faults in this way, he was forsaken by them. He was moderate in his habits, careful, business-like, and usually kind and conciliatory. He could under no circumstances have

been a great man; but with other opportunities he might have passed muster among sovereigns as considerably better than the average of them: he might have received credit for many negative virtues, and a conscientious application to the common duties of his office. He was one of those limited but not ill-meaning men to whom religion furnishes usually a healthy principle of action, and who are ready and eager to submit to its authority. In the unfortunate conjuncture at which he was set to reign, what ought to have guided him into good became the source of those actions which have made his name infamous. With no broad intelligence to test or correct his superstitions, he gave prominence, like the rest of his countrymen, to those particular features of his creed which could be of smallest practical value to him. He saw in his position and in his convictions a call from Providence to restore through Europe the shaking fabric of the Church, and he lived to show that the most cruel curse which can afflict the world is the tyranny of ignorant conscientiousness, and that there is no crime too dark for a devotee to perpetrate under the seeming sanction of his creed.

Charles V., in whom Burgundian, German, and Spanish blood were mixed in equal proportions, was as much broader in his sympathies than Philip as he was superior to him in intellect. He, too, had hated heresy, but as Emperor of Germany he had been forced to bear with it. His edict for the suppression of the new opinions in the Netherlands was as cruel as the most impassioned zealot could desire, and at times and places the persecution had been as sanguinary as in Spain: but it was limited everywhere by the unwillingness of the local magistrates to support the bishops; in some of the states it was never enforced at all, and everywhere the emperor's difficulties with France soon compelled him to let it drop. The war outlived him. The Peace of Cambray found Philip on the throne ready to take advantage of the leisure which at last had arrived. Charles in his dying instructions commended to his son those duties which he had himself neglected. He directed him to put away the accursed thing, to rebuild the House of the Lord, which like another David he was himself unfit to raise. Philip received the message as a divine command. When the emperor died he was at Brussels. He had ten thousand Spanish troops with him, a ready-made instrument for the work. He set himself at once to establish more bishops in the provinces, with larger inquisitorial powers. It was not to be the fault of the sovereign if the bill of

spiritual health was not as clean in his northern dominions as in Arragon and Castile.

But each year of delay had made the problem more difficult of solution. Protestantism, while it left the higher classes untouched, had spread like a contagion among the commons. The congregations of artisans in every great town and seaport numbered their tens of thousands. The members of them were the very flower of the provincial industry; and the edicts contemplated their extermination by military force, acting as the uncontrolled instrument of improvised illegal tribunals. The ordinary local courts were to be superseded by mere martial law; and the Netherland nobles did not choose to surrender themselves bound hand and foot to Spanish despotism. Their constitutional rights once suspended for their spiritual purgation, might be lost for ever; and without professing any sympathy with heresy, with the most eager declaration that they desired as ardently as Philip the re-establishment of orthodoxy, they refused to allow the location of foreign garrisons among them. They claimed their right to deal with their own people by their own laws; and Philip, after a burst of passion, had been compelled to yield. The Spanish troops were sent home, and the king, leaving his sister, the Duchess of Parma, to do her best without them, returned to Madrid, to bide his time. Seven years passed before an opportunity arrived to reopen the question. The regent Margaret, assisted by her faithful minister the Bishop of Arras, laboured assiduously to do her brother's pleasure. Notwithstanding the opposition, she found instruments more or less willing to enforce the edicts—some sharing Philip's bigotry, some anxious to find favour in his eyes. Men capable of great and prolonged efforts of resistance are usually slow to commence struggles of which they better than any one foresee the probable consequences. Year after year some hundreds of poor men were racked, and hanged, and burnt, but no blessing followed, and the evil did not abate. The moderate Catholics, whose humanity had not been extinguished by their creed, became Lutherans in their recoil from cruelties which they were unable to prevent; and Lutheranism, face to face with its ferocious enemy, developed quickly into Calvinism. The hunted workmen either passed into France to their Huguenot brothers, or took service with the privateers, or migrated by thousands into England with their families, carrying with them their arts and industries. Factories were closed, trade was paralysed, or was transferred from the Scheldt to the Thames.

The spirit of disaffection went deeper and deeper into the people, and the hard-headed and indifferent man of business was converted by his losses into a patriot. To the petitions for the moderation of the edicts the Duchess of Parma could answer only that she had no power or that she must consult her brother; and the noblemen who had first interposed to prevent the continuance of the Spaniards among them began to consult what further steps might be possible. Foremost among these were the stadtholders of the different provinces, William of Nassau Prince of Orange, Count Egmont the hero of Gravelines and St. Quentin, Montigny, Horn, and the Marquis Berghen; the Prince of Orange was still under thirty and capable of new impressions, his friends were middle-aged men, unlikely to change their creed, but unwilling to sit by and see their fellow-countrymen murdered. Something they were able to effect for a time, by impeding the action of their own courts; but local remedies were partial and difficult to carry out. The vague powers of the bishops superseded the laws of the states, and the laws themselves had been formed in Catholic times when heresy was universally regarded as a serious offence: the stadtholders could not alter them without open revolt against the sovereign, which as yet they had not contemplated. They could but solicit Philip, therefore, to moderate the violence of the administration, and suspend the edicts till milder measures had been tried.

Such advice to the King of Spain was like the carnal policy of the children of Israel in making terms with the idolaters of Canaan. What to him were the lives and industries of his subjects compared to their immortal souls? Better that the Low Countries were restored to the ocean from which they had been recovered, better that every man, woman, and child should perish from off the land, than that he should acknowledge or endure as his subjects the enemies of God. To him the man who endeavoured to protect a heretic was no less infamous than the heretic himself. Compared with the service of the Almighty, the rights of the provinces were mere forms of man's devising; and, with a purpose hard as the flinty pavement of his own Madrid, he temporised and gave doubtful answers, and marked the name of every man who petitioned to him for moderation, that he might make an example of him when the time for it should come.

At length, driven mad by their own sufferings, encouraged by the attitude of their leaders, and by the apparent absence of any force which could control them, the commons of the Nether-

lands rose in rebellion, sacked churches and cathedrals, burnt monasteries, killed monks when they came in their way, set up their own services, and broke into the usual excesses which the Calvinists on their side considered also supremely meritorious.

The stadtholders put them down everywhere, used the gallows freely, and restored order; but the thing was done, the peace had been broken, and Philip had the plea at last for which he had long waited—that his subjects were in insurrection, and required the presence of his own troops to bring them to obedience. An army, small in number but perfect in equipment and discipline, was raised from among the choicest troops which Spain and Italy could provide. The ablest living soldier was chosen to command them. The Duchess of Parma was superseded, and the military government of the Netherlands was entrusted to Ferdinand of Toledo, Duke of Alva.

The name of Alva has descended through Protestant tradition in colours black as if he had been dipped in the pitch of Cocytus. Religious history is partial in its verdicts. The exterminators of the Canaanites are enshrined among the saints, and had the Catholics come off victorious, the Duke of Alva would have been a second Joshua. He was now sixty years old. His life from his boyhood had been spent in the field, and he possessed all the qualities in perfection which go to the making of a great commander and a great military administrator. The one guide of his life was the law of his country. He was the servant of the law and not its master, and he was sent to his new government to enforce obedience to a rule which he himself obeyed, and which all subjects of the Spanish crown were bound to obey. His intellect was of that strong practical kind which apprehends distinctly the thing to be done, and uses without flinching the appropriate means to do it. He was proud, but with the pride of a Spaniard—a pride in his race and in his country. He was ambitious, but it was not an ambition which touched his loyalty to creed or king. In him the Spain of the sixteenth century found its truest and most complete representative. Careless of pleasure, careless of his life, temperate in his personal habits, without passion, without imagination, with nerves of steel, and with a supreme conviction that the duty of subjects was to obey those who were set over them—such was the famous, or infamous, Duke of Alva, when in June 1567, in the same month when Mary Stuart was shut up in Lochleven, he set out from Italy for the Netherlands. He took with him ten thousand soldiers, complete in the essentials of an army, even to two thousand courte-

sans, who were under military discipline. He passed over Mont Cenis through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine. In the middle of August he was at Thionville; before September he had entered Brussels.

The Prince of Orange, who knew the meaning of his coming, had provided for his safety and had retreated with his four brothers into Germany. Egmont, conscious of no crime except of having desired to serve his country, remained with Count Horn to receive the new governor. In a few weeks they found themselves arrested, and with them any nobleman or gentleman that Alva's arm could reach who had signed the petitions to the king. Proceeding to business with calm skill, the duke distributed his troops in garrisons among the towns. With a summary command he supended the local magistrates and closed the local courts. The administration of the provinces was made over to a council of which he was himself president, and from which there was no appeal. Tribunals commissioned by this body were erected all over the country, and so swift and steady were their operations, that in three months eighteen hundred persons had perished at the stake or on the scaffold.[1]

Deprived of their leaders, and stupefied by these prompt and dreadful measures, the people made little resistance; a few partial efforts were instantly crushed, and their one hope was then in the Prince of Orange. The prince, accepting Alva's measures as an open violation of the constitution, without disclaiming his allegiance to Philip, at once declared war against his representative, raising money on the credit of his own estates, and gathering contributions wherever hatred of Catholic tyranny opened a purse to him. He raised two armies in Germany, and while he himself prepared to cross the Meuse, his brother Count Louis entered Friesland. Fortune was at first favourable. D'Aremberg, who was sent by Alva to stop Louis, blundered into a position where even Spanish troops could not save him from disaster and defeat. The patriots won the first battle of the war, and d'Aremberg was killed.[2] But the brief flood tide soon ebbed. Alva waited only to send Horn and Egmont to the scaffold, and took the field in person. Count Louis' military chest was badly furnished, and soon empty. The Germans

[1] *History of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i. p. 136. The merits of Mr. Motley's history have been recognised so generally, that further praise would be impertinent and superfluous. I may be permitted, however, as a fellow-traveller on a parallel road, to thank him for the light with which his pages never fail to furnish me whenever I turn to them.

[2] Battle of Heiliger Lee, May 23, 1568.

would not fight without pay, and Louis had no money to pay them with. As Alva advanced upon them they fell back without order or purpose, till they entrapped themselves in a peninsula on the Ems, and there, in three miserable hours, Count Louis saw his entire force mowed down by his own cannon, which the Spaniards took at the first rush, or drowned and smothered in the tideway or the mud. The duke's loss, if his own report of the engagement was true, was but seven men.[1] The account most favourable to the patriots does not raise it above eighty. Count Louis, with a few stragglers, swam the river and made his way to his brother, for whose fortune so tremendous a catastrophe was no favourable omen. The German states, already lukewarm, became freezing in their indifference. Maximilian forbade Orange to levy troops within the empire. Orange, however, had a position of his own in Nassau, from which he could act at his own risk upon his own resources. He published a justification of himself to Europe. By loan and mortgage, by the sale of every acre which he could dispose of, he again raised money enough to move; and on the 5th of October he led thirty thousand men over the Meuse and entered Brabant.

So matters stood on the Continent in the summer and autumn which followed Mary Stuart's flight to England, and they had contributed no little to Elizabeth's embarrassment. If the Prince of Orange fared no better than Count Louis, the Reformation, it appeared, would be trampled out in the Low Countries, and the close neighbourhood of Alva with a victorious army of Catholic fanatics could not but affect considerably the temper of her own people. Personally Elizabeth had but little sympathy with the Netherlanders. She was a Lutheran, and the Netherlanders were Calvinists. The refugees caused her continual trouble, both in themselves and in the rapidity with which they made proselytes. The Lutherans detested the Calvinists as bringing a reproach upon the Reformation. The Catholics encouraged them by affecting to make a marked distinction between the two forms of heresy. They avoided meddling with the Confession of Augsburg, till they had first disposed of the more dangerous doctrines of Geneva; and they desired it to be understood that, except for Calvin and Calvin's disciples, the wounds of Europe might be amicably healed.

This feeling lay at the bottom of much of Elizabeth's Church policy. So long as the Church of England was not Genevan she might hope to be let alone. If Scotland could be recovered

[1] Battle of Jemmingen, July 21

from Geneva, the King of Spain would have the less temptation to interfere in behalf of Mary Stuart. De Silva, with entire honesty, confirmed her in this impression, warning her only against those who, by driving her further, would make reconciliation impossible; and she, in turn, listened with seeming satisfaction to the account of Alva's successes. When Egmont was executed, she expressed some regret that he had not been heard in his defence; but she admitted that he had deserved his fate, and she complained of the unreasonableness of mankind, who when crimes were committed clamoured for their punishment, and when the punishment came could only compassionate the sufferers.[1] The ambassador was allowed to celebrate the battle of Jemmingem with high mass, Te Deum, and a grand festivity with his Catholic friends.[2] Elizabeth speaking of the action said, that the duke's victory reminded her of what was said of a gentleman who, with his servant, was set upon by a dozen thieves, and killed or disabled them all—"One man with a head on his shoulders was worth a dozen without." She "was delighted at the duke's success, as she was with any good fortune which befell her brother the King of Spain."[3]

Something of this language was perhaps affected. Elizabeth, with the Queen of Scots upon her hands, could not afford to sympathise with rebels. Unfortunately, rebellion and Protestantism in all countries but her own were going hand in hand, and she was alike frightened and exasperated at seeing that the reforming part of her own subjects were drifting further and further from her own standing-ground. More and more every day they were shifting in the Genevan direction; her own council was tainted, and her Catholic subjects had better and better ground for complaining of the laws, which forbade them the exercise of their own creed, when doctrines equally heretical from the Lutheran point of view might be taught openly in the

[1] "Diciendome que era cosa estraña la condicion y liviandad de los hombres; porque quando veian á los que habian excedido libros, los deseaban ver castigados, y quando los veian en el castigo, se movian á compassion."—De Silva to Philip, June 20: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] "News be come that the Duke of Alva hath given a great overthrow unto the Protestants, and hath slain of them to the number of 7000. And for joy thereof, the ambassador of Spain, which lyeth in my Lord Paget's house, made a great bonfire and set out two hogsheads of good claret to drink, come who would, and two of beer, the which I and my wife went in and drank there; the which there was of my neighbours that said we were partakers of their fornication because we drank of their wine."—Oswald Wilkinson to the Earl of Northumberland, August 9: *Domestic MSS.*

[3] De Silva to Philip, August 9: *MSS.* Ibid.

churches. Thus, being for ever in fear of the example being turned against herself, she disclaimed for herself all sympathy with the foreign Protestants. She ostentatiously claimed communion for her own Anglicanism with the mystic body of the visible Church, and de Silva caught at every opportunity of encouraging her humour, applauding the loyalty of her Catholic subjects, and contrasting their temper with the anarchic libertinism of the heretics.[1]

She was going on progress at the end of the summer. On the 6th of August she came down from Hampton Court, and spent a day at the Charterhouse as a guest of the Duke of Norfolk. She went through the streets as usual in an open carriage, that the people might see her. She was received

[1] A noticeable passage occurs in one of de Silva's letters, showing how far less inveterate the Catholics really were against the Lutheran and Anglican theory than against the Calvinists. It was Calvinism which was making the rent incurable, and splitting Christianity into the Romanism of Trent and a fanaticism which fought the battle of liberty with a spirit which a milder creed would have failed to evoke, but which, when the victory was gained, became itself a tyranny no more tolerable than that of Rome itself.

"Those," said de Silva, "who call themselves of the religio purissima go on increasing. They are the same as Calvinists, and they are styled Puritans because they allow no ceremonies nor any forms save those which are authorised by the bare letter of the Gospel. They will not come to the churches which are used by the rest, nor will they allow their minister to wear any marked or separate dress. Some of them have been taken up, but they have no fear of prison and offer themselves to arrest of their own accord.

"So far as we can see, the majority of Protestants here believe in Calvin, but they hold so many opinions together, that I cannot tell for certain what they are, nor can they agree on any point among themselves. If they were not blind they would see their own folly. There is a suspicion that a party in the council would like to bring the queen over to their views; that so all the Protestants in England might be of one mind. If they were agreed, they think they would be better able to maintain themselves, and they would then endeavour to give the same complexion to heresy everywhere else. I thought it would be a serious misfortune if these persons were to succeed, and I therefore took occasion to warn the queen of the danger from these *libertines* to herself and to princes generally. Libertines I called them—for revolt against authority in all forms is their real principle. I said I understood she had been advised to give up the Confession of Augsburg, to which she had professed to adhere, and to take to this other form. I trusted she would be careful, and would not allow herself to be misled.

"She answered that I need not alarm myself; not one of her council would dare to propose such a thing to her.

"I said that this was very likely. The council knew that she was too wise; but though they might not suggest it openly, they might put things before her in such a way that she might take fright, and so be brought round to their purpose. There were plenty of such people in the country, but their number would not save them, and they would come to ruin at last."—De Silva to Philip, July 3: *MSS. Simancas.*

everywhere with the passionate enthusiasm which showed that her policy had endeared her permanently to the people. De Silva, who accompanied her, remarked on the pleasure which such a scene must give her. She said that her subjects loved her because, while the other nations of Europe were tearing each other in pieces, they alone, under her rule, were living in safety under their own vine and fig-tree. "To God she owed it," she said; "it was the marvellous work of His hand." Where the crowd was thickest, she stopped her horses, stood up, and spoke to those who were nearest to her. At one place de Silva remarked a venerable-looking man putting himself conspicuously forward, shouting "Vivat Regina! Honi soit qui mal y pense!" "That," said the queen, with evident pride, "is a priest of the old religion." "And thus, madam," said the ambassador, "you see a proof of what Catholics are. Catholics are the support of thrones, which heretics destroy. In them your majesty will find the loyalty which will be your stay in the day of trouble, and therefore I have ever prayed you to take care of them, and to forbid their ill-treatment."[1]

Elizabeth had clung as it were convulsively to this happier aspect of her Catholic subjects, hoping that a time would come when the Anglicans and they could come together on some moderate common ground—such a ground as might have been found for all Europe, had not passion been called in to deal with questions which only intellect could grapple with. But the passion was there, and growing. The two moving powers in the western churches were Calvinism and Ultramontanism, and it became daily more manifest to Elizabeth that, besides these moderate loyal Catholics, there were others, disciples of the new school of Jesuitry and the Tridentine Council; men by whom she was herself regarded as the bastard offspring of adultery, who acknowledged no sovereign on earth but the Pope of Rome, and no country but the so-called church—men who were only watching for the moment when she could be tripped up and hurled out of her seat, to make room for the murderer of Darnley. It was this spirit which was filling the Netherlands with blood. It was this, though she might try to shut her eyes to it, which had triumphed at Jemmingen. A day or two after the scene in the London streets she went to St. Albans, and there Cecil, writing to Sir Henry Sidney in Ireland, said:—

"The overthrow of Count Louis with the triumph of the Duke

[1] De Silva to Philip, August 9: *MSS. Simancas.*

of Alva being brought to the court, have caused the queen's majesty to give some hearing to such as think her security cannot have continuance if the planets keep their course." "I trust," he added, and the tone was most significant—"I trust her majesty shall have good counsel. An ounce of advice is more worth to be executed beforehand than in the sight of perils; but as long as I have served the queen's majesty, Epimetheus has had more to do than Prometheus." [1]

Other causes had arisen also to make Elizabeth uneasy for her relations with Spain. Her languid attempts to suppress the privateers had been evaded and laughed at. The Channel was less infested, but they had extended their ravages to the ocean. They had united with the Huguenots of Rochelle, and sailing under Condé's flag and with Condé's commission, they had made a prey of Papists wherever they could catch them. The Duke of Alva rated the injury annually done by them to Spanish commerce at 300,000 ducats.[2] On this point Philip still showed laudable forbearance. But a quarrel of a different kind had broken out at Madrid, which threatened immediate mischief. Dr. Man, the English minister, on his first arrival there had been allowed to use the Anglican service in his own house, "without danger of the inquisition;" but the privilege was confined to his own person; his secretaries and servants were expected to be present at mass. Elizabeth, jealous for the Catholic character of her Liturgy, did not choose that Anglican formularies should be regarded with less favour than she herself extended, under analogous circumstances, to the missal and the breviary. The household of the Spanish ambassador were no more compelled to attend church than the ambassador himself, and she insisted that Dr. Man's retinue should have analogous indulgence. She would not "endure such inequality," and made the concession a condition of the residence of an English minister at the Spanish court.[3]

Dr. Man had been ill-selected for a critical and difficult post. As a clergyman he believed it to be his duty to testify to his faith. He had talked largely and foolishly at Spanish dinner-tables on the Christian mysteries, and had fallen under the notice of the spiritual authorities. When he presented his demand for an extension of his privilege, he not only was met with a prompt refusal, but his personal exemptions were with-

[1] Cecil to Sir Henry Sidney, August 10: *MSS. Ireland.*
[2] Guerau de Espes to Philip, August 25: *MSS. Simancas.*
[3] Elizabeth to Doctor Man, February, 1568: *MSS. Spain, Rolls House.*

drawn. He was told that no schism should be introduced into Spain—on any plea. The king could not grant permission if he would, for the king as much as his people "was subject to the Holy House of the Inquisition."[1] The Queen of England must submit "to the order which her grandfather, father, brother, and other her predecessors had been contented withal."

A man of the world would have been silent: the doctor remarked upon the reply in language which was held indecent. He was removed from Madrid and placed in confinement in a house six miles distant from the city; and soon after, without waiting for the letters of recall which were on their way from England, Philip took the strong step of sending him his passports and ordering him to leave the country. It was not to be construed—unless Elizabeth chose to take it so—into breaking off diplomatic relations with England. For the sake of the Catholics, Philip still desired to keep an ambassador of his own in London; but he did intend to make a change in those relations, and a change which had a distinct reference to the events which were in progress in Flanders. His present minister had been chosen when Philip wished to conciliate Elizabeth, and to remove the unpleasant impressions which had been left by the Bishop of Aquila. De Silva was a high-bred sensible man of the world, prudent, moderate, with a natural disinclination for intrigue; capable of believing that schismatic governments might be useful allies, and that Catholics were not necessarily saints. De Silva was now to be recalled, and a successor was appointed to his place better suited to present exigencies, in the person of Don Guerau or Gerald de Espes. On Don Guerau had descended the dropped mantle of de Quadra. Inferior to his prototype in natural genius for conspiracy, inferior to him in intellectual appreciation of the instruments with which he was working—he was nevertheless, in hatred of heresy, in unscrupulousness, in tenacity of purpose and absolute carelessness of personal risk to himself, as fit an instrument as Philip could have found to communicate with the Catholics, and to form a party among them ready for any purpose for which the King of Spain might desire to use them.

Though his character was unknown before his coming to England, yet Elizabeth instinctively felt that mischief was intended by the change. When de Silva waited on her at Hatfield to take leave, she concealed neither her alarm nor her

[1] Doctor Man to Elizabeth, April 6; Man to Cecil, April 23: *MSS. Spain, Rolls House*

regret. "Her intercourse with him," she said, "had been always agreeable. She would have been well pleased if he had remained, and she trusted in God that there was no mystery in his going."

To remove her misgivings de Silva laid the blame on himself. He said that he "had been recalled at his own request because the English climate disagreed with him."

She shook her head and seemed but little satisfied. Cecil told him that she was disquieted with the rumours of a Catholic coalition against her. De Silva was known to have received letters from the Queen of Scots, and Alva and the Cardinal of Lorraine were believed to be in correspondence on the same subject. The queen feared that having laid a train of gunpowder, he was leaving it to be exploded by his successor.[1] The suspicion was natural, but it exceeded the truth. De Silva was able to assure Cecil with a clear conscience that, so far as he was concerned, the alarm was groundless.

Nor was Philip, as yet, in any way determined what course he meant to follow. Whatever might be his relations with the house of Lorraine, he was as far as ever from an understanding with the French government. He still entertained no thought of taking up Mary Stuart; and although he was determined sooner or later to recover England in some way to the Holy See; although he was satisfied that as long as England remained in its present state the Netherlands would never be effectually pacified, yet in his instructions to Don Guerau he directed him especially to avoid committing himself with the friends of the Queen of Scots; and while he was to animate the Catholics, he was on no account to give Elizabeth any open grounds of complaint."[2]

But Elizabeth and her ministers as yet but little understood the extreme slowness with which Philip moved. They saw Alva shaking his bloody sword across the Channel; they saw their ambassador dismissed with contumely out of Spain; they saw de Silva recalled, and his removal imperfectly explained. These signs confirmed the threatening rumours of which the air was full; and the queen, with the Mary Stuart problem on her hands, began to listen to those who told her that, whatever her private feelings, the safety of her throne depended on the Protestants of the Continent being saved from utter destruction. A brief but pathetic letter came from the Prince of Orange to

[1] De Silva to Philip, August 19: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] Instructions to Don Guerau de Espes, June 28, 1568: Ibid

Cecil, describing the condition of his country, and rather indicating a wish than expressing a hope for Elizabeth's assistance.[1]

The Prince of Condé, whose cause was identified with that of Orange (for he too knew that if Alva was unchecked the Huguenots would be soon trampled out in France), sent the younger Coligny, the Cardinal of Chatillon, to London, to tempt the queen into a Protestant league. The queen's dynastic affectations were seriously shaken. Money was sent privately to Orange, and further measures, it will be seen, were contemplated in his favour. The Cardinal Chatillon was "well received" by Elizabeth, the rather, as Cecil italicises in one of his private notes, *to displease all Papists;* and while in the same paper he said "that it was not intended the Queen of Scots should be proved guilty of the murder," yet "there would be no haste made of her delivery, until the success was seen of the matter of France and Flanders." [2]

The agitation will now be easily imagined with which at this crisis the queen learnt that a marriage was being talked of between the Queen of Scots and the Duke of Norfolk. Between her own vacillations and the clouds rising over the Continent the problem had become fearfully complicated. To detain Mary Stuart in England "without disgracing her to the world,"

[1] "M. Secile,—Vous avez (comme je ne doubte aucunement) assez entendu de quelle façon le Duc d'Alva avec ses adherens depuis sa venue au Pays Bas ai procédé, et procède encores journellement, contre les pauvres Chrestiens, illecques estants ses cruaultez inhumanitez et tyrannies si notoires qu'il n'est besoing de les specifier, sans jamais avoir prins aucun regard aux droictz, usances, priveleges, et coustumes du pays ny au qualitez et services de ceulx qu'il ait si injustement executez, banniz, et deschassez: chose certes qui a bon droict doibt mouvoir tout homme à pitié et compassion, veu mesmement que sa tyrannie s'est tant desbordée qu'elle n'a laissé lieu quelconque à raison ni justice. Donc pour l'affection que j'ay tousjours eu au service du Roy et au bien de celuy pais suis este reduict en ceste extremité que d'user contre ce mal si exorbitant du remede que ce gentilhomme vous dira, vous priant que sur ce qu'il vous declaira de ma part le voulliez croire comme moy mesme; et en cas qu'il vous requera de vostre addresse vers sa Majesté, luy prester en ce vostre bonne ayde et assistance.—Vostre tres affectionné serviteur, Wm. de Nassau. August 22."—*MSS. Flandres, Rolls House.*

[2] Notes in Cecil's hand, September 23: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.* It was necessary to move with extreme caution. The majority of the council was still opposed to a Protestant policy. Alva had applied for leave to supply his army in England with winter clothes, and also with horses. The old Lord Treasurer, the Marquis of Winchester, "thought it good for his opinion that the queen's majesty should show her grace's favour in that suit, for that the same might move the duke to be ready for her grace when he might do her any service."—The Marquis of Winchester to Cecil, September 22: *MSS. Domestic, Rolls House.*

would be at once dishonourable and dangerous.[1] If the more direct alternative could not be encountered, then to marry her to some steady Protestant, and allow her, so trammelled, to return to Scotland was the safest course which could be followed. But Norfolk, the first peer in England, at once weak, flexible, and ambitious, hanging on the confines of the two religions, and dangerously liable to be tempted into Papistry, was the very last person with whom she could be safely trusted.

It has been seen that if Norfolk was not profoundly treacherous he was himself wavering about the marriage; but he was no less anxious to prevent the charges against the Queen of Scots from being pressed; and those who desired Norfolk to have her for political reasons had not been frightened by Murray's disclosures. Before the conference broke up at York, the Bishop of Ross, Maitland, and Melville talked it over, and agreed that the alliance was the most promising means of keeping Murray silent. The bishop afterwards had a long conversation with the duke. Maitland, he said, recommended that the Queen of Scots should renew her abdication, the condition on which Murray insisted as the price of his forbearance; "she would then be restored to her country with honour, and within six months might revoke all that she had done."[2] The duke answered that "anything was well to prevent the present infamy and slander." If Murray produced the letters, the Queen of Scots would be dishonoured for ever," and "the Christian princes could no longer make suit for her delivery."[3] At whatever hazard and by whatever means her good name must be protected, "and time would work the rest."

Norfolk said nothing to the bishop about the marriage, but he had allowed Maitland to open the subject with him, and with or without his sanction Norfolk's sister, Lady Scrope, was feeling the pulse of the Queen of Scots.

The commissioners then separated. Norfolk went north as he was ordered, and a week or two after made his way to London. Sadler, Maitland, Murray, Herries, Livingston, and the rest repaired directly to the court; while the Bishop of Ross passed round by Bolton to consult his mistress, and take out fresh powers for the second conference. Knollys, too, had gone again thither full of his own scheme of marrying her to his cousin Carey. Mary Stuart had thus two English alliances already projected for her. She had left another in Scotland with the

[1] Knollys to Cecil, October: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*
[2] Confession of the Bishop of Ross.—MURDIN, p. 52. [3] Ibid.

heir of the Hamiltons, while exposure was hanging over her for crimes which in any other age would have disqualified her from further matrimonial speculation. It was a strange world—but none the less a real one. To her, just then, the exposure was the one matter of most importance, and she turned the different intrigues to account. She had so far no serious notion of accepting any of these suitors. She thought only of tiding over her present difficulty, and holding her friends together. She amused Chatelherault therefore with the expectation that as soon as she was released she would accept the hand of Lord Arbroath;[1] she listened graciously to Lady Scrope; while she flattered Sir Francis into believing that her real preference, on the whole, was for the scheme which he had suggested to Norfolk; and misleading him purposely as to the person of whom she was speaking, she let him think "that she would not greatly mislike to be offered some near kinsman of the queen's majesty on the mother's side."[2]

Thus provided on all sides—the Catholics forming a coalition for her into which they were labouring to bring the King of Spain; her cause gradually identifying itself with the struggle on the Continent; the Duke of Norfolk being proposed to her by the great English party who had maintained her claims to the succession; and the two sections of her own subjects labouring to come to a compromise in her favour through their joint distrust of Elizabeth—the Queen of Scots prepared to meet the future, confident on the whole that, among so many combinations in her favour, the danger which she lately feared would be warded off. In renewing the commission of the Bishop of Ross and his companions, she again empowered them to accept Elizabeth's conditions; she declared herself still ready to abandon France, and to make a permanent alliance with England "for the weal of both realms." She was willing to agree to any measure for her divorce from Bothwell; and while to Spain and France she was protesting that she was a true daughter of the Papacy, she repeated her consent to the estab-

[1] "It seemeth to be her policy to work to marry with my Lord of Arbroath, not only because the duke and his house are dedicated to the French, but also because it were her own peril to countenance the duke to govern upon any other occasion. But in hope thereof, however she be detained, she will countenance and maintain the duke to the uttermost, unless her majesty should think good to alter the matter by an English marriage."—Knollys to Cecil, October 25: *Cotton MSS.* Calig. C. 1.

[2] Knollys to Cecil, October 20: *MSS.* Queen of Scots, *Rolls House.* The Duke of Norfolk was related to the queen on the mother's side, as well as the children of Lord Hunsdon.

lishment of the Anglican Church constitution in Scotland.[1] If the conference took a dangerous turn, and if, contrary to expectations, Murray pushed his accusation, the commission was to be understood to be cancelled, and the bishop and his friends were to withdraw.

Elizabeth herself meanwhile had grown, as has been seen, into a harsher humour. The aggressive attitude of the Catholics had frightened her, and the Norfolk rumour, whether there was foundation for it or not, convinced her that the Queen of Scots could not safely be allowed to come off with flying colours.[2] After endless efforts to evade giving a direct answer to Murray's four questions, and with a saving clause that "she would not compel or embolden the Earl of Murray to enter into accusations, for that she principally wished the honour and estate of the Queen of Scotland to be preserved,"[3] she brought herself to promise that, "if the guilt of the said queen might manifestly and certainly appear," she would neither herself restore her, nor permit her to be restored, unless with assurances for her future behaviour, such as Murray himself should be satisfied with. With a profound sense of the importance of the occasion, and to leave no excuse for a complaint of unfair dealing, she summoned a great council of the peers; and Norfolk, Winchester, Arundel, Derby, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Shrewsbury, those among the English nobles who had made themselves most conspicuous as the advocates of the Queen of Scots' pretensions, were required especially to be present at an investigation which at last she determined to make complete.[4] If the realm was to be further troubled in Mary Stuart's interest, Elizabeth did not mean to leave her friends excuse for pretending, in public or private, that they believed her to have been unjustly accused.

As soon as this resolution became known it was foreseen that the Queen of Scots would attempt to escape. She hunted daily about Bolton in the wildest weather, galloping so fast that the guard could scarce keep at her side. The country was open to

[1] Mary Stuart to the Bishop of Ross, October 22: Labanoff, vol. ii.

[2] "The queen's majesty is now at the point so careful for her own surety and state, as I perceive the Queen of Scots shall not by favour be advanced to greater credit than her cause will deserve, and I think it is rather to put her back than to further her. This percase the bearer understandeth not, nor I dare utter it to him—but write it to be burned by yourself."—Cecil to Sir H. Sidney, October 22: *MSS. Ireland, Rolls House.*

[3] Note in Cecil's hand, October 30: *MSS.* Queen of Scots, *Rolls House.*

[4] Proceedings at the Council at Hampton Court, October 30: Goodall, vol. ii.

the border. Knollys represented that "a dozen or two troopers might easily come over the moors, leaving relays of horses on the way," and carry her off; while "to be hindered of her exercise would be death to one of her disposition." [1] Elizabeth, therefore, after quarrelling with the expense, replenished Lord Scrope's stables. "A dozen men well-armed and mounted were to accompany her wherever she went, and a dozen more patrolled under the walls at night." [2] The Berwick harquebusmen had returned home after the move from Carlisle. Knollys, however, thus reinforced, undertook to hold her safe, and having a kinsman's privilege, although he himself would not leave his charge, he sent Elizabeth in writing a few sentences of advice. When the peers were assembled, he recommended her to hear what they would have to say, "and not prejudicate them with the opening of her opinions beforehand. If the nobility and council did not heartily and sincerely join with her in that grand cause, danger would come of it." [3]

Care was taken that the evidence should be complete. Besides the letters, there were persons present in London who had been more or less connected with the murder, who were aware of the queen's part in it, and ready to depose to what they knew.[4]

The intention even yet was not to find her guilty before the world. The peers only were to be compelled to look the truth in the face, and to be forced for shame to withdraw their countenance from her. When that was done, a composition of some kind could be discovered, to which Scotland might consent; Mary Stuart's misdoings might be varnished over, and she might be spared from formal condemnation.[5]

Such an issue to the Queen of Scots appeared little less dreadful than a public declaration of her iniquities. Her friends, she trusted, might still prevent it, but her best hope was with her

[1] Knollys to Cecil, October 25: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C. I.
[2] Knollys to Cecil, November 5 and 12: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Nothing remains to show who these persons were, but that there were such persons in London, appears from a singular note to Cecil from Francis Walsingham, who here appears upon the stage for the first time. The note is in these words:—

"Sir,—I was willed by my friend to advertise you, that if for the discovery of the Queen of Scots' consent to the murder of her husband there lacketh sufficient proofs, he is able, if it shall please you to use him, to discover certain that should have been employed in the said murder who are here to be produced. Thus most humbly taking my leave of your honour, I beseech God to direct all your doings to his honour. Your honour's to command, FRANCIS WALSINGHAM. November 20."—*MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*

[5] Notes in Cecil's hand, November 21: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS. Cecil,

own subjects. If she was to be restored at all, he knew that for their own sake, as well as for the honour of Scotland, they would prefer to receive her back with an unstained name; and since the restoration still formed a part of Elizabeth's programme, she made use of the lever to work on Murray; she sent him word that so long as he and his friends abstained from accusing her, she was ready "to make an appointment;" and to give them any security they desired for their lives, their estates, and their share in the administration of the country. If they chose to dishonour their queen, at the bar of a foreign prince, "no love or assured reconciliation could be obtained afterwards." She did not wish to accuse her subjects; still less did she wish them to accuse her. If they would abstain from "rigorous and extreme dealing," she on her part would forget that they had rebelled against her.[1]

She knew that Murray had good reason to mistrust Elizabeth, and she believed that her overtures would be accepted. If she failed and the accusation proceeded, she demanded to be heard in person before the assembled English peers.[2]

With this prelude the conference re-opened at Westminster on the 25th of November. The three English commissioners were re-appointed; Bacon, Arundel, Leicester, Clinton, and Cecil were added to their number; the remaining noblemen who had received a summons were to join them at a later stage in the inquiry. To evade the appearance of a claim to exercise juris-

according to his habit, drew a scheme of the situation, and divided it into Greek antitheses:—

συμβουλευτικὴ

ἀγάθον
συμφέρον
ἀνάγκαιον
ῥάδιον
} σύγκρισις τῶν { ἀγάθων
καὶ
συμφέρων (sic).

"The best for England," he said, "but not the easiest," would be to leave the Queen of Scots deprived, and Scotland to continue as it was. The next best and not so hard, "that the Queen of Scots should be persuaded to allow her son to remain king; she herself to keep the name of queen, and Scotland to be governed by a commission. The Anglican Church to be established; a general amnesty declared; the Hamilton succession allowed and guaranteed; the Queen of Scots herself to remain in England, and not to leave it without Elizabeth's permission; and the young king to be brought up in England also, with a view to his eventually succeeding to the English crown."

These conditions would at any time have satisfied Scotland, with or without the confirmation of Mary Stuart's deposition; but, to the last of them especially, Elizabeth herself could never be brought to consent.

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Bishop of Ross and Lord Herries, November 22: Goodall, vol. ii.

[2] Ibid.

diction, the Painted Chamber, a room never used for judicial purposes, was selected as the place of meeting. On the first day the commission was read, the oaths taken, and the formalities got over. The Bishop of Ross entered a "protestation, that while ready to treat for an arrangement, he was submitting to no form of judgment, nor would admit any judge or judges whatever" to have authority over his sovereign.

The next day, Friday the 26th, the serious part of the business began. The proceedings were taken up where they had been dropped at York. The accusations against Murray were read over, with his imperfect answer. The replies which he had so far made had been easily answered. He was asked if he had a further defence.

It seems when he rose that no one present knew what he intended to say. Every effort had been made to induce him to be silent, and Elizabeth's explanations had not been of that frank and unreserved kind which alone, he had said at York, would tempt him to proceed. Neither is there reason to suppose that any further promises had been made to him in private. He felt, possibly, that with falsehood and purposes half-avowed all around him, the only safe treading for him was on the open road. His friends believed that he had fallen into a snare which Elizabeth had laid for him. If it was so, he at least brought off his good name untarnished from that nest of illusion and intrigue.

He said that he himself, and the lords his confederates, had sought only, in all which they had done, to clear Scotland of the disgrace which the murder of Darnley had brought upon it. The world had seen their unwillingness to publish matters to strangers which tended to the queen's infamy. They could have cleared their conduct long before, had they cared to make known the evidence against her which they possessed and on which they had acted; but they had chosen rather to endure the reproach which was cast upon them; and he would have still remained silent, "if the continuance of Scotland in the state of a kingdom and the profession of true religion" would have permitted. He had no delight to see his sovereign dishonoured, but his adversaries left him no choice but to produce the writings which they knew that he possessed." With these words, the regent laid on the table a written declaration that his sister had been the contriver and deviser of the murder of which Bothwell had been the instrument.

The accusation was given in. The evidence on which all

would turn was still in reserve. It was not the assertion that she had approved of the murder which she feared, for that might have been forgiven; but Maitland had sent her copies of the contents of the casket—the careless sonnets, in which she had allowed her passion to run over; the letters, in which she had exposed the very inmost working of the madness which had possessed her, with the details of her treachery to her miserable husband, at which she had herself revolted in the heat of her delirium. Bothwell had preserved them all, and all were in Murray's hands; and no man or woman was ever born into the world who could contemplate, without terror, such exposure of their inner selves.

The conference was prorogued for three days. The English commissioners went down to Hampton Court to inform the queen of what had passed. It was perhaps supposed that Mary Stuart, sooner than allow matters to advance further, would fling herself at Elizabeth's feet—abdicate, marry George Carey, marry anybody, or do anything—to escape the deadly disgrace.

On the 29th the session was renewed. The Bishop of Ross was late in coming, and while the commissioners were waiting for his appearance, the Earl of Lennox, who, it seems, had at last obtained permission to be present, applied to be heard in confirmation of Murray's charges. It was a departure from the scheme which Elizabeth had designed; Murray was to have been merely a defendant, and the Queen of Scots the plaintiff. It was decided, however, that Lennox should be admitted, and he was allowed to speak at length about the murder. "He produced in writing" parts of such matters as he conceived to be true for charging the Queen of Scots, and he appealed to God and the Queen of England for justice.

As he finished speaking, the Bishop of Ross entered with his colleagues. On learning what had taken place, they again withdrew to consult. "After some reasonable time they returned and said, they had found it very strange and a thing unlooked for, that the other party could put in writing any such matter with such boldness and in such sort, especially considering the queen their sovereign had so much benefited the greater part of them." They were ready to defend her if necessary, "but it became no subjects to touch their sovereign in such manner." "The matter was of great weight," and they could not say on the moment what answer they were prepared to give.

As Elizabeth had misled the Queen of Scots into taking refuge in England, so now she had broken the promise with

which she had tempted her to consent to the investigation. The bishop went for advice to La Mothe Fénelon, whom the favourable reception of Cardinal Chatillon had made better inclined than was at first expected to the Queen of Scots' interests.

Had there been any chance of making a successful defence, it is idle to pretend that the Bishop of Ross would not have tried it; but in the possible innocence of Mary Stuart no tolerably well-informed person affected in private to believe. La Mothe thought that her life was in danger. The lawyers said, that having come into the realm without a passport, she had fallen under Elizabeth's jurisdiction, and might be tried at the suit of the Earl of Lennox for the murder of an English subject. She might deny her letters, but in the presence of so much corroborative evidence her own word would hardly avail her. It was thought at one time that she had better say that she was innocent; but that if she was not innocent, Bothwell was a necromancer, and that she had been bewitched.[1] Her friends must have been hard pressed to think of such an excuse. La Mothe, on the whole, advised the bishop to parry the charges by recusation, to evade the issues, and "tract time." Meanwhile he would inform his own court, and some one would be sent over from France to remonstrate with Elizabeth against trying a crowned princess.[2]

On the 1st of December the bishop and Lord Herries intimated that they were prepared to reply. The Earl of Arundel, who had been absent hitherto from a real or pretended illness, had now joined his colleagues. Herries spoke first. He said that he had considered Murray's charges. They were mere calumnies invented by him and his friends from a fear that they would be deprived of the estates which had been granted to them in the queen's minority. He required the commissioners, as they were men of honour, and "divers of them of the most antient and noble blood of the realm," to suspend their opinion, and consider how dangerous the example might be if subjects were allowed to depose their princes. Among those who now appeared as her accusers, were some who had been themselves parties to the conspiracy.

[1] "Et que l'on pourra aussi alleguer que quant bien la dicte Dame auroit attempté quelque chose en cest endroict, ce qu'elle ne fit oncques, le Conte de Boduel l'y auroit induicte et contrainte par force d'enchantment et d'ensorcelement, comme il en sçait bien le mestier, n'ayant faict plus grande proffession du temps qu'il estoit aux escolles que de lire et estudier en la négromancie et magie defendu."—La Mothe Fénelon au Roy, November 29: *Dépêches*, vol. i.

[2] Ibid.

Herries was here on dangerous ground, for he was chiefly touching Maitland, and Maitland was working day and night for the queen.

The Bishop of Ross followed. He said that he was forbidden by his commission to enter upon the question which had now been raised. The conference had been assembled to hear the complaints of his mistress against Murray, not that she herself should answer before it as a criminal. The Earl of Murray had been allowed to accuse her, contrary to the engagements of the Queen of England. If his mistress were to reply, she would reply only in person "for declaration of her innocency" before the queen and the peers.[1]

Elizabeth was still at Hampton Court, and as the bishop declined to take an answer except from Elizabeth herself, the conference was adjourned thither. At the next session on Friday, December 3rd, the queen appeared and took her seat. A private intimation had been conveyed to the bishop, "that whether his mistress was faulty or not faulty, she would be found in fault in the end, and by colour thereof the Queen of England would forsake her."[2] The bishop at once charged Elizabeth with breach of faith. She had been told from the first that the Queen of Scots had forbidden her commissioners to reply to any accusation which touched her honour. He had been sent with his colleagues to consult on the means of reconciling her with her subjects. Since they had been allowed or encouraged to take their present attitude, those hopes were now at an end. The Queen of Scots "would never hereafter extend her clemency to them." He demanded the instant arrest of Murray and his friends, and permission to his mistress to appear in her own defence.

The tone was bold. "The commission had now entered," as Sir Francis Knollys expressed it, "into the bowels of the odious accusation." Now more than ever, Knollys entreated Cecil to make clear work with it; being sure only of this, "that unconstant wavering or unsound agreement might breed great dangers."[3] Every one agreed that since the Queen of Scots had been accused, her request to be allowed to speak for herself ought not to be refused. It was a quasi admission of English jurisdiction in Scottish causes—a concession in itself of no small

[1] Proceedings of the Commission, December 1: GOODALL, vol. ii. *Compare MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*
[2] *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C. I.
[3] Knollys to Cecil, December 6: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

importance. Some thought that she should be heard before the queen in person, with the whole body of the peers and privy councillors, and that the foreign ambassadors should be allowed a voice. Others thought that although the ultimate judgment should rest with the queen, the cause itself should be tried by special commission, and the ambassadors, though present, should be admitted only as spectators. But all allowed that in some form or other Mary Stuart ought to be allowed the natural right of every accused person. Almighty God had not condemned Adam, till Adam had been called to answer for himself.[1]

But there was to be no trifling. If a court of this kind was to be held at all the Bishop of Ross was not allowed to remain in any illusion on the form which the proceedings would assume. If the Queen of Scots appeared on one side, the evidence would be brought forward on the other.

The bishop and Herries, laying aside the high language which they had used in the court, now requested a private interview with Cecil and Leicester. They said that their mistress "had desired from the beginning that the cause should be ended by some good appointment with her subjects." They had believed the wish to be shared by Elizabeth, and before the accusation was pressed further on either part, they were anxious to know whether something of the kind was not still possible.

Cecil, that he might be sure that there was no misunderstanding, made them repeat the words. He then conducted them to Elizabeth, to whom they again suggested the desirableness of stopping the case.

Elizabeth had either intentionally contrived the situation, or instantly availed herself of its advantages. She said politely, that however desirable a compromise might have been, it would now be fatal to her sister's honour. The Earl of Murray should be required to prove his allegation—she did not doubt that he would fail—and the Queen of Scots' good name would then be saved without either compromise or need of answer.

The bishop felt his mistake, but could not extricate himself. He said his mistress ought to be heard at once; "being able to allege matter why Murray ought not to be allowed to propose anything against her, much less prove anything in her absence against her honour."

But Elizabeth seemed more jealous for the Queen of Scots' reputation than the Queen of Scots herself. She said, "that she did so much prefer the estimation of her sister's innocency,

[1] L'advis des advocatz: *Dépêches* de M. la Mothe Fénelon, vol. i. p. 51.

that before she would allow the matter to be stayed, she must have the Earl of Murray roundly and sharply charged with his audacious defaming of his sovereign." The Earl of Murray would of course answer, and everything would be exposed.

Escape was now impossible. If that was her resolution, the bishop coldly said that she must do as she pleased. For himself, he would but enter his protest and withdraw. He was forbidden to be a party to any further proceedings, and, so far as he had power to close it, he declared the conference at an end.[1]

The court was thus left alone with the regent. The bishop appeared only on the next session to repeat what he had said to the queen. Murray was then introduced and put upon his defence. He was told that although he had forgotten his duty of allegiance in accusing his sovereign of so horrible a crime, yet the Queen of England would not forget her office of a good neighbour, sister, and friend. If he had anything to allege in justification of himself, her commissioners were ready to hear him.

Very reluctantly, embarrassed by his negotiations with Norfolk, against Maitland's advice, for Maitland believed that he was ruining himself and his friends; against his own feelings, for he perhaps alone of the whole party had some real affection for his father's daughter—Murray, thus driven, produced the fatal casket. The depositions of the murderers who had been executed were read over, with the Acts of the Scottish Parliament of the preceding December. Nelson, Darnley's servant, gave an account of the last night at Kirk-a-Field. Crawford related the scene at Glasgow before Darnley was brought to Edinburgh, with other particulars. The entire evidence against the Queen of Scots was placed in the hands of the council, and the time was now come for the presence of the noblemen who were most her friends. The Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Bedford and Pembroke, Lord William Howard, and Sir Walter Mildmay had already joined the commission. To these were now added the Earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Derby, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, Huntingdon, and Warwick. The casket was opened, and the letters, sonnets, and contracts were taken out and read. They were examined long and minutely by each and every of the lords who were present. "They were compared for the manner of writing and

[1] Proceedings at Hampton Court, Saturday, December 4: Goodall, vol. ii.

fashion of orthography with other letters before written by the Queen of Scots, in the collation whereof no difference was found."[1]

"No difference was found." All the wishes to find the Queen of Scots innocent, or at least her guilt "unproven," could not remove the overwhelming force of the proofs. At first only four—Cecil, Sadler, Leicester, and Bacon—declared themselves convinced. The rest either thought or said they thought, that there was still room for doubt, or that they must suspend their judgment till the Queen of Scots had been heard, or that they had themselves no right to be her judges. But Bacon pressed them to say whether, in the face of these letters, the Queen of Scots could be admitted into Elizabeth's presence; and then, "the said earls severally made answer, that they had therein seen such foul matters as they thought truly in their consciences that her majesty had just cause to refuse to see her, until some answer had been made first, tending in some way to clear the weight of the charge. They could not think it meet for her majesty's honour to admit the said queen to her presence as the case did stand." [2]

The Queen of Scots, in applying to be heard in person, had contemplated a pageant in Westminster Hall, a jury determined to acquit her whether guilty or innocent, a declamatory defence in which she would say "that the charges against her were false because she, on the word of a princess, did say that they were false." [3]

[1] See the proceedings in GOODALL, the MS. account in the Rolls House, and a most curious document entitled "Relacion del negocio de la Serma Reyna de Escocia."—*MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Proceedings of the 15th of December: GOODALL, vol. ii. The first sight of these papers seems to have affected the whole party as it had affected Norfolk at York. The Earl of Northumberland being asked afterward, whom at that time he found addicted to the Scottish queen, answered, "he found none addicted."—*Sharp's Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569*: Appendix, p. 208.

[3] "Surely I think that this queen never meant to answer the odious accusations of her adversaries, unless she might be assuredly promised beforehand that your majesty would end and judge her cause to her honour, according to the persuasion of my Lord Herries' message, or unless that your commissioners and your majesty would take a short answer for a sufficient answer—that is to say, that the accusations of her adversaries are false, because that she on the word of a princess will say that they are false. If this kind of argument will satisfy your majesty for a sufficient answer, you may soon, I think, have it; but I think it vain in these causes to look for her answer as standing to her justification formally in probable order and sort, without her assurance aforehand that, however the matter shall fall out, yet the judgment shall fall on her side."—Knollys to Elizabeth, December 26: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*

She was made to feel, that if she met the charge at all she must meet it formally and in detail, before a court which would try the cause by the received laws of evidence. After receiving the opinion of the peers, Elizabeth sent for the Bishop of Ross, and gave him a choice of three ways in which the Queen of Scots might make her reply. She might either defend herself in writing, or in person before a committee of noblemen who should go down to Bolton; or she might be heard by council, and select himself or any other person to represent her. Till this had been done, Elizabeth said, she could not see her; and she told the bishop that "those who advised her to abstain from answering except in her own person, however they should seem good servants, did rather betray her to procure her condemnation."

To this point, after all the promises and fair speeches, the question had been brought round at last. Elizabeth had tempted the Queen of Scots into England and then had imprisoned her. She had brought her to consent to an inquiry, with promises so often repeated that her honour should be in no peril, that even with her past experience the Queen of Scots was forced to believe her; yet the Queen of Scots was entangled again in the meshes, and the fine words had turned out to be as wind. In both cases Elizabeth had not meant to deceive; but a vacillating purpose and shifting humour had been as effective as the most deliberate treachery.

The bishop did not care to pick his words. He reminded the queen of the many letters in which she had told his mistress "to have but one string to her bow," to trust to her, and to be safe. She had promised that Murray should not be admitted to her presence; yet she had not only admitted him, but had allowed him to utter words there which no subject should be allowed to use against his prince. He quoted Trajan for the sanctity of sovereigns; and he said that if she would not restore his mistress as she had bound herself to do, at least she ought in honour to open her prison and let her go where she would.

Elizabeth could only say that she had desired sincerely to make some arrangement between the Queen of Scots and her subjects; "but seeing their unnatural behaviour in accusing her, it was now impossible. She must now pursue the inquiry and punish her accusers, unless their charges were held to be proved." [1]

What more was to be elicited when the great point had been

[1] Proceedings, Thursday, December 16: GOODALL, vol. ii.

gained of disgracing the Queen of Scots before the English peers, it was not easy at first sight to perceive, but the intricacies of Elizabeth's purpose were as yet far from unfolded. She said that an arrangement was impossible; but, as will be presently seen, she meant only such an arrangement as should leave the Queen of Scots able to pretend that she had made concessions which she might have refused if she pleased. She did not wish to keep her an unwilling prisoner to plot and conspire. She dared not challenge the opinion of Europe by passing sentence upon her, nor would she pronounce openly in favour of the responsibility of princes. She wished only to force the Queen of Scots to abandon her defence, to throw herself unreservedly on her own forbearance and agree to terms—the meaning of which, however plausibly disguised, would have been a substantial confession of guilt.

Still detaining the bishop in London, therefore, she wrote to Knollys to say that, "for avoiding the extremities" which appeared to be impending over her, she advised the Queen of Scots to confirm the abdication which she had made at Lochleven. She might ground it on her weariness of government and on her desire to see her son established on the throne. She might herself remain in England as long as might seem convenient, "and the whole cause wherewith she had been charged would be then committed to perpetual oblivion."[1] She desired Knollys to use his influence to bring her to comply. He might tell her "that as matters could be proved, she could in no way discharge herself of the murder." If the regent or the regent's friends had been parties to it also, their guilt did not excuse hers. It was impossible, without offence to God and conscience, "to bear so far with a murderess as to restore her to her estate." The English government could not do it, and would not allow another power to do it; and, if she continued obstinate, "her crime must be notified to the world." The Queen of Scots had publicly laid title to the English crown, and had never made satisfaction for that wrong. It would be therefore foolish and childish to set her at liberty, and give the opportunity of stirring fresh troubles with her friends abroad. There would be a civil war in Scotland through the Hamiltons, and her child "could have no long continuance" amidst the factions there. All these inconveniences would be remedied by her abdication. The present order would be maintained; the prince would be

[1] Elizabeth to Knollys, December 22: Goodall, vol. ii.

brought up in England, and educated with a prospect of succeeding to the English crown.[1]

If the advice failed to produce its effect, it was hinted that Sir Francis might try what could be done by another removal. At Bolton, under charge of Lord Scrope, the Queen of Scots was still comparatively among her friends. If she was carried deeper into the realm, and kept in closer confinement at Tutbury Castle,[2] her spirit might perhaps be tamed. But Elizabeth would give no commands. She expected Sir Francis, like her

[1] Minute of a memorial in Cecil's hand, December 22: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C. I.

It would seem as if these directions to Knollys were an afterthought, and that at first the queen had intended to press for an answer. A letter is extant, dated one day before Cecil's minute, from Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, written as if there were no such underhand purposes at all; the only suspicious feature in it being the compliment to the Bishop of Ross, who was intended to have been the bearer of it. As the bishop did not go till some days after, the letter was probably never sent; but it is worth preserving, as showing how extremely uncertain Elizabeth was, as to how she should proceed.

"Madame (so Elizabeth wrote),—While your cause hath been here treated upon we thought it not needful to write anything thereof unto you, supposing always that your commissioners would thereof advertise as they saw cause. And now since they have broken this conference by refusing to make answer, as they say by your commandment, and for that purpose they return to you; although we think you shall by them perceive the whole proceedings, yet we cannot but let you understand that as we have been very sorry of long time for your mishaps and great troubles, so find we our sorrows now doubled in beholding such things as are produced to prove yourself cause of all the same; and our grief herein is also increased in that we did not think at any time to have seen or heard such matter of so great appearance to charge and condemn you. Nevertheless, both in friendship, nature, and justice, we are minded to cover these matters and stay our judgment, and not gather any sense hereof to your prejudice, before we may learn of your direct answer thereunto, according as your commissioners understood our direct meaning to be; and as we trust they will advise you for your honour to agree to make answer, so surely, both as a prince and near cousin, most earnestly as we may in terms of friendship we require and charge you not to forbear from answering; and for our part, as we are heartily sorry and dismayed to find such matters of your charge, so shall we be as heartily glad and well contented to hear of sufficient matter for your discharge. Although we doubt not but you are well certified of the diligence and care of your ministers having your commission, yet can we not but especially note unto your good choice of the Bishop of Ross, who hath not only faithfully and warily, but also so carefully and diligently, behaved himself both privately and publicly, as we cannot but in this sort commend him unto you; for in our judgment we think ye have not any that in loyalty and faithfulness can overmatch him; and this we are the bolder to write because we take it the best trial of a good servant to be in adversity, out of which we heartily wish you to be delivered by justification of your innocency, for otherwise no liberty can profit you in sight of the world."—*MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, December 21: *Rolls House.*

[2] On the Trent in Staffordshire, not far from Burton.

other servants, to act for himself, and to be disavowed if the consequences were inconvenient.

Once already Sir Francis had been made use of in this way. He did not care to be so treated a second time. He was profoundly loyal to Elizabeth. He believed that the underhand policy which she was pursuing with the Queen of Scots was precisely the most dangerous which she could have chosen, and the plain language in which he expressed himself shows that Elizabeth's ministers did not hesitate to tell her disagreeable truths.

"As touching this queen's removing," he wrote, "your majesty and Mr. Secretary have wished it, and every man thinks it necessary, and I am provoked to take the matter in hand without sufficient warrant, as I did at Carlisle. But if I might speak with reverence, your majesty hath dealt with her removings, both at Carlisle and now again, as though your majesty would gladly all was well, so that it was nothing long of yourself. And surely your majesty's forbearing to assist us at Carlisle with your sufficient authority—far contrary to our expectations—hath stricken the hope of maintenance and good backing of me in your service, so far from my heart that I shall never be so hardy as to adventure upon such an enterprise again, without sufficient warrant beforehand for the accomplishment thereof. And this example, added to divers other experiences that I have had and seen since your majesty's reign, hath made me the more to fear your majesty's estate if any sharp troubles should happen to arise. Wherewith being disquieted, I was so bold before the entrance of the great consultation, to advise your majesty to lay the whole burden of this weighty matter upon your faithful councillors, and to encourage, and maintain and back them, by your majesty's following of their resolutions, fully and wholly without delay or alteration; for if your majesty, after your good and faithful councillors have resolved, shall discourage them by staying your assent thereunto until all the passions of your mind be satisfied, then how your faithful servants may be discouraged thereby to stand you at your need it is doubtful, or rather fearful, for me to consider." [1]

How it fared with the other part of Knollys' instructions will be presently seen. Meanwhile the immediate cause of the Queen of Scots formed but a part of Elizabeth's perplexities; and events in the Netherlands, events in the English Channel, events far away in the Gulf of Mexico, combined to agitate yet further the passions of which Knollys spoke. As if to give

[1] Knollys to Elizabeth, December 26: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

point to his warnings of danger, a series of reverses had driven Condé back from the Loire; and the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands had fared scarcely better than his brother. He had taken his thirty thousand Germans over the Meuse, expecting that the country would rise on the Spaniards, and that Alva would be forced into a battle. The country lay quiet till Alva had been first defeated; and Alva, knowing that time would fight for him, and that the prince's scanty finances would soon be exhausted, declined to fight except at certain advantage. The Germans, after a few weeks of ineffectual marching, began to mutiny and desert. The prince had to retreat, without even the honour of a lost engagement; and feeling that the Papists were his real enemies, and that it mattered little to which nation they belonged, he thought at first of crossing France and joining Condé. But his men refused to follow him, and at the time of the conference at Westminster, he was falling back into Nassau, bankrupt, it seemed, in fortune and reputation. On land all was going ill; on another element, however, the Protestants found better fortune. The ocean gave a home to those whom the land had rejected, and Rochelle became the rendezvous of the French, Dutch, and English privateering crusaders, who in their light swift cruisers hovered round the mouth of narrow seas, and preyed on Catholic commerce under whatever flag it sailed. With these lawless heroes Elizabeth's government had a natural affinity. Most of the vessels had been built in English yards or were manned by English subjects. They were carrying on war at no cost to the crown against the general enemy of the Reformation, and even Cecil was reconciled at last to men whose marauding doings were covered by the flag of a Protestant prince. Chatillon's mission to London was to persuade Elizabeth, if possible, to renew the alliance of 1562, to forget Havre and its misfortunes, and to use the opportunity once more to recover Calais, or some town which she might hold as security for the restoration of Calais. The temptation was strong, especially when the French government showed signs of favouring Mary Stuart. Elizabeth talked metaphorically to La Mothe Fénelon of her lion's nature, gentle and soft unless provoked, and then terrible in her anger. Portault, the Prince of Condé's admiral, went and came among the English ports, and sold his prize cargoes in Plymouth market. Admiral Winter, with Elizabeth's own fleet, was preparing for sea, and intended, as was believed, to carry money, powder, and arms to Rochelle.

Elizabeth herself, when La Mothe pressed her closely, of course insisted that she had no such meaning as was imputed to her. She disavowed all interest in Condé; if her subjects showed favour to the pirates, she said that it was without her knowledge and against her orders.

La Mothe reminded her that she herself did not tolerate two religions in England; she ought not to be surprised, therefore, if the French government followed her example. She said (and her answer was remarkable), that her policy in religious matters had been only to keep the peace; if Catholics and Protestants had been allowed their separate services, they would have been perpetually fighting; and if the queen-mother had consulted her in the first instance, she would have advised, that as, after all, both parties worshipped the same God, one service or the other should have been prohibited in France. Since the queen-mother had preferred to attempt toleration, it would have been better if the experiment had lasted longer. She understood the difficulty, however. She had no sympathy with the Huguenots, and she trusted that the defeats which they had sustained would be a lesson everywhere to subjects who took up arms against their princes.[1]

Yet all this meant nothing, except so far as it was a description of the principles of Elizabeth's own government. Chatillon appeared openly at court. The probability of a war with France was freely talked of, and the desirableness of it was discussed and approved by the council of peers who had met at the Hampton Court conference. The petition of the Prince of Orange found no favour with the queen. He had pleaded on the ground of a common religion, and the danger to England from the triumph of the Spaniards in the Low Countries. The English nobles did not recognise the identity of religion. They were, most of them, well inclined to Spain, and Orange obtained nothing except some £30,000 raised by subscription for him in the Protestant churches. Against France, on the other hand, there was the old national animosity. The wound of Calais was still fresh and rankling, and however strong might be the feeling of men like Arundel and Norfolk against the Huguenots, their patriotism was not unwilling to submit to an alliance with them if the lost jewel could be replaced in the English tiara.

Such was the general sentiment of the council, and it was probably shared by Elizabeth. Cecil only thought differently.

[1] La Mothe Fénelon au Roy, December 5 and 10: *Dépêches*, vol. i.

Cecil alone of the queen's advisers comprehended the true bearing of European politics. To him the recovery of a single poor town was as nothing compared to the stake for which the great game was being played; and Cecil saw that the real enemy of England was not France, but Spain. France, rent in half by the civil war, must either tolerate the reformers, or exhaust her strength in holding them down. Spain erect, united, Catholic in heart and intellect, and blazing with religious enthusiasm—Spain, if she conquered Protestantism in the Netherlands, would soon, as Orange said, conquer it in England also.

It was idle to say this to the peers at Hampton Court, for half of them desired nothing better than Philip's successful interference. Cecil therefore contented himself with throwing obstacles in the way of the quarrel with France. There was not sufficient provocation he said. They were unprepared. If they began with France they might have Spain on their hands also before all was over. Condé might be assisted indirectly, but open war was unnecessary and dangerous. Leicester and Pembroke went with him, and they took the queen along with them. She told La Mothe Fénelon that as long as the question was merely between subject and sovereign she would not interfere; if the Catholic powers entered into the long-talked-of league against herself, then, but only then, she would make a counter-league and fight out the quarrel.[1]

As regarded Spain, and as a means of at least indirectly helping Orange, Cecil was preparing for an act of desperate audacity, to which, by some unknown means, he had obtained Elizabeth's warrant. The story turns to the Spanish Main.

It will be remembered that Philip's government, on hearing that Sir John Hawkins was preparing on a large scale for a third voyage to the West Indies, had given formal notice to Elizabeth that unless these buccaneering expeditions were prohibited, serious consequences would follow. Sir John had been sent for by the council: he had been reprimanded, enjoined to respect the laws which closed the ports of the Spanish colonies against unlicensed traders, and de Silva was told that Philip should have no further ground for complaint. Elizabeth, however, who had lent Hawkins ships of her own, and thus was interested in the adventure, interfered reluctantly. The slave trade was so profitable, that on the last voyage she had realised sixty per cent. on the capital which she and her council had risked

[1] La Mothe Fénelon au Roy, December 28: *Dépêches*, vol. i.

upon it. Hawkins persuaded her that he would not only himself be ruined if he was prevented from sailing, but that the crews whom he had engaged, if he turned them adrift, would be "driven to misery," and be ready "to commit any folly." He promised that "he would give no offence to the least of her highness's allies and friends." "The voyage which he pretended was to lade negroes in Guinea, and sell them in the West Indies, in truck of gold, pearls, and emeralds, whereof he doubted not but to bring home great abundance, to the contentation of her highness and the benefit of the whole realm."[1]

The sale of negroes in the West Indies being the very thing which Philip was most desirous to prevent, it was not very clear how it could be prosecuted as innocently as Hawkins pretended. His arguments, however, or the greatness of the temptation, satisfied Elizabeth's scruples. In October 1567, he sailed from Plymouth with five well-appointed vessels, one of them the queen's ship *Jesus*, which carried his flag on his first voyage; and among those who went with him was the after-hero of English history, his young "kinsman," Francis Drake.

The voyage, though commencing with a storm, was prosperous beyond the most glittering hopes which he had formed upon his past successes. Hawkins ran down to Sierra Leone, where he formed an alliance with a tribe which were at war with a neighbouring tribe. He sacked a densely peopled town, and was rewarded with as many prisoners as he could stow; and by the spring of the following year he was among the Spanish settlements, doing a business which realised the wildest dreams of Eldorado. Where the ports were open he found an easy market; where the governor attempted to keep him out he forced an entrance as usual, and found the planters no less willing to deal with him. Stray ships were stopped and plundered where their cargoes were worth the seizure. And thus before the summer was over, he had amassed, in bars of gold and silver, in precious stones and other commodities, property worth more than a million pounds.[2] Before he could sail for England the ships' bottoms required a scouring. Their spars had suffered in a gale of wind in the Gulf of Mexico. At the beginning of September, therefore, he put into St. Jean de Luz

[1] Sir John Hawkins to Elizabeth, September 15, 1567: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Hawkins rates the ships and freight together as worth before his disaster £1,800,000.—HAKLUYT, vol. iii. p. 620.

to refit, take in water and provisions, and dispose of four hundred negroes, "the best and choicest" which he had, that still remained unsold.[1]

The halcyon weather was about to close in a tornado. The small harbour of Jean de Luz is formed by a natural break-water which lies across the mouth of the bay. The day after the English ships entered, a Spanish fleet appeared outside, consisting of thirteen men-of-war, the smallest of them larger than the *Jesus:* a force from which in the open sea escape might have been possible, but with which, under the fairest conditions, it would have been madness to have sought an engagement. If Hawkins could have made up his mind to dispute the entrance of a Spanish admiral into one of his own harbours, he believed that he could have saved himself, for the channel was narrow, and the enemy's numbers would give him no advantage. But neither his own nor Elizabeth's ingenuity could have invented a pretext for an act of such desperate insolence. At best he would be blockaded, and sooner or later would have to run. The Spaniards passed in and anchored close on board the Englishmen. For three days there was an interchange of ambiguous courtesies. On the fourth Philip's admiral had satisfied himself of Hawkins' identity. He had been especially sent upon this coast to look for him; and by the laws of nations he was unquestionably justified in treating the English commander as a pirate. The form of calling on him to surrender was dispensed with. The name of Hawkins was so terrible that the Spaniards dared not give him warning that he was to be attacked. They took possession of the mole in the dark, and mounted batteries upon it; and then from shore and sea every gun which could be brought to bear opened upon the *Jesus* and her comrades. Taken by surprise, for many of their boats' crews were in the town, the English fought so desperately that two of the largest of the Spanish ships were sunk, and another set on fire. The men on shore forced their way on board to their companions; and, notwithstanding the tremendous odds, the result of the action still seemed uncertain, when the Spaniards sent down two fire-ships, and then Hawkins saw that all was over, and that vessels and treasures were lost. The only hope now was to save the men. The survivors of them were crowded on board two small tenders, one of fifty tons, the other rather larger, and leaving the *Jesus* and the other ships, the gold and

[1] Process and examination of Hawkins' voyage.—*Domestic MSS.*, vol. liii. *Rolls House.*

silver bars, the negroes, and their other spoils to burn or sink, they crawled out under the fire of the mole and gained the open sea. There their position scarcely seemed less desperate. They were short of food and water. Their vessels had suffered heavily under the fire; they were choked up with men, and there was not a harbour west of the Atlantic where they could venture to run; a hundred seamen volunteered to take their chance on shore some leagues distant down the coast, and after wandering miserably in the woods for a few days, they were taken and carried as prisoners to Mexico. Hawkins and Drake, and the rest, made sail for the English Channel, which in due time, in torn and wretched plight, they contrived to reach, and where a singular state of things was awaiting their arrival.

The Duke of Alva had expected that the wars of the Netherlands would pay their own expenses. He had promised Philip that a stream of gold a yard deep should flow into the Spanish treasury from the confiscated hoards of the heretic traders. He had been less successful as a financier than as a soldier. The pay of his army was many months in arrear. The troops had won victories, but they had gained no plunder by them, and were fast breaking into dangerous mutiny. So pressing were the duke's difficulties that Philip had been obliged to borrow half a million of money from two banking houses at Genoa. The bankers had establishments in the Netherlands, but the bullion there had been driven away or buried, and the contract with Philip required them to deliver the loan in silver dollars at Antwerp. It was therefore sent round by sea, the chests, for greater safety, being divided among many vessels. Two or three ran the gauntlet of the Channel in safety, but information of the prize got wind among the privateers. The precious fleet had been chased, scattered, and driven into the English harbours, and the treasure for which Alva was so impatiently waiting was hiding in Foy, Plymouth, and Southampton. The basking sharks were prowling outside on the watch to seize them if they ventured to sail, and, as they feared, were not at all unlikely to snatch them as they lay at anchor. Francesco Diaz, the captain of one of these treasure ships, when he entered Plymouth harbour, found thirteen French cruisers there, with half-a-dozen English consorts, carrying the flag of the Prince of Condé; they were taking turns, night and day, to scour the Channel; their commissions professed to empower them, in the service of God, to seize any Catholic ship that they

came across, to whatever nation it belonged.[1] They brought in their prizes under the eyes of Diaz, and sold them without interference from the authorities, the mayor being one of the most forward purchasers. He began to fear that he was in the wolf's den, from which there was no escape, and where he would be devoured if he remained.[2] And he had a special ground for uneasiness. Sir John Hawkins had not yet returned, nor any news of him; but the disaster at St. Jean de Luz was known on board the Spanish ships; and as the most mischievous of the cruisers at Plymouth were owned by William Hawkins, Sir John's brother,[3] the Spaniards feared that unless they could extricate themselves before the truth came out, short work would be made with them. They knew that he might be looked for any day. To put Plymouth in good humour therefore, one of them, who professed to have just returned from the Indies, pretended to bring the information for which the town was longing, and dressed his tale to flatter the national pride and gratify the avarice of Hawkins' friends and family. Sir John had been in the enchanted garden of Aladdin and had loaded himself with gold and jewels. He had taken a ship with 800,000 ducats; he had sacked a town, and had taken infinite heaps of pearls and jewels there. A Spanish fleet, forty-four sail of them, had passed a harbour where he was dressing his ships. The captains had held a council of war to consider the prudence of attacking him, but the admiral had said, "for the ships that be in the harbour I will not deal with them, for they being monstrous ships, will sink some of us and put us to the worse: wherefore let us depart on our voyage; and so they did." "The worst boy in those ships might be a captain for riches," and the Spaniard "wished to God he had been one of them."[4]

The pleasant story was pleasantly received. It might have answered its end had there been time for it to work, but the wind which brought the fable brought the truth behind it. Two days later William Hawkins sent to Cecil the news of the real catastrophe. Elizabeth had lost her venture, but if she was bold she might reimburse herself at Philip's cost. Philip, as

[1] "Algunos de los piratas ingleses traen una carta de marca del Cardinal Chatillon que reside en Londres, y en nombre del Principe de Conde, y diciendo que por servicio de Dios daba licencia para que rebasen y persiquiesen todos los navios y gente de los Catholicos de cualquier nacion que fuesen. Esto oi decir á un mercador español que habia leido una de las dichas cartas de marca."—Relacion qui hace Francesco Diaz: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Report of Hawkins' voyage, December 2, 1568: *Domestic MSS.*

the story was now told, had robbed the subjects of her majesty; "her majesty might now make stay of King Philip's treasure till recompense was made;" or, "if it did not please her majesty to meddle in the matter, although she herself was the greatest loser therein," yet Hawkins hoped "her majesty would give her subjects leave to meddle with it." "In that way he would not only have recompense to the uttermost, doing as good service as could be desired with little cost," but "he looked also to please God therein, for the Spaniards were God's enemies." [1]

A little later a small tattered bark sailed slowly into Plymouth. Francis Drake, who landed from her, rode post to London with details, and William Hawkins sent by his hand a schedule of the property destroyed, and requested leave to act on the commission which he held from the Prince of Condé.

It is difficult to see by what reasoning these western sailors persuaded themselves that wrong had been done by the Spaniards, unless it were—which was very much the fact—that they believed that the universe was theirs to do what they pleased with. Cecil, probably, was not under this impression; but it was an opportunity at a critical moment to assist the Prince of Orange, to cripple Alva, to punish Philip for the expulsion of Doctor Man, and, more than all, to end Elizabeth's vacillations, and force her into the bold position which, as it seemed to him, her safety required her to assume. The loss of money touched her to the quick. The profit which she had so nearly gained in Sir John's infamous trade she regarded as something of her own of which she had been robbed. She consulted the Bishop of Salisbury, and the excellent Jewel confirmed the theory that God would be pleased to see the Spaniards plundered; [2] and while an intimation was sent to Orange that a diversion would be made in his favour, Cecil was allowed to consult the vice-admiral of the west, Sir Arthur Champernowne, as to the most convenient means of affecting the seizure. Sir Arthur, in his younger days, had been concerned with Sir Peter Carew in the western rising against Queen Mary: he was now in office under Elizabeth, and using his authority for something more than connivance at the irregular doings of the privateers. Three ships of his own, which he had

[1] William Hawkins to Cecil, December 3: *Domestic MSS.*

[2] "Supe entretanto la exortacion que el Obispo de Sareberi, grandeherege, habia hecho á esta Reyna para que usurpase este dinero, y como habia despachado al Conde Palatino al Doctor Junio su mismo agente, y dado tambien aviso al Principe de Orange."—Guerau de Espes á su Magd. de primero de Enero, 1569: *MSS. Simancas.*

fitted out at Dartmouth, were cruising with Portault, under command of his son Henry. At that very moment Portault was offering him 60,000 ducats for his private advantage if he would shut his eyes while the treasure was carried off for Condé. But Sir Arthur's patriotism had been stronger than his cupidity. "Such a mass of money he conceived to be most fit for the queen's majesty, and not to be enterprised by a subject." He placed a guard over the Spanish vessels, insisting that he could not expose the queen's government to the reproach which would fall upon it if her good allies, King Philip's subjects, suffered wrong in English waters; and he replied to Cecil's letter in language which showed some insight into his own sovereign's character. He admitted that there was no sufficient pretext for open violence. The vessels lay in a position where they could not be cut out by the privateers "without slandering of the state." Yet there were ways in which the thing might be done, and yet no fault attach to the government. "If it shall seem good to your honour," Sir Arthur wrote, "that I, with others, shall give the attempt for the recovery of the treasure to her majesty's use, which cannot be without blood, I will not only take it in hand to be brought to good effect, but also receive the blame thereof unto myself, to the end so great a commodity should redound to her grace; hoping that after bitter storms of her displeasure showed at the beginning to colour the fact, I shall find the calm of her favour in such sort, as I am most willing to hazard myself to serve her majesty. Great pity it were that such a booty should escape her grace; and surely I am of that mind that anything taken from that wicked nation is both necessary and profitable to our commonweal."[1] The letter ended with the vice-admiral's offer of "his boy Henry" to be the instrument of the exploit.

Sir Arthur, doubtless, would have made clean work; but unfortunately not more than half the treasure was in the western harbours. The rest was in Southampton Water; and the court, if they took any of it, were determined to take all. While Cecil was hesitating what to do, two English privateers, sailing under the flag of the Prince of Orange,[2] brought into Plymouth some Spanish and Portuguese prizes said to be worth 200,000 ducats. Don Guerau sent in a complaint to Elizabeth, and at the same time mentioned the money, and expressed alarm for its safety. Elizabeth, who perhaps had not yet made up her mind to take

[1] Sir Arthur Champernowne to Cecil, December 19: *Domestic MSS.*
[2] Orange as well as Condé had issued letters of marque.

it, offered, with many apologies for the insecurity of the seas, either to bring it over land to London and transport it thence to Alva, or to send some of her own ships to convoy it through the Channel. The ambassador, who had heard rumours of intended mischief, accepted the second alternative as the least dangerous. He thanked the queen for her friendliness, and had dismissed the subject from his mind, when he heard that at Foy, Plymouth, and Southampton the treasure had been simultaneously seized, brought on shore, and placed under guard, the crews arrested, and the ships detained.[1] Sending a messenger on the instant to Alva, Don Guerau went to the queen for an explanation. A week passed before he could be admitted to an audience. Elizabeth then told him not to be alarmed. The audacity of the pirates had obliged her to take the money under her own charge, but that it would be kept in perfect safety. Don Guerau in the same tone acknowledged her kindness, but he said that the Duke of Alva was in urgent need of it, and he begged that it might be forwarded without delay.

Elizabeth played her part awkwardly. It would have been better if she had said at first what she meant to say eventually. It had been ascertained that the money, though taken up by Philip, was the property of the Genoese till it was delivered at Antwerp. After hesitating a few minutes, she said that she had herself occasion for a loan. The agents of the owners in London were willing that she should keep it. Don Guerau, with an astonishment which was probably unfeigned, declared that the money had been sent by his master to pay his troops. He

[1] Francesco Diaz thus describes the scene at Plymouth: "The vice-admiral of those ports," he says, "sent for us, and insisted that as long as the treasure was on board he could not be answerable for its safety: and that for our own sakes, as well as our masters', it must be unload at the ports. We declined to consent, so he left us under guard at his own house, went to our ships with his people and took from the hold sixty-four chests of silver, which he deposited in the town-hall. A few days after he searched in like manner all the Spanish and Flemish ships in the harbour, broke up the cargoes, and took out whatever he pleased, small and great. He ill-used our sailors, beating some, throwing others into the sea, and then distributed us all in different prisons, saying that we should be held to exchange for the Englishmen who had been taken by the Spaniards. I asked him why he used such cruelty with your majesty's subjects, when Spain and England were at peace? He told me I ought to thank him for being more merciful than the Duke of Alva, who had cut off the heads of divers Englishmen in Flanders. Some of our party he sent up to London, after taking from us all the money we possessed. They were thrust into a prison there, where many died of hunger and disease; while heretics were sent to preach the heathen gospel to them."—Relacion que hace Francesco Diaz: *MSS. Simancas.*

would not believe that Elizabeth was serious. Elizabeth, however, would give him no other answer. The Genoese, she said, might lend where they pleased. If they preferred her to the King of Spain, he had no right to complain.

Don Guerau, as brave as he was haughty, did not waste his time in remonstrances. The seizure, so far as he could learn, originated in the determination of Cecil to support the Prince of Orange. Half the money was to be sent to the prince, to enable him to raise another army; the rest was to be spent in doubling the English fleet.[1] No time was to be lost. The English trade with Flanders, though diminished, was still the main source of the wealth of the London merchants. Don Guerau drew up a statement of the circumstances in Spanish and English, which he circulated in the city, and sent his secretary in a swift boat across the Channel to urge Alva to immediate reprisals. London, he hoped, would mutiny and force the queen to yield.

The duke, to whom the loss of the money was a serious inconvenience, required no urging; by an order instant and summary, every English resident in the Low Countries was arrested, every English ship was seized, the cargoes sequestered, and the crews imprisoned; couriers sped across France to Philip that the embargo might be extended to Spain and Italy, before the English could take the alarm and fly.

It seems that Elizabeth had expected that her excuse would be accepted, that she could accomplish safely by a trick what she would not venture to attempt by force. When she found that she had failed, her heart for a moment sank.[1] The catastrophe so long threatened had come, and Spain, the old ally, whose connection with England had outlived, so far, the shock of the Reformation, was an enemy at last. But it was too late to retire. A retaliatory edict was issued. All Spaniards and Netherlanders in England found themselves prisoners. The order of arrest was extended to the Channel, where every vessel owned by a subject of Philip was declared liable to seizure. At eleven o'clock on a January night, the mayor and aldermen went round to the merchants' houses, sealed up their warehouses and carried them off from their beds to the Fleet. Frightened families of Spaniards crowded for protection to the

[1] Guerau de Espes to Philip, December 27 and January 1; De Espes to the Duke of Alva, December 30: *MSS. Simancas.* At Southampton as well as Plymouth there was indiscriminate plunder; some boxes of sweetmeats were taken, which the Duchess of Alva had sent to her husband.

[2] "A la Reyna le tomáron unas grandes cascas quando le sup ó."—Don Guerau to Philip, January 8: *MSS. Simancas.*

ambassador. The ports were closed; Don Guerau's own letters were intercepted, and he himself, to prepare for the worst, burnt such of his papers as were dangerous.

The immediate advantage in the arrest was largely on the side of England; even without Philip's silver, the value of the Spanish and Flemish goods detained far exceeded what had been seized by Alva. Yet the manner in which the breach had been brought about was not creditable. The suppression of trade created general discontent in London, and an affront so open to an ally could not but seem objectionable to the old English peers, who looked on Orange as a rebel, and cared little for the heretics whom Alva was burning and beheading. The new question which had arisen divided parties in the same line on which they had been already separated by the cause of the Queen of Scots. The prospect of a war with Spain kindled the hopes of the Catholics, and made her friends more anxious than ever to secure Philip's interest for her. The Bishop of Ross told Don Guerau that all the noblemen who were interested for his mistress would stand by Spain in the present quarrel. Mary Stuart herself, so sanguine was she, sent him word that if the King of Spain would help her, she would in three months be Queen of England, and mass should be said in every church throughout the island;[1] and stealthy language of the same kind began to be used to him by English peers themselves. Don Guerau's instructions left him unable to enter into any engagements in Mary Stuart's interests; but under the new circumstances he held himself at liberty to hear what her friends had to say; and the Earl of Northumberland came one night to his house, and had a long conversation with him. Unfortunately for the Catholic cause, an awkward quarrel had arisen among the noblemen most inclined to it. Lord Dacres of Naworth, the richest and most powerful of the northern peers, had died in 1566, leaving one son and three daughters. The son, while still in his minority, was killed three years later by a fall from his horse. The widow had married the Duke of Norfolk, and had died also a few months later, leaving the duke the guardian of her children. According to ancient usage, the Dacres estate would have gone with the title to the late lord's brother, Leonard. But Norfolk, not for his wards' sake entirely, but to secure the

[1] "La Reyna de Escocia dixó al criado mio, direis al Embajador que si su amo me quiere socorrer, antes de tres meses yo seré Reyna de Inglaterra y la misa se celebrará por toda ella."—Don Guerau to Philip, January 8: *MSS. Simancas.*

splendid inheritance in his own family, had betrothed the girls to his three sons, and claimed the property for them against their uncle. The suit was pending at this particular moment. Leonard Dacres—Leonard of the crooked back as he was called—had assumed the title and taken possession of Naworth Castle. He was a strong Catholic, and his cause was warmly supported by the Earls of Northumberland, Cumberland, and many of the gentry of the northern shires. There was a general unwillingness to see another great family perish out of the already attenuated ranks of the English peerage. The queen was holding the balance between the claimants, and the decision seemed likely to rest rather with her than with the judges. With the prospect of a revolution which would transfer the crown to Mary Stuart, the northern lords had been throughout unfavourable to the scheme for marrying her to the Duke of Norfolk, who was not a Catholic, and, too powerful already, would then carry all before him. They had communicated their views to the Queen of Scots herself, but she was anxious at any rate to use Norfolk's help till she was extricated from her difficulties, and begged them to be silent.[1]

The injunction, however, did not extend to the Spanish ambassador. Northumberland was ambitious for her, and he asked Don Guerau whether Philip himself might not, in the interests of the Church, be induced to take her. The ambassador, who was in bed, said nothing, but "wagged his head on the pillow as though he meant it could not be."[2] If the Queen of Scots wished it, he said that Don John of Austria might not be so impossible, but for the present union among the Catholics was of the first importance. They should agree together on some common course, and other questions could be settled afterwards. At all events it was agreed that the ambassador should urge Philip to take up the Queen of Scots' cause, while the Catholic nobles in the council and out of it should draw together, form a party with the more moderate Protestants, and either force the queen to change her policy, or place themselves at Philip's disposition.[3]

[1] "Some liked her marriage one way and some another way. The Earl of Westmoreland and some of the Nortons liked well the match with the duke. My cousin Dacres and I wished her bestowed on a sound Catholic, even if it was some foreign prince; but this was kept secret among ourselves, for that the queen sent to me, and I think to some others too, to will us to seem contented and to like the match."—Confession of the Earl of Northumberland: *Border MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Confession of the Earl of Northumberland: *Border MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] The account of the interview given by Don Guerau to Philip agrees

Don Guerau was now satisfied that Cecil had made a false move, and that he at least could be overthrown. He suggested to La Mothe Fénelon that they two together should demand Cecil's dismissal of the queen, as the enemy of the quiet of Christendom. If she refused, France might unite with Spain in closing the harbours of the Continent against the English. The Catholics outnumbered the Protestants, and that one step, bringing ruin as it would on half the families in the country, would ensure a revolution.[1] He wrote to Philip to the same purpose, advising him to use his influence with the court of Paris. If Europe refused to trade with England till England was reconciled to Rome, Cecil would be overthrown, and without Cecil the queen would do as the Catholics wished. "It is Cecil," he said, "who rules all now, and prompts the villain tricks which trouble us. No words can tell the depth of Cecil's heresy; and as he sees the Protestant cause going to the ground he grows as furious as if possessed by ten thousand fiends." And again:—"The chief of the council is Cecil, a man of low extraction, cunning, false, malicious, full of all deceit, and so true an Englishman that he thinks all the sovereigns of Christendom cannot conquer this island. He it is who governs all. He is diligent, acute, and never keeps faith or word. He thinks we are none of us a match for him; and so far he has succeeded, but now he is verging to his fall." [2]

For the present, indeed, Cecil's star was still dominant. Don Guerau's house had been watched, and his midnight visitors had been seen though not identified. A few days after the general arrest the ambassador was ordered to consider himself a prisoner within his own walls, and to think himself happy that he was treated with more respect than his master had treated Doctor Man. A guard was placed at his gates, and a brother of Sir Francis Knollys was placed in charge of him. But Don Guerau believed that he could afford to despise affronts of this kind, and that heresy had made Cecil blind. In writing to a friend he described himself as a prisoner to Queen Oriana, but he professed to make a jest of his enchantment, and he sent the note unsealed that the guard might see the contempt which he felt for his gaolers.[3]

closely with Northumberland's own confession. Don Guerau only did not mention to his master the marriage which the earl had projected for him.

[1] La Mothe à la Reyne-mère, December 28: *Dépêches*, vol. i.

[2] Relacion dada por Don Guerau de Espes.

[3] "Do not be surprised to hear that I am arrested. In this island there are the enchantments of Amadis. Arcelaus lives—but I am well and in

The council were provoked at his impertinence, and united in telling him "that such vain fancies and poesies were unbecoming. He would be treated as a seditious insolent person, unfit to be admitted into the presence of a prince, and he should serve as an example to all others who should dare to attempt the like." [1]

So far Arundel and Norfolk went along with Cecil and Bacon; but in public policy wide differences were opening, and Don Guerau was not without reason for his confidence. Cecil knowing that the Spanish government was still too much embarrassed with the Netherlands to go to war with England, except at the last extremity, but knowing also that if the Protestants on the Continent were crushed, England's turn must inevitably follow, was not inclined to sit still till the enemy was at the gates. He desired to show the struggling nations that England was not afraid of the giant who was trampling on them; he proposed to assist them as far as possible short of openly taking part in the quarrel, and by committing the queen to their cause, determine her also to a more consistent course with the growing difficulties at home. But the old-fashioned statesmen were now decidedly against him. The peers and even the council were split in factions. Catholics, semi-Catholics, Anglicans, moderates differed among themselves, but were all afraid of Cecil and eager to turn to account the present opportunity. Representations were made to Elizabeth that the money must be given up. The Duke of Norfolk, not contented with remonstrating with Elizabeth, expressed his disapproval of the seizure to Don Guerau himself. The ferment was so great, both at the court and in the city, that the queen to quiet it issued a not very honest proclamation, laying the blame of the quarrel on Spain.

The treasure-ships, she said, had been driven by pirates into English harbours, and she had taken charge of the money at the Spanish ambassador's request. She had then discovered that it did not belong to the King of Spain, but was the property of "certain merchants." "She was considering whether, being thrust as it were into her hands, she might not herself borrow

health, and though I am a prisoner to Oriana, I fancy we shall not need an Urganda to make it all end in comedy."

Knollys, enclosing the note to Cecil, says:—

"By this you may see his boldness, his devotion, his stomach. We watch the fox with care and diligence; but his berry is large, and on every part full of starting holes—our nets be slender and weak, and I doubt not you see the peril."—*Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] Reply of the Council to Don Guerau, January 14: *Spanish MSS.*

some part of it, when, at the first move, and without waiting for an explanation, the Duke of Alva had laid violent hands on the English ships and cargoes in the Netherlands, and had so forced her to retaliate." [1]

The effect which this new element of discord would produce on the process of the Queen of Scots was at first uncertain. Either, as Cecil hoped, the sudden boldness towards Spain would be the commencement of a firmer policy, or it might be that with the prospect of war upon her hands, the queen would still persist in temporising. For some days previous to the arrest it had seemed that Cecil would have his way. The Duke of Norfolk, who was opposed to him on foreign policy, appeared to go with him about Mary Stuart; either because he was playing a deep game, or because he was aware of the objections of Northumberland and other of the Catholics to his marriage with her.

Sir Francis Knollys had laid before her Elizabeth's advice that she should abdicate, and a letter from the Bishop of Ross showed that he had ceased to hope, and that she must choose between compliance and disgrace. In a private interview with Cecil, Leicester, and Norfolk, the bishop found "that judgment was almost confirmed in favour of her adversaries." He had argued and prayed, "but nothing altered them." "The Duke of Norfolk was sorest of the three." The disdain of the king, the advancing of Bothwell, the conspiracy of the murder, all seemed to be so distinctly proved, that unless the Queen of Scots would either reply through her commissioners, or submit without qualification, the evidence against her would be published and the inquiry end in her formal condemnation.[2]

The Queen of Scots herself had been equally despondent. She had borne up at first against Knollys with all her pride and firmness; she stood upon her rights; she said that she would live and die a queen; she would not degrade herself by answering to her subjects' accusations.

"Finding her persist in her old humour," Knollys told her he was not surprised that she would not answer. "He thought her the wiser woman, because it passed his capacity to see how by just defence she could disburden herself of the crimes that were laid against her." She said she could defend herself if she pleased. Knollys told her that she had better do it then,

[1] Royal Proclamation, January 6: *Domestic MSS.*

[2] The Bishop of Ross to John Fitzwilliam, December 25: *MSS.* Queen of Scots, *Rolls House.*

for if she refused "she would provoke the queen his mistress to take her as condemned and to publish the same to her utter disgrace and infamy."

She still "answered stoutly;" "she said she would make all princes know how evil she was handled; she had come on trust into England; she could not believe the queen would condemn her, hearing her adversaries and not hearing her."

But Knollys made her understand that she was not refused a hearing when she could be heard by counsel, or heard in private by a commission. After her injurious "claiming and making title to the crown," she had nothing to complain of in her treatment. She must meet the charges against her in detail, and really disprove them, or else she must submit. "By courtesy and discreet behaviour she might yet provoke the queen to save her honour, and cause the accusations and writings that were to be showed against her to be committed to oblivion." [1]

She said that if she submitted it would be construed into a confession that she was guilty. She was afraid of being "entrapped and allured." [2] She consulted Scrope, but Scrope gave her the same advice; and both to him and Knollys it appeared, that if she could be assured that her letters would not be published, and if the Bishop of Ross, when he came down to her, used the same language as Knollys had used, she would give way. All, however, depended upon Elizabeth's firmness. The Queen of Scots would hold out "as long as one foot of hope was left to her. She was persuaded that God had given Elizabeth such temperature of affection that she would never disgrace her, however she should refuse to yield to conformity;" and Knollys had the courage to repeat to the queen, that "although her majesty's judgment must needs be ruled by such affections and passions of her mind as happened to have dominion over her," in her actions she would do wisely to accept "the resolutions digested by the deliberate consultation of her most faithful councillors." [3]

[1] Sir F. Knollys to Elizabeth, December 26: QUEEN OF SCOTS' *MSS.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Knollys to Elizabeth, January 1: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.; and again to Cecil, December 31, Knollys writes:—

"This queen does not seem to my Lord Scrope nor me greatly to mislike our advise for her yielding in this matter, but she depends much upon the coming of the Bishop of Ross, and she mistrusts to be allured and not to be plainly dealt withal for the saving of her honour. Whatever the Bishop of Ross shall persuade her, if her majesty would handle this matter stoutly and roundly, I think verily she would yield upon hope, or rather

Unfortunately, at the moment when it was necessary to act, and when her constitutional irresolution made a decision, as usual, so difficult, Elizabeth's "passions and affections" were irritated by a ridiculous accident. She was on the point of yielding to Cecil, and of assuming an attitude more becoming in a Protestant sovereign; a part of this bolder policy would have been an open declaration in favour of the Earl of Murray, when a Protestant bishop used the opportunity to offend her on the point where she was most sensitive. Marriage, under all forms, was disagreeable to her; the marriage of the clergy was detestable; the marriage, and especially the re-marriage of her prelates, approached incest. Dr. Coxe, the Bishop of Ely, a grey-haired old gentleman—one of the patriarchs of the Reformation—had been left a widower, and at his age he might, with no great difficulty, have remained in that condition. But it could not be. He explained his difficulty to Cecil with ludicrous gravity. He said that he wished "to spend the remainder of his life without offence to God. The queen's displeasure was death to him, but the displeasure of the Almighty was more to be dreaded. The Almighty had left him without one special gift, and placed him in the number of those who could not receive the saying of Christ. He was between Scylla and Charybdis; but it was more dreadful to fall into the hands of the living God;" and a second wife was a necessity.[1]

The incontinence of the bishop came opportunely to the help of the Queen of Scots. Either this flagrant illustration of the tendencies of Protestantism, or the Spanish difficulty, or her own incurable vacillation, destroyed at the last moment Elizabeth's almost completed purpose. She sent down the Bishop of Ross to Bolton, apparently to confirm the message sent through Sir Francis Knollys; but at her parting interview she told him pointedly that, "come what would, his mistress should be a queen still;" and "by speech, gesture, or countenance" she made him understand that he need not be alarmed—she meant to keep her promises and "deal favourably" with the Queen of Scots after all. Satisfied now that all was well, the

upon assurance, that her majesty would save her honour and use her favourably. But if the Bishop of Ross and the rest of her commissioners shall find her majesty to be tender, and shrinking either to deal straightly with her until she do yield, or to maintain my Lord of Murray's government thoroughly, then surely I look not for her yielding."—*Cotton MSS.* CALIG. C. I.

[1] "Me etiam senem suo dono destituit, et in illorum me vult esse numero qui non capiunt verbum hoc—ut ait Christus Dominus Noster."—The Bishop of Ely to Cecil, December 29: *Domestic MSS.*

bishop flew to Bolton. He carried with him the happy news that the council was in confusion, that England was on the eve of a war with Spain, and that a Catholic revolution was immediately impending. He had seen the Spanish ambassador; he carried letters or brought messages from the Earl of Northumberland; and at once from the edge of despondency Mary Stuart sprang back into energy and life. She was again the sovereign princess, with all her rights and all her pride. She sent word, as has been seen, to Don Guerau that with Philip's help she would in three months be Queen of England. She saw herself in imagination pass with a spring from her prison to the first place in Catholic Europe, and protected by Elizabeth from the only blow which she feared.

She wrote a letter to her friends in Scotland, to lash them into fury preparatory to the expected insurrection. She described herself as betrayed, tricked, oppressed. The Earl of Murray had compounded with Elizabeth to betray the prince and admit English garrisons into Edinburgh and Stirling. Scotland was to be held in fee of the English crown, and its ancient independence destroyed. It was said that the prince was to be Elizabeth's successor; but Cecil and Murray had concluded a private arrangement in favour of the children of the Earl of Hertford. Scotland was betrayed—betrayed foully by Murray—"to the ancient and natural enemies of the realm." They had begun with attempting to persuade her "to renounce her crown," but God and good Scotch hearts would provide a remedy. "In the spring they would have help of their friends." Meanwhile, they must proclaim Murray's treason in every corner of the land, and hold the rebels in check till foreign aid should come.[1]

Every word of this letter was false; but the Queen of Scots knew that it would answer its immediate purpose, in stirring Scottish pride; and at the same time, and to prevent further trouble with the casket letters, a party of Yorkshire Catholics, the Nortons of Norton Conyers and others, undertook to intercept Murray on his return to the border, kill him, and destroy the papers.[2]

Having thus fired Mary Stuart with new hopes, the bishop went again to London to concert further measures with his

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Abbot of Arbroath January —.

[2] "Murray was to have been murdered on his way back to Scotland from Hampton Court, to be done about Northallerton, by the Nortons, Markinfield, and others."—Confession of the Bishop of Ross: MURDIN, p. 52.

friends among the peers. His first step was characteristic and curious. He was aware that Elizabeth was haunted by the spectre of a possible league between France and Spain and the Papacy. Information calling itself authentic had come late in December from Paris, that "both France and Spain had within the realm a practice for the alteration of religion and the advancement of the Queen of Scots to the crown;" and Walsingham, commenting upon it to Cecil, could but say that "in the divisions reigning in England there was less danger in fearing too much than too little, and that there was nothing more dangerous than security."[1] At once, while his mistress was inventing a lie of one sort, the Bishop of Ross composed another, to work on Elizabeth's fears, to earn her gratitude, and to throw her off her guard by his seeming frankness. He addressed himself to Lord Arundel as the member of the council through whom it would be most easy to approach her. He said that a secret had been revealed to him, which his affection for Elizabeth forbade him to conceal. He could not be silent when he saw danger approaching her. The King of Spain had directed the Duke of Alva and Don Guerau "to treat and conclude with the Queen of Scots for her marriage in three several ways." The King of Spain offered her either the Archduke Charles or Don John of Austria, or, if she preferred it, himself. On her acceptance of any one of these suitors, he was ready with the whole force of Spain to replace her on her own throne, and to maintain whatever interest she possessed in the throne of England. The Duke of Alva had sent an agent to England to see and consult her. The bishop said that he had himself seen this man, learned his errand, and undertaken to lay the question before his mistress; but he, for his own part, wished her always to see in Elizabeth her only pillar, and to seek no other friend. Instead of carrying the message to Bolton, therefore, he had desired Arundel to communicate it to the Queen of England. She might use it for her best commodity, and he trusted to her honour that she would not betray him.[2]

In the presence of the real correspondence between Philip and Don Guerau and between Philip and the Duke of Alva, it may be said with certainty that no agent had been sent from Flanders on any such business, that no such instructions had been sent to the Spanish ambassador, and that in the whole

[1] Walsingham to Cecil, December 20: *Domestic MSS.*

[2] The Bishop of Ross to the Earl of Arundel, January 3, 1569: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

story there was not one particle of truth. Alva was only desirous of postponing or avoiding a war, and Philip had not yet brought himself to regard the Queen of Scots as a person with whom he could entertain any kind of communication. Arundel, however, carried the bishop's note to Elizabeth; he had, perhaps, assisted in composing it. Coming as it did from the Queen of Scots' confidential minister, it answered its purpose completely in deceiving Elizabeth. It harmonised but too well with her own alarms and with the violent arrests and reprisals; and Lord Arundel followed up the effect which it had manifestly produced by laying in writing before her his own objections to extreme measures against Mary Stuart. She could not but see, he said, the danger to which both she and England were exposed; the neutrality if not the friendship of Scotland was indispensable; and the Queen of Scots, could she make a friend of her, would be a more useful ally than the Earl of Murray. Her majesty supposed that if she published the Queen of Scots' letters, the Queen of Scots would be "defamed" and disgraced, and there would be no more trouble about her. He thought that she would find herself mistaken. The world would see only on one side a person claiming the English throne, and on the other "a party to keep her from her own," blackening her rival's reputation as a means of protecting herself against her pretensions. The Queen of Scots had powerful friends in England whom the publication would mortally offend. The country was already in serious peril, and it would be far better if terms could be arranged with Murray, and the Queen of Scots be allowed to return. "It is not a strong persuasion for one that hath a crown," he added significantly, "to move another to leave her crown for that her subjects will not be ruled. It may be a new doctrine in Scotland, but it is not good to be taught in England."[1]

These last words must have touched Elizabeth to the quick. She had made up her mind a few days before to move straightforward. Arundel's arguments found her already wavering and quickened her retreat. She had first affected to desire nothing but a compromise. By insisting on the production of the letters she had done her best to make a compromise impossible, while she had made an enemy of Mary Stuart for ever. Now she desired to fall back upon her first plan. She was like the captain of a vessel seeking to enter an unknown harbour, who, with two channels before him each intricate and dangerous,

[1] Arundel to Elizabeth, January —: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

and two pilots each advocating a different course, cannot choose between them, yet listens now to one and now to another, and will not give up the helm to either, and so drives blindly upon the breakers. She resolved to insist no longer on the abdication. The Queen of Scots should remain queen, reign jointly with her son, and, should he die, resume her crown absolutely; she wished only to make the proposal "seem to proceed from the Queen of Scots herself without compulsion." [1]

It was now the Queen of Scots' turn to assume the high tone. Seeing that Elizabeth was afraid to go forward, she instructed the Bishop of Ross to say that she was ready to reply to the charges. The conference had been suspended for a fortnight; nothing had passed in the interval except high words, which were followed by a challenge, between Lindsay and Lord Herries. On the 7th of January the Bishop of Ross again appeared at the session. He assumed and pretended to believe that his mistress was still called upon to abdicate. He said that he was commanded in her name to refuse. The world would say she was her own judge, and "she would be abhorred by the people of the whole island." She would reduce herself to the rank of a private person and might be placed on her trial. Should her son die she would be set aside, and be in perpetual fear of her life ever after.

Some one—it is uncertain who—proposed that "she should remain in the rank of a queen," and "provision might be made" for the contingency of the prince's death.[2] The bishop said, that for no consideration would she consent. She would be deserted by her friends abroad, and her own subjects would tear themselves to pieces. She would agree to nothing, either in form or substance, which would make her less than a true queen. The Earl of Murray and his colleagues in accusing her had wickedly lied. They were themselves the first inventors and conspirators of murder: some of them had been the executors of it. She was prepared to prove her words, and she demanded copies of the casket letters and of the other evidence, to enable her to make her defence.

Elizabeth was left to make the best or the worst of the position in which she had placed herself. Neither she nor Mary Stuart intended to pursue the inquiry further. Mary Stuart had consented to answer because she knew that she would not be

[1] Note of measures to be taken, January 7: *Cotton MSS.* Calig. C. 1.
[2] Answer of the Queen of Scots, with notes on the margin, January 9: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

called upon to answer. Elizabeth had but to save her own dignity, in which she succeeded moderately well. She said she would not refuse the copies, but before they were placed in the bishop's hands, she desired both him and his mistress to consider what they were doing. From the first she "had herself wished to have the queen's cause come to the best effect it might for her own weal." "If the said writings were delivered she must then of necessity make answer without any cavillation for lack of admission to her majesty's presence; and by her answers it must needs ensue that she should be proved either innocent or culpable of the horrible crimes of which she was as yet but accused and not convicted." "If she should not by her answers prove herself innocent, no further favour could be honourably shown towards her. She must therefore choose whether she would put the whole matter upon direct trial, or have the cause otherwise ended for her quietness and honour also." If she determined to proceed, she must send a declaration "under her own hand," that if "she should not prove herself clear and free from the crimes imputed to her, she would then be content to forbear request of any favour at her majesty's hands." On the receipt by the council of a paper to this effect, written and signed by herself, copies of her letters would then be furnished to her, and if she was found innocent, all that reason could require would be immediately done for her.[1]

It is needless to say that no such declaration was ever made by the Queen of Scots. She had already the advantage of the position. She had not refused to answer, and was safe from exposure, which was the only danger that she feared. Murray's presence in England was no longer necessary. He was called before the commissioners and informed by Cecil that, whereas he and his friends had been summoned to answer before the Queen of England for their revolt against their sovereign, "Nothing had been brought against them which impaired their honour and allegiance;" nor, on the other hand, "had anything been sufficiently produced or shown against the queen their sovereign whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen her good sister for anything yet seen." The disordered state of Scotland requiring the Earl of Murray's presence there, her majesty would not detain him longer; "he and his adherents" were at liberty "to depart in

[1] Answer to the demands of the Queen of Scots, January 13, in Cecil's hand.—*MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

the same estate in which they were before their coming into the realm."

The meaning of this sentence was entirely intelligible to Murray. He had been tricked by false promises into bringing forward accusations which he would not have made unless with the understanding that his sister's deposition would be confirmed. Elizabeth had again made use of him for her own purposes, and intended to restore Mary Stuart, or not restore her, as it might suit her future convenience. The private arrangement with certain members of the English council, to which he was in consequence induced to consent, and the means by which he escaped from the plot which had been formed for his murder, will be told in the following chapter. For the present, and while still before the commission, he required, before he departed, to be confronted with the Bishop of Ross and Lord Herries. They were brought in, and he inquired whether they intended to persist in accusing him of having had a share in the murder. They said that they had brought the charge at the command of their mistress; and when the copies of the letters were in her hands, "they would answer in defence of her innocence, and would also nominate particularly such persons as were guilty." They were asked whether they would specially accuse the Earl of Murray, or whether they thought in their consciences that the Earl of Murray was guilty. They said that they had no certain knowledge. Information of various kinds had reached them, but it was not for them to offer their thoughts and meaning. They were acting as the representatives of their mistress, and without further instructions they would say no more.[1]

Murray offered to accompany them to Bolton, that the queen, if she dared, might accuse him in their presence. But the bishop declined the proposal. He knew very well that against Murray she could say nothing. She might have accused Morton of having been privy to the conspiracy; she might have charged Maitland with having signed the bond at Craigmillar; but to secure their conviction she would also have secured her own: Maitland was now her friend, and she required his services; and Maitland who with a word could have silenced her defence, and Mary Stuart who had no motive for ruining him unless she was driven to desperation, preferred to be mutually silent.

So terminated in impotence and self-contradiction the long and shapeless inquiry. Murray was able to say that he was

[1] Proceedings at Hampton Court, January 10 and 11: GOODALL, vol. ii.

allowed to return to the regency. The friends of the Queen of Scots could say that Elizabeth still refused to recognise him as regent, and had confessed in the sentence that the Queen of Scots' guilt had not been proved. The world at large, the continental courts, who had hitherto believed her to be indisputably a party to the murder, the English Catholics, whose interest in her succession disposed them to believe in her innocence, interpreted by their wishes the inconsecutiveness and insincerity of the conclusion. Elizabeth had desired to leave the Queen of Scots unconvicted yet with a blemished reputation; the truth had been forced upon the peers, and so far she had gained her object; but beyond the circle of those who had seen the letters, she had created an impression that the Queen of Scots might, after all, have been falsely accused; that Elizabeth could not condemn her, yet for her own sinister objects refused to acquit her, and had aggravated the injustice of the imprisonment by hypocrisy and perfidy.

Cecil has left no record of the feelings with which he witnessed so wretched a result; but so dangerous appeared the queen's vacillations, that Sir Francis Knollys, next to Cecil the most faithful of her ministers, believed her no longer capable of conducting the government.

"I see," he wrote, "that her majesty shall never be able to raise her decayed credit, nor pluck up the hearts of her good subjects, nor prevent and escape the perils that are intended towards her, unless she do utterly give over the government of her weighty affairs unto the most faithful councillors in whom she puts most special trust. Surely if her majesty would do so, and back them with a merry and courageous cheer, and put her trust in God for the success, then I would not doubt but she should have as much honour in the end, and as good safety withal, as she could reasonably wish and desire. But if her majesty will needs be the ruler, or half ruler, of these weighty affairs herself, then my hope of any good success is clean overthrown." [1]

Fearless in the rectitude of his purpose, the noble old man dared to lay the truth before Elizabeth herself. He told her that his sworn duty as privy councillor "obliged him to plainness." The Duke of Alva was presuming upon her unwillingness to go to war to discredit her before the world, and the cause of Spain and the cause of the Queen of Scots would be linked together.

[1] Sir F. Knollys to Cecil, January 17: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"You have good councillors," he said, "provident, trusty, careful, no delighters in war, nor prodigal wasters of your treasure. Your majesty need not trouble yourself with casting of doubts and discommodities or of dangerous inconveniences, whereby you may discourage them to stretch out the sinews of their wits to resolve most probably for your honour and safety. Rather contrarywise, your majesty had need to encourage them with casting your care upon them, and taking their resolutions in good part, and to harden them in the prosecution thereof; lest otherwise they pluck in their horns and shrink in their sinews, and so lay the burden from themselves, either wholly or mangledly, on your majesty's back. And hereupon must needs follow such wrestlings together of the affections, perturbations, and passions of your mind, that much time will be lost before your judgment can be settled to resolve. And yet time is precious. It is not possible for your majesty's faithful councillors to govern your state unless you shall resolutely follow their opinions in weighty affairs. Your majesty shall never be well served unless you will back, comfort, and encourage them. I stand in very hard terms with your majesty, for please your eye I cannot, since nature hath not given it to me, and to please your ear I would be fain; but my calling, my oath, and my conscience do force me to rudeness. To be silent I dare not, lest the guilt of your peril should light upon my head."[1]

History, ever prone to interpret unfavourably the ambiguous conduct of sovereigns, has accepted her enemies' explanation of Elizabeth's behaviour. She has been allowed credit for ability at the expense of principle and character. To her own ministers she appeared to be incapable, through infirmity of purpose, of forming any settled resolution whatever; to be distracted between conflicting policies and torn by feminine emotions, of which, if jealousy of the Queen of Scots was one, a weak and unreasoning tenderness was no less certainly another. She had followed Cecil's counsel to the point where she made the Queen of Scots her mortal enemy. She had stopped short before the exposure which would have secured her from the effects of the Queen of Scots' hatred; and amidst the tricks, the subterfuges, the broken promises through which she had floundered from the hour of Mary Stuart's arrival in England, she will be misjudged if an element of generosity is not admitted among her motives. Her advisers saw only the danger to which she was exposing both herself and the state. She too was conscious of the danger.

[1] Sir F. Knollys to Elizabeth, January 17: *MSS.* Queen of Scots.

She did not shut her eyes to Mary Stuart's character, yet she could not refuse her pity to a fallen queen. With a letter which she wrote to her when all was over, the story of the conference may end.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND TO THE QUEEN OF SCOTS

January 20.

"It may be, madam, that in receiving a letter from me, you may look to hear something which shall be for your honour. I would it were so—but I will not deceive you. Your cause is not so clear but that much remains to be explained. As I understand it, my heart which directs my hand forbids me to write, because the fruit of a sorrowing spirit is bitter, and I had rather something else than pen of mine should shed such drops upon you. Your commissioners will tell you what has passed. If they do not tell you also what sincere goodwill I have myself shown towards you, they deceive you and they do me too much wrong. Only let me advise you this. Let not the fine promises, the pleasant voices, which will do you honour through the world, wrap you round in clouds and hide the daylight from your eyes. Those do not all love you who would persuade your servants that they love you. Be not over confident in what you do. Be not blind nor think me blind. If you are wise, I have said enough." [1]

Of the murder of Darnley there was henceforth no more to be heard. That chapter of crime was closed; and to the reader who has followed the story attentively, it might seem superfluous to add further comments upon its features. Mary Stuart's share in that business, however, being one of the vexed points of history, and the political consequences of the accusations against her having been so considerable, a few concluding words will not be out of place.

At the time of the catastrophe, the body of public opinion in England, the predominant weight of moderate statesmanship, was in favour of recognising the Queen of Scots as successor to Elizabeth's crown. Thenceforward the open advocacy of her claims, in Parliament or out of it, was no longer possible. She had still powerful friends, but they were divided among themselves, and encumbered with the consciousness of a cause which

[1] Abridged from the French original: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*

they dared not avow. Dropping their character of English statesmen, they became conspirators, moving in the dark, and compromising themselves with treason and foreign intrigues, and thus gradually all that was honourable and noble fell away from their side. The mass of English country gentlemen, at the outset but cold friends of Protestantism, became converts through their patriotism, and Mary Stuart was left to an ever-narrowing circle of Catholic fanatics, to whom the pope was dearer than their country.

That the *primâ facie* case was strong against her, her warmest advocates will scarcely deny. She was known to have been weary of her husband and anxious to get rid of him. The difficulty and the means of disposing of him had been talked over in her presence, and she had herself suggested to Sir James Balfour to kill him. She brought him to the house where he was destroyed. She was with him two hours before his death, and afterwards threw every difficulty in the way of any examination into the circumstances of his end. The Earl of Bothwell was publicly accused of the murder; she kept him close at her side; she would not allow him to be arrested; she went openly to Seton with him before her widowhood was a fortnight old. When at last, unwillingly, she consented to his trial, Edinburgh was occupied by his retainers. He presented himself at the Tolbooth surrounded by the Royal Guard, and the charge fell to the ground because the crown did not prosecute and the Earl of Lennox had been prevented from appearing. A few weeks later she married Bothwell, though he had a wife already, and when her subjects rose in arms against her and took her prisoner, she refused to allow herself to be divorced from him. After the discovery of her letters, her guilt appeared so obvious and so shocking that all parties in Scotland agreed to try her and execute her, and she was only saved by the interference of Elizabeth. In Scotland, England, France, and Spain there was at first but one opinion—de Silva in London, du Croq in Edinburgh, alike entertained no sort of doubt about her; nor was it till the political jealousy of the Hamiltons raised a faction against Murray, and till party interests became involved in those of the queen, that it became convenient to suppose her to be innocent. On her flight into England, her first object was to prevent inquiry, and when it could no longer be evaded, she herself, her commissioners, and her English friends exerted themselves to persuade Murray to keep back the serious charges against her. She was ready to compound for his silence by

granting him perfect immunity for his rebellion; although if her letters were not genuine, he had not only risen in arms against her, but was shielding himself by forgery of the basest kind. Had the Queen of Scots been really innocent, so far from evading inquiry she would naturally have been the first to insist upon it; she would have demanded it as a right of Elizabeth; she would have called on France and Spain to see that she had fair play. If they failed her, she had friends enough in England to watch over her interests. Instead of this, her one word throughout was compromise. So long as "the odious charges" were not pressed she was ready to make all concessions, and France, when France moved for her, protested only against a sovereign princess being placed upon her trial.

From first to last, her own conduct and the conduct of her friends, was exactly what it would have been supposing her guilty. Even in her own correspondence, though she denies the crime, there is nowhere the clear ring of innocence, the frank indignation against slander which makes its weight felt, even when the evidence is weak which supports the words. La Mothe Fénelon, though eager to extricate her from her difficulties, yet never spoke of her even to his own court as suffering under calumny. His advice to her representatives was to gain time, to parry the charges, to make difficulties, to decline to answer.

Of the English commissioners, and of the peers who sat with them, not one, whatever the Bishop of Ross might afterwards pretend, professed to think her innocent. Norfolk, the most interested in her acquittal, said distinctly that he thought her guilty—by the Bishop of Ross's own admission he was harder against her than even Cecil. Her letters were read by several noblemen so well inclined towards her that they broke into rebellion in her cause and the pope's, yet, after the most careful comparison of the incriminating letters with others of unquestionable authenticity, they could detect no difference in the handwriting to sustain a suspicion that they were forged.

The solitary ground for believing those letters to be spurious is Mary Stuart's own denial that she wrote them, yet her denial was accompanied with the most earnest anxiety that they should be destroyed, while it would have been by their preservation alone that she could successfully disprove her hand in them.[1]

[1] Sergeant Barham, during the Duke of Norfolk's trial, mentioned a curious fact in connection with these letters, and with Mary Stuart's anxiety about them. "The duke," he said, "was privy to the device that Lidington accompanied the Earl of Murray (to York) only to understand his secrets and to betray him, and that Lidington stole away the

The age which could have produced forgeries so ingenious would have produced also the skill which could detect them, and her mere assertion weighs little against the recorded results of a careful examination by men who had the highest interest in discovering a fraud. It is in a high degree unlikely that a forger would have ventured on producing so many letters, touching on so many subjects, with the danger of exposure increasing in an accelerating ratio, when a single letter would have served his purpose. It is still more unlikely—it is morally impossible—that if they had been forged, some evidence of the truth should not eventually have come out. The secret must have been known to many persons, and the Bishop of Ross and Herries could hardly have missed the traces of it. Maitland, for one, must have known it, for the letters were in existence before Murray's return from France, when the entire control of the confederate party lay with him and the Earls of Morton and Mar. Maitland went over to Mary Stuart's party, devoted what remained of his life to her, and died in her cause. At any moment he might have secured her triumph by revealing the fraud. If fear for himself kept him silent while alive, he might have left papers behind him which told the truth after his death. Yet no hint of the kind was ever dropped by him or any one. To have carried out a complicated forgery with such complete success that, neither at the time nor after, the traces of it should ever be discovered, must have been a feat of such extraordinary difficulty, that only the very strongest inconsistency in the letters themselves with the other features of the case would justify a belief that it had been accomplished.

And assuredly that inconsistency does not exist. The hardihood of Mary Stuart's advocates has grown with time. The Catholics made her innocence an article of faith. Under the Stuarts it became an article of loyalty. Through religious and

letters and kept them one night, and caused his wife to write them out. Howbeit the same were but copies translated out of French into Scotch, which when Lidington's wife had written out, he caused them to be sent to the Scottish queen. She laboured to translate them again into French as near as she could to the originals whence she wrote them—but that was not possible to do, but there was some variance in the phrase, by which variance, as God would, the subtlety of that practice came to light."

This passage as it stands increases the mystery rather than relieves it. Why should the Queen of Scots make a re-translation? If she succeeded exactly, she would only have added a fresh proof against herself. She perhaps intended to make duplicates, which could be exchanged for the originals, in which the compromising passages could be omitted; but the conjecture most inadequately meets the difficulty. It is only evident that she was in deep anxiety about the letters, and did everything in her power to prevent them from being examined.

political tradition it has been passed on to the spurious chivalry of modern times, which assumes that she could not have been wicked because she was beautiful and a queen. A seeming solid surface will form on a morass by long accretion of weeds and scum, and in like manner out of supposition and conjecture and hard assertion, out of the mere mass of so called authorities who profess to have examined the evidence and come to a favourable conclusion, a plausible ground has been erected from which she can be noisily and boldly defended. Her original champion was contented with a more modest tone. The Bishop of Ross would unquestionably have said all in her favour which the most strained probabilities allowed. During the progress of the Catholic conspiracy he published a tract to satisfy the doubts which were abroad about her, and he was driven to arguments such as these:—The Queen of Scots was unlikely to have murdered her husband, because, had she desired his death, she could have had him executed for the assassination of Ritzio. It was unlikely that Bothwell would have preserved such letters as she was said to have written to him. These letters were neither signed, sealed, not dated, and her hand could easily be counterfeited. If they were genuine they did not contain "any express commandment of any unlawful act or deed to be committed or perpetrated," neither did they "ratify or specify the accomplishment of any such fact already past." They afforded only presumptions "by unseen and uncertain queries, aims, and conjectural supposings." Allowing that she was as guilty as the lords pretended, they had no right to depose her. Considering Lord Darnley's offence, "a simple murder, in her being a prince could not deserve such extreme punishment," and "subjects had no warrant to set their hands upon their sovereign." "David was an adulterer and murderer, and God was angry with him, yet was he not by his subjects deprived." They ought to have "dissembled the matter," and to have left her punishment to Heaven.[1]

[1] *Defence of Queen Mary's Honour, by Morgan Philips: Printed by* Anderson.—The real author was the Bishop of Ross. The parallel of David was so obviously apt that it was much in use among the more naïve of the Queen of Scots' supporters. On the 4th of June, 1571, when Edinburgh was in the hands of the queen's friends, the Bishop of Galloway, who was entirely devoted to her, preached a sermon in St. Giles' church, with the intention of bringing back the more obstinate citizens to their loyalty. The ministers had objected to pray for the queen. "I would wish you, oh inhabitants of Edinburgh," said the bishop, "to send for your ministers and cause them pray for the queen. For this I may say, she is their lawful magistrate, for that her father was our native king, and her mother was likewise an honourable princess, and she gotten and

The reasoning required falsehood to carry it down. The bishop said that Murray was self-convicted, because on his first coming to York he did not allege any such crime against the Queen of Scots, but produced the charge only when he could not otherwise "serve his turn." None knew better than the Bishop of Ross for what reason Murray had been silent. None had been more urgent to keep him silent. With even greater audacity he declared that "the nobles of England appointed to hear the matter not only found the Queen of Scots innocent, but fully understood that her accusers were the contrivers and workers of the crime, and perfectly knowing her innocency, they had moved her to accept the noblest man in England in marriage." [1]

What "the noblest man in England" himself thought about the matter, and what the Bishop of Ross knew that he thought, has been already seen. Elizabeth's extraordinary sentence had alone made it possible to publish so enormous a lie. The details of the proceedings fortunately survive to test the value of the bishop's words.

But the bishop put forward his defence only to serve an immediate purpose, and it is not to be accepted even as an expression of his private opinion. When the conspiracy broke down, and Mary Stuart's air-castles had dissolved, and the web of treason so diligently wrought was rent in pieces, then, seeing the end of his falsehoods, the bishop dropped the mask and betrayed his real estimate of his mistress's character—an estimate by the side of which Buchanan's Mary is an angel.

Doctor Wilson, the Master of the Court of Requests, thus described the language in which the Bishop of Ross spoke to him of his mistress:—

"He seemeth very glad that these practices are come to light, saying they are all naught, and he hopeth when folk will leave to be lewd his mistress shall speed the better. He saith further,

born in lawful bed. Thus far to prove my argument that she ought to be prayed for. And further, all sinners ought to be prayed for. If we should not pray for sinners, whom for should we pray? seeing God came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, Saint David was an adulterer, and so was she. Saint David committed murder in slaying Uriah for his wife, and so did she. But what is this to the matter? The more wicked she be, her subjects should pray for her to bring her to the spirit of repentance. For Judas was a sinner, and if he had been prayed for he had not died in despair. No inferior subject has power to deprive or depose the lawful magistrate, he or she whatsoever; albeit they commit whoredom, murder, incest, or any other crime."—*Sermon preached by the Bishop of Galloway*, June 4, 1571: *MSS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

[1] The Duke of Norfolk

upon speech I had with him, that the queen his mistress is not fit for any husband; for first, he saith, she poisoned her husband the French king, as he hath credibly understood; again, she consented to the murder of her late husband, the Lord Darnley; thirdly, she matched with the murderer, and brought him to the field to be murdered; and last of all, she pretended marriage with the duke, with whom, as he thinks, she would not long have kept faith, and the duke should not have had the best days with her."

Well might Doctor Wilson exclaim, "Lord, what a people are these: what a queen, and what an ambassador!"[1]

With these words all that need be said upon the subject may fitly close, and the reader must be left to his own judgment.

It is less easy to speak with confidence of the conduct of Elizabeth. She was in a position where there were no precedents to guide her, and she lost her way in its perplexities. To countenance subjects in rebellion was doubtless dangerous, and according to the principles of the time unjust; but occasions rise where the highest right is the highest wrong; where the sovereign, who is the representative of order and justice, becomes the representative rather of crime and villainy, where society is inverted, and the rules belonging to it must be read backwards. When the Scottish people took Mary Stuart prisoner and with general consent prepared to try her for the murder, either Elizabeth ought not to have interfered, or she might have interfered only to insist on a strict and exhausting investigation. The truth would then have been known and proclaimed, and if the spectacle of a crowned head upon the scaffold had been deemed intolerable, the queen's life might afterwards have been spared without danger.

But Elizabeth—troubled with the fear of encouraging a perilous example, troubled with a dislike of the Protestants whom she knew that she had injured, doubting whether Mary Stuart was really guilty, or if guilty whether many of those who were in arms against her were not as deeply implicated as herself—first forbade the trial, and then, by refusing to recognise the regent, encouraged the Hamiltons to form a party against him for themselves and for the queen. On the defeat at Langside and the flight into England, she immediately found herself face to face with enormous difficulties. She could not decently replace her on her throne till the evidence which the regent

[1] Doctor Thomas Wilson to Burghley, November 8, 1571: *MSS. Hatfield.*

offered to produce had been probed and tested; she could not allow a princess who had claimed her own crown, who had assumed her title and had never formally abandoned it, who was known to be the object of the hopes of all those among her subjects who were disaffected to herself and the Reformation—she could not allow such a one to go abroad and call the armies of France and Spain into Scotland under pretence of reinstating her, when the only purpose with which these powers would help her would be the proximate conquest of England.

Yet to keep her against her will when she had come to England in reliance upon promises which ought never to have been made, was an act which in itself had but too much resemblance to perfidy; and Elizabeth, had no interests but her own been likely to suffer, should have encountered, to her own inconvenience, the consequences of her own words and actions. So, perhaps, she would have done had she been a private person; but as a sovereign she was responsible for the welfare of her country; and the very existence of England and Scotland also was at stake. That, under such circumstances, she should have endeavoured to find some middle course was natural and not indefensible. Yet no compromise was possible while the truth was left uncertain; and when the truth, to which she had closed her eyes, was forced upon her, what was she to do? If she could not restore Mary Stuart till the charges against her had been examined into, still less could she do it when the full extent of the fault was known; still less again could she let her go, exasperated by indignity and disappointment, without publishing her infamy; and this she had again bound herself by a solemn engagement not to do.

Thus it seems as if she was driven into the course which she eventually followed. It was dangerous to keep Mary Stuart, for in England she would be a focus of insurrection; yet there was still a hope that she might have learnt wisdom by suffering, and that by care and kindness she might be brought at last to see her real interests. Time would soften the recollection of her misdoings; by patient endurance of calamity she might recover her shaken reputation, and so eventually she might be replaced without objection in the position which she had forfeited.

With this possibility, for she herself knew that it was nothing more, Elizabeth allowed the conference to terminate in an absurd conclusion, and accepted for herself a reputation for double dealing or hypocrisy, which she deserved in form but not,

perhaps, in substance. In the details of the proceedings she provoked the hardest interpretation of her motives. She swayed to and fro under the thousand considerations which the situation alternately suggested, and she said one thing and said another, said one thing and did another, as fear, duty, policy, natural pity, or natural spleen took successive possession of her. The consequences, in many ways, were disastrous; yet less disastrous than they would have been had she set her prisoner free. She herself was the worst sufferer in eighteen years of danger and disquiet, and in a stain upon her good name and fame; but the first false step involved the rest by a tragic necessity. Had she left Mary Stuart to the justice of her countrymen, there would have been no civil war in Scotland, and the chequered times on which England was entering would have worn a fairer complexion.

THE TEMPLE PRESS, PRINTERS, LETCHWORTH

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and some unknown essayist spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith the promoters of Everyman's Library planned it out originally on a large scale; and their idea in so doing was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared, now several years ago, there have been many interruptions. A great war has come and gone; and even the City of Books has felt something like a world commotion. Only in recent years is the series getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its original scheme of a Thousand Volumes. One of the practical expedients in that original plan was to divide the volumes into sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Romance, and so forth; with a compartment for young people, and last, and not least, one of Reference Books. Beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected in that section, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases. One of these atlases dealing with Europe, we may recall, was directly affected by the disturbance of frontiers during the war; and the maps had to be completely revised in consequence, so as to chart

the New Europe which we hope will now preserve its peace under the auspices of the League of Nations set up at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which runs already to the final centuries of the Thousand. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, publishers and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and even more significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. For in our day history is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phœnix." But in this special department of Everyman's Library we have been eclectic enough to choose our history men from every school in turn. We have Grote, Gibbon, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott. We have among earlier books the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, have completed a Livy in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts, while Cæsar, Tacitus, Thucydides and Herodotus are not forgotten.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask." The delightful variety, the wisdom and the wit which are at the disposal of Everyman in his own library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. He may turn to Dick Steele in *The Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes are chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts." He may turn to Plato's Phædrus

and read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul). He may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guerin the perfect key to what is there called the "magical power of poetry." It is Shakespeare, with his

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;"

it is Wordsworth, with his

> "voice . . . heard
> In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides;"

or Keats, with his

> ". . . . moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores."

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk," among the volumes of Essays, may help to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books. His incomparable essay in that volume, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and to his and Wordsworth's poems. In the same way one may turn to the review of Moore's Life of Byron in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said: "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry." This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the many hundreds in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in his tastes. He likes best of all an old author who has worn well or

a comparatively new author who has gained something like newspaper notoriety. In attempting to lead him on from the good books that are known to those that are less known, the publishers may have at times been too adventurous. The late *Chief* himself was much more than an ordinary book-producer in this critical enterprise. He threw himself into it with the zeal of a book-lover and indeed of one who, like Milton, thought that books might be as alive and productive as dragons' teeth, which, being "sown up and down the land, might chance to spring up armed men."

Mr. Pepys in his *Diary* writes about some of his books, "which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye." The pleasure he took in them is that which Everyman may take in the gilt backs of his favourite books in his own Library, which after all he has helped to make good and lasting.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

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In each of the thirteen classifications in this list (except BIOGRAPHY) the volumes are arranged alphabetically under the *authors' names*, but Anthologies and works by various hands are listed under titles. Where authors appear in more than one section, a cross-reference is given, viz.: (*See also* FICTION). The number at the end of each item is the number of the volume in the series.

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